
Class No.....

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MR. PUNCH entered the Cave.

"Take a rock," said ÆOLUS, his face brightening as the radiant presence of his Visitor lighted up the gusty recesses of his abode, "take a rock; do—and make yourself comfortable."

The genial Sage sat down.

"I had been hoping you might look in," continued the aged Custodian, hospitably producing an imperial pint of bottled Boreas as he spoke; "for, to tell you the truth, though *Winds* is noisy company, it's dull work up here all by oneself. There hasn't been one of 'em at home, for ever so long."

His Visitor gave a knowing nod of acquiescence.

"So I should say," he replied, "judging from the amount of blowing and blustering that has been going on outside pretty well everywhere else of late."

"Been as bad as that, has it?" asked ÆOLUS, reflectively. "Well, I know they will give themselves airs; but, bless you, whatever LEMPRIÈRE says about my proper business, what's the good, I should like to know, of my keeping 'em all boxed up here? Why, what would you do in a fog without 'em? Smoke abatement dodges, indeed! Gammon!—that's what I call *them*. Give me a stiff Sou'-Wester."

"An excellent refresher in its way," replied MR. PUNCH, approvingly, "saving the presence of the Underwriters, who have latterly, I fear, been singing, '*Oh, blow the gentle Gales!*' to some purpose. But, for the matter of that, reports from other points of the compass are not much more exhilarating."

"Hum!" rejoined his Host, giving a gloomy look round at the Cavern's mouth; "how about *the East*?"

"Bad at Wapping, but worse at Constantinople; and, from what I hear, likely to give a severe chill or two to somebody in the Mediterranean before it has done its biting business. A wind that never brought good to a Britisher yet! Call that Eastern cuss in, my venerable Custos, as soon as you like; and into your nethermost cupboard with him!"

MR. PUNCH gave a significant wink, and TOBY turned his tail contemptuously in the direction of Egypt, in sign of intelligent approval.

"Well, come, the *West*'s all right, anyhow. You've nothing against that?" continued their Classic Interlocutor, with somewhat diminished confidence.

"Ireland lies West," replied the Sage, curtly.

"Well—*South*, then?"

"Africa—and that is big enough to hold Kroumirs and Boers; which means plenty of room for a Cyclone. You ask

ROUSTAN and EVELYN WOOD. The one is at home already, enjoying himself, and the other is on his way. They'll tell you all about it."

MR. PUNCH rose. His Host looked puzzled.

"Hum. Anything to say against the North?" he asked, somewhat sulkily.

"*Nihil*," responded MR. PUNCH, promptly, at the same time talking a little Latin, as a graceful compliment to the classical antecedents of his Host. "But for further particulars I must refer you to St. Petersburg."

Again TOBY set his tail contemptuously N.E. by E. The disconcerted Guardian of the Winds looked distressed.

"Then it seems that they're a downright ill lot, that blow nobody any good," he said. "Not even capable of starting a *Fair Trade* wind!"

"A little impudence and a good deal of ignorance, and that breeze is soon set in motion," responded the Sage. "But if they are on the look-out for a real chance—there's a *Free Trade* wind that wants a bit of raising just now; and the sooner it gets it the better. I commend that very cordially to your attention."

"It shall not be neglected," was the more cheerful reply. "A *Puff*? Ha! ha! I fancy I know how to contract for that. Why, if you only knew the amount I had made out of a very popular and exalted department of Art alone, my dear Sage and Philosopher, even you would stare. Call this the Cave of the Winds? Why, regularly every Saturday it's so full of Theatrical Managers that I have to order up a dead calm, and clear it by threatening a frost."

"Quite so," heartily responded the Great Visitor. "But meantime, while pegged up here, it is something, I opine, to be able to know which way the wind blows. Would you like me to enlighten you?"

"Rather!" said ÆOLUS. "But how? By presenting me with an Abridged Edition of the Library of the British Museum?"

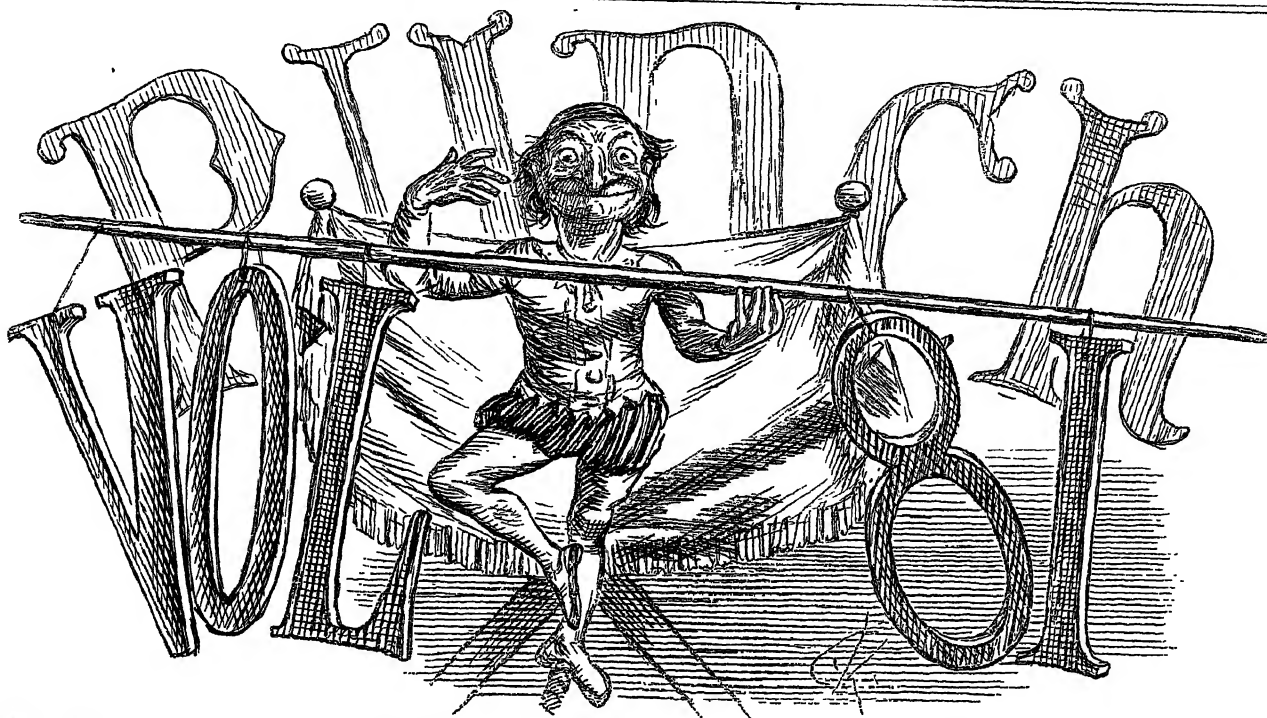
"That is the idea," said MR. PUNCH, at length perfectly radiant, producing at the same moment a very handsome presentation tome from a piece of costly silver paper. "For in this book you will find something more than the condensed wisdom of all cycles."

"And that book is?" asked the now dancing Custos.

Toby wagged his tail to all points of the compass. Then MR. PUNCH gave a final wink, and presented his—

Eighty-First Volume!





HENLEY REGATTA.

How to do Henley? The real proper way is to have one's house-boat towed up for the week, to do Henley from the muslin curtains, out flowers, hot-house grapes, *Pomméry très sec*, light print, straw hat, blue eyes, golden hair, "I'll ne'er forget that night in Joon upon the Henley river," after-dinnerish sentimental flirtation point of view. Live for the week at the rate of sixteen thousand a year. There is nothing jollier in the world than living at the rate of sixteen thousand a year, no greater fun than stopping for an unlimited period with a man who lives at the rate of sixteen thousand a year, provided always you get out without having your own chattels seized as "a lodger's." But this luxury was not for me this year. The only man I know that lives at the rate of sixteen thousand a year certainly asked me to join his party, and added, "You won't be dull, as we are going to play ten-pound Nap all night and every night." Nobody is fonder of innocent yet amusing tricks at cards than myself, but a house-boat is just the sort of thing one might fall into the water out of, especially if there were a hulking disagreeable lot of bad-tempered men on board, who had lost their money to you.

What a week of parsons this has been! Talk of the May Meetings, why, the Oxford and Cambridge Match and Henley combined can give Exeter Hall any amount of start. This way of writing may sound frivolous, but it is nautical. The beauty of a parson is that you can call him "a self-opinionated idiot," and without his hitting you in the eye, on account of his cloth. On second thoughts, I am not quite certain whether it isn't the other way round, and he may call you names, and you mayn't hit him on account of his cloth. On third thoughts, this doesn't seem to be the beauty of a parson at all. If all I have been told by the clergy this week be true, there were thirty-three men in the Cambridge Eleven of 1864, since promoted to good livings, who knocked the Oxford bowling to pieces "on this very ground, Sir;" and in the University College Oxford Eight, which won the Grand Challenge Cup at Henley in 1863, at least there must have rowed seventeen men who are now distinguished in the Church. But why be hard on our fellow mortals; you should hear some of my University, the University of Heidelberg, stories which would take even a buyer of shares in the Aly Sahs Wyndoll Gold Mine all his time to believe.

At last! *Am I a Member of the Press?* As a rule I am; but with those handcuffs, leglets, gags, and strait-waistcoats which the Stewards have provided for members of the Press, I sink my connection with journalism, and seek the Thames banks as one of the general public. Why, it is Ascot!—lobster-salads and champagne! But no; nobody cares who is winning, or pays any attention. Why, it's Lord's on the Public Schools Match days! But no; niggers, gipsies, merry-go-rounds—why, it is Ascot-cum-Lord's, with Epsom and the river thrown in, and a Regatta just for the fun of the thing.

No, I have not lunched. Is there a race going on? Dear me, I believe there is! Mayonnaise? "Why, certainly." Why are they making all that row? Oh, CORNELL! Hail, Columbia! But you're not in it this time! You can't do everything. Hip, hip, hurrah! Just one glass of sherry. Thanks! Really, they are very noisy! What! a German has won this heat; hot work, very. How well iced this wine is! The second heat for the silver goblets. Capital, capital! Whoever designed this pie is an artist. What a row over—what are they making a row over?—eh, a row over—Well, it is against my practice, but just one liqueur. Thanks, very much!—and now, I suppose, we ought to see some of this. What's everybody going away for? Oh, nonsense, it can't be all over! It is, eh? Oh, if they are mild, I will. I have some matches, thank you. Awful fraud. Never rained the whole day. Henley without rain, why, it's monstrous! Shan't come to-morrow—will go to Stockbridge instead. Henley without rain! Bah! bosh!! rubbish!!!

HER EXCELLENCE.

(Bits from a Blue Book bound to come.)

To Foreign Secretary, Washington.—(Confidential.)

HAD the interview you desired with Lord GRANVILLE, who was charming; and such a sweet baby that last one of his—he had it sent over to the Foreign Office by a Queen's Messenger on purpose. Could not say much about those Fisheries, because I mistook the documents for curl-papers last night (I am now doing my hair *à la BYRON*, or our more illustrious ADA MENKEN). But I have promised something or other, which I daresay you will hear of.

P.S.—Sir CHARLES, who is quite smitten, poor fellow! has brought me something to sign—an excuse for calling. It gives up our right to Newfoundland fisheries; but they say there weren't any pearls to be got there.

(Signed)

SEMITRANIS K. SPIFFKINS, U. S. Minister Plenipo.

To Foreign Secretary, Washington.—(Private.)

WHAT's the use of saying "Sound GAMBETTA," when I haven't got a dress to put on? And you never sent those waffles and miscellaneous candies, you mean thing! I didn't mind seeing BARTLE HILAIRE, for he's too old to notice how women are dressed. I had to give two waltzes to the Duc d'AUMALE, although you said it was impolitic. He was in *such* a state, stupid man! But those dresses—those dresses! I can't see G. twice in the same one! And—last time he was on the brink of—an offer! If they'll take the embargo off our pork, I'll accept him.

P.S.—No time for despatches—garden-party and fancy bazaar o. So send you the papers. They'll tell you all about everything, and one of them is so nice about my brocade with the sunflowers.—S. K. S.

THE CHILDREN'S CRY.



BEFORE the beautiful year grows old, and sunlight fades upon sea and land,
 Whilst fields have colour and gardens gold, and holiday crowds move hand in hand;
 When over the meadows they toss the hay, and poppies appear in the waving wheat,
 When the silent forest is passing sad, and the breath of summer is piercing sweet;
 When a sigh goes forth from the working town, and a whisper comes from the fields and hills,
 And the whirl of wheels for an instant stops, and the pace is over that cures or kills;
 'Tis then, my Brothers, and Sisters too, we each of us owe a tremendous debt,
 When we hurry away from the London roar, and leave the eyes of the children wet:
 A debt we owe, and it must be paid to the utmost letter—I'll tell you why,
 The summer brings sorrow to way-worn feet,—and this is the reason the children cry!

Three children sat in a London Square, in front of a house with the blinds drawn down,
 "Are they dead," said one, "in the rooms up there?" "No," answered the other; "they're out of town!
 They've hurried the dear little family off with their spades, and pails, and their seaside hats,
 They've locked the garden and left us here with the empty cabs and the starving cats.
 It isn't for us to be pale and thin, when we're given in charge of the sweltering streets,
 For they give us a peep, between bars, at trees, and permit us to huddle on doorstep seats.
 If it wasn't so dreadfully wrong to ask, we'd like to know where the roses grow,
 And if it be true there are distant hills away in a wonderful land, you know,
 Where it's green as far as the eye can see, where the wind blows sweet and the fields are wide.
 Will nobody say where the country is?" As nobody answered, the children cried!



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Jinks. "A—HAVE I HAD THE—A—PLEASURE OF SAYING GOOD-BYE TO YOU, MISS MARY?"

"I think I know where the country is," said a fair little child, whose breath came short, "I heard it once from a rickety lad, who came to live in our dingy court. It is where they find some wonderful waves, and lovely water all green and blue, And they pour it over the weakly limbs, and they seem to grow; do you think it's true? I should like to look at this beautiful sea, and touch it just once; for listen to me—I've a brother at home who is fading away, and I think he might live by the beautiful sea. I wonder if I were to knock at this door, and ask the old woman to show me the way To the place where they dig on the sands and bathe, and children like us are permitted to play, Would she push me away after slamming the door, or tell me some more of the waves and tide. It isn't so much for myself as for him"—and the poor little sister unconsciously cried!

"But why was this beautiful country made?" thought a curious child in a doorway nook, "It doesn't seem fair that a few should taste, and many be never allowed to look. Was it made for the women who every day buy baskets of flowers and set them down, And allow us to peep whilst they are asleep in the blinding heat of the dusty town? Was it made to separate rich and poor, to give us hope and our neighbours health? Are fields and flowers grim poverty's ban, and sun and shadow the prize of wealth? Do you think that summer was made for death, to soften sorrow and sweeten loss? That flowers were given for children's graves, and born to die on a funeral cross? Is it true that the men at whose doors we sit, can leave such weeds in the streets to die? Can turn their eyes from our faces pale, and close their ears to the children's cry?"

'Tis easy to follow where fancy leads, believe me or not, but never forget 'Tis a terrible thing if a kindly world refuses to cancel the children's debt. The lovely summer too soon takes wing, the changing seasons divide and part; But a shilling may buy us an infant's smile, and a pound can borrow a thankful heart: A day in the air that we love to breathe, an hour or so by the changing sea, A song of happiness under trees, when the air blows soft and the heart is free— It sounds so little to those who go, but oh! so much to the many who stay, With indolent feet dividing the dust, whilst happier lips are drinking the spray!

Come, open your purses, turn them out, and let the little ones dive down deep In many a pocket to find a spell that may silence sorrow or purchase sleep. One feather the less in a bonnet or hat wouldn't ruin the look of the prettiest miss, And many a woman would gladly change a flower or fan for the children's kiss, A little less dinner, my epicure friend, a smaller regalia after lunch, And the difference send to Bouverie Street, post haste directed to

MR. PUNCH.

MEININGEN MELODRAMA.

At Drury Lane, seeing "Das Käthchen Von Heilbronn."

First Old Fogey. The Pleasures of Memory—in German!

Second Old Fogey. Memories of the Coburg and the Vic., eh? Oh, to be a boy again, and understand it all!

First O. F. Don't you?

Second O. F. Well, I think I begin to grasp the meaning of *Käthchen's* reiterated "Nein, mein hoher Herr!" She has nein'd nine times in the last nineteen lines. A "Grand Historical Drama of Chevalery" they call VON KLEIST's masterpiece, in the English Synopsis.

First O. F. "Chevalery," pour rire, Reynoldsian romance dramatised. That tenebrous subterranean Court of Justice, those black-masked myrmidons, those torch-bearing catchpols, do I not know them as well as—

Second O. F. German? Well, it's splendidly put on the stage—dresses, arms, attitudes, all superb! SKELT glorified, in fact. Look at steel-clad Count Wetter there! Have I not seen him, "a penny plain, twopence coloured," with a distant tent seen through his heroically straddling legs, a hundred times?

First O. F. How many more pages is he going to declaim? Why does he shout so?

Second O. F. They are all Stentors—Graf von Strahl, his foe—

First O. F. Or foe—to—Graf, eh?

Chuckles.

Second O. F. (wishing he had thought of it). Faugh! They don't fight well, though: spit and toasting-fork style of sword-play! LAVINE and TERRISS could do it better.

First O. F. Contest between the peacocky *Kunigunde* and the cushat-like *Käthchen* for the hand and heart (not the head—he hasn't one) of that mailed lout, Count Wetter. Don't I know Coburg ethics and Skelt character? *Käthchen's* in love.

Second O. F. Love is a *Käthchen* complaint.

First O. F. Bah! See! Castle in flames, *Käthchen* to the rescue. Fall of burning walls! Fine scenic effect!

Second O. F. And *Käthchen* palpably cremated before our eyes!

First O. F. Not at all. Read your Synopsis:—"Käthchen appears uninjured, protected by a cherub"!!!

There's a lime-lighted cherub who dwells in a turret,

Keeps watch o'er the life (and the pretty petticoats) of poor *Käthchen*.

What's that *Wetter* 'un doing now?

Second O. F. Pumping *Käthchen*, who has a habit of talking in her sleep, concerning her passion for himself. Nice knightly sort of thing to do!

First O. F. Ingenious!

Second O. F. Nor less so the *Kaiser*, suddenly finding out that *Käthchen* is his long-lost daughter. One misses the strawberry mark, though.

First O. F. No matter, we have the three V's, Vic. Virtue Victorious! The Teutonic Transpontine only too well mounted, and played for the quality of the stuff.

Second O. F. Yes,—

This melodrama of mediaeval sham they're scarcely shining in; Shakespearean drama seems to be Far fitter for this clever Theatrical troupe from Meiningen.

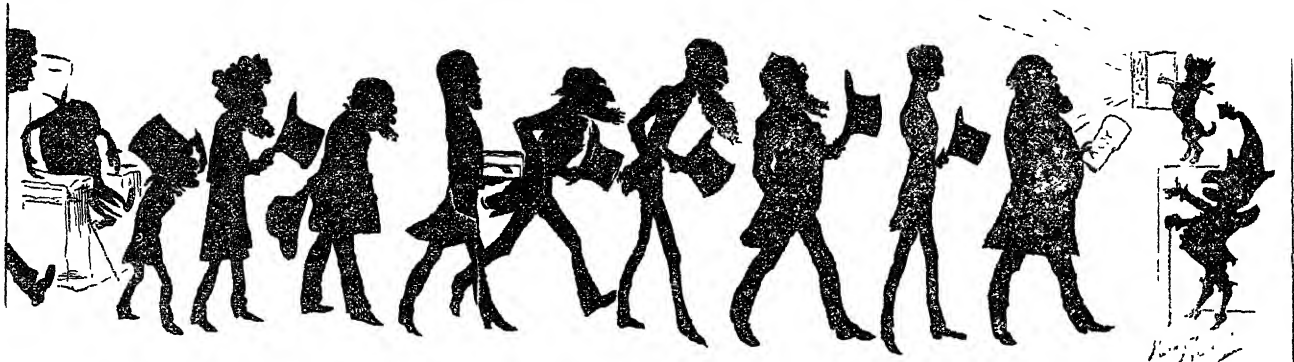
A bad rhyme, but not worse than CANNING'S.

[Exeunt Old Fogeys.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



Br-dlgh. McL-r-n. Sir R C-rd-n. J C-w-n. Sir C. D-lke. P-t-r-R-l-nds. Sir W. L-ws-n. Sir R. Cr-ss. P-rn-ll. Ch-l-l-s.

MORE "FORMS OF THE HOUSE."

(By Electric Light.)

MONDAY, June 27.—The Irish Members are, to quote one of their national poets, "blue-mouldy for want of a bating." Came down to-night determined to have a row with someone. T. D. SULLIVAN, as being innocent-looking, put up to reconnoitre. T. D. S. wants to know why someone in Mullingar has been detained in prison, when someone else of the same place has been acquitted. Argument irresistible on the face of it. But Mr. FORSTER, who is often obtuse, does not see it. The O'KELLY dashed in, and next The O'DONNELL. But nothing worse came of this incident.

Then The O'DONNELL attacked Lord FREDERICK CAVENTISH on the question of the Telegraph Clerks. Rather hard on a deserving class that they should be thus made the shillelagh for Irish patriots to swing over the heads of English Ministers. Lord FREDERICK, capital subject. Shrinks from a row. Nervous and excited. In calmest moments his words tumble out fourteen to the dozen. In the practised hand of The O'DONNELL, they pour forth like the water at Lodore, bumping up against each other without the smallest appreciable interval of space.

"All his parts of speech are conjunctions," HARCOURT said, looking with curious interest at "FWEN" as he stood trembling in every limb and pouring forth his torrent of stumbling speech.

Excited by The O'DONNELL's triumphs, The O'CONNOR (ARTHUR) next tackled CHILDERS about the reprisals very properly taken at the Curragh against cabmen who had been in league with the Land-Leaguers.

Lastly, the whole pack set upon FORSTER, and The O'DONNELL, rushing in, trampling on The HEALY in his haste, moved the adjournment of the House, whilst the Chief Secretary was baited about the harmless City of Waterford. This being apparently the last opportunity of the day, the Irish gentlemen made the most of it. Took up an hour of the time that might have been given to the Land Bill. "But it's of no consequence," as Mr. TOOTS observed, when he accidentally sat down on Florence Dombey's bonnet. Ireland, doubtless, is as downtrodden as represented, and the Land Bill a matter of life and death to the people. But Irish gentlemen must have their sport.

Business done.—Clause IV. of the Land Bill passed.

Tuesday Night.—Fresh injustice to Ireland. After several recent Morning Sittings Mr. BIGGAR has exercised his genial influence in the direction of bringing about Counts-Out. To-night Irish Members have Bill which they want to pass. Don't know the name of it, and forget what it's about. Sure to be asking for a grant of money. Mr. HEALY interested in it, and goes about looking up forty friends to make a House.

"They'll be harder to find than the ten righteous men in the City of the Plain," TOM COLLINS said; "I needn't wait."

Nor did he. But Mr. WARTON was on the spot, to do what was needful at nine o'clock.

TOM COLLINS very hard on the Irish Members just now. Some kind friend has told him Mr. BIGGAR's *bon mot*, which rankles in his chaste bosom. THOMAS, it is well known, is very careful in the matter of dress. Not originally in the matter of selection. But from the date the clothes once become his, are never cast off. They may drop off, but that is their affair. Tom's umbrella is a famous appendage. Always a throng of Members round it in the Cloak Room, regarding it with the interest Antiquity possesses for the intelligent mind.

"NOAH used to walk about with it before the rain made it really too wet to go out," Sir WILFRID says.

Since he returned to town, THOMAS has had many invitations to dinner. Found the necessity of introducing a variety on his well known morning dress. Carefully selected from a large assortment a suit of evening clothes that really fit him very well considering. Only it is no use paltering with the truth. THOMAS, when thus arrayed, undoubtedly is reminiscent of one of those respectable gentlemen seen at Lord Mayor's feasts and elsewhere in the City, who hand you soup over the wrong shoulder, the plate being held between finger and thumb delicately covered with white cotton gloves, always worn loose. This necessary to explain Mr. BIGGAR's joke.

"Tom's been earning three-and-sixpence again," Mr. BIGGAR says, when the Hon. Gentleman appears about midnight, in evening dress, after having been absent three or four hours.

Business done.—Land Bill in Committee. Clause V.

Wednesday.—My colleague, Mr. WALTER, often reads me bits from the Times. Says there's nothing like it for improving the mind, making it move easy on the pivot, and taking an all-round view of things. To-night he skips the leading articles and reads me this paragraph:—

"Sir CHARLES FORSTER has left London for a week, being paired from June 27 to July 4, with Lord MARCH and Mr. E. HICKS."

Capital idea this. Wonder it never occurred to the other side. Supposing RANDOLPH were to turn his great mind to the subject, and paired off a hundred of his men against two hundred of the other side, the Ministerial majority would be swept away, and the Land Bill might be greatly improved. Sir CHARLES FORSTER, unquestionably a personage of exceptional importance. His speech the other night on petitions, a masterpiece of cogent reasoning, brilliant fancy, scathing wit and easy grace. But he has not a monopoly of these recommendations. RANDOLPH has as much claim to be paired off with two from the other side as Sir CHARLES. Quite certain that if proposals were made for RANDOLPH, Mr. GORST and Mr. WARTON, to pair against six Liberals, the party would cheerfully sacrifice the three votes on a division that would be lost by the transaction.

Business done.—Land Bill in Committee.

Thursday.—Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL brought on question of the Greek frontier to-night. It was settled some time ago, and the speech was a little late. But that an objection of which his Lordship takes no account. All very well for flippant persons like Lord GRANVILLE and Lord ROSEBURY to arrive at a decision that shall keep pace with events. They have not much mind to move, and when the progress is accomplished it does not greatly matter.

"You know, TOBIAS, ah—" my Lord said to me, thrusting out his chest, and making a gesture as if he would put his hand in his bosom, but, on reflection, decided not. "It's very easy—ah—to put a perambulator in motion. But when you—ah—try to start a six-wheeled locomotive, it is—ah—different."

My Lord started at last; but moves slowly, pausing at brief intervals for reflective interjection, and as he turns slowly round as on a pivot, making incomplete gestures, sometimes as if he would fold his arms across his bosom, anon as if he would bury his right hand in his waistcoat. Never completes either of these motions. Probably means to finish them next time he speaks. His oratorical style excites a good deal of envy in the breasts of his peers.

"A *tableau vivant* representing the mountain in labour," Lord GRANVILLE says, with one of those gentle smiles which feather his darts. "Lord POMPOUS AND PONDEROUS" is the Marquis of SALISBURY'S friendly play on the double-barrelled name.

"A coronetted ASHMEAD-BARTLETT," says the Duke of ARGYLL. But none of these things hurt my Lord, who knows that true greatness of soul has ever been the target of little minds.

Land Bill in Commons.

Friday.—Glorious fun to-night. Exquisite jokes. Rare humour. Since ten o'clock (and it is now past midnight) been "baiting old GLADSTONE." Everything in our favour. He is pretty old at any time, but to-night is more than a week older than on Monday. Five days with the Land Bill would tell on anyone. But when we have a man like GLADSTONE, who throws all his energies into the slightest controversy, a week of this sort of work at 72 is no joke. Moreover it is hot and close to-night. He has been at it with brief interval since two o'clock in the afternoon, and one can see by his restless movements that he is out of health and out of temper.

Nothing could go off better, and a right pleasant evening we've had. Badger-baiting nothing to it. Cock-fighting not a patch on it. Teething a young terrier on a rat not nearly so pure a joy. CHAPLIN leads off; RANDOLPH takes up the game. When he is tired, GORST can always be counted on for dropping a few elaborately acid remarks, whilst Mr. WARTON is in great form, laughing insolently whenever GLADSTONE speaks, crying "Oh! Oh!" and "Hear! Hear!" and otherwise representing an intelligent constituency. An excellent game in which of course we win. GLADSTONE loses his temper, saaps at RANDOLPH, glares at WARTON, is ferociously sarcastic with CHAPLIN, flings GORST on his knees and makes him apologise, and insists upon taking divisions all round.

Business done.—(*Morning Sitting*). Discussed Land Bill. (*Evening Sitting*.) Baited GLADSTONE.

THE PENNY POST.

From Jeames's Point of View.

SIR HALGERNON! SIR HALGERNON! I can't believe it's true, They say the *Post*'s a penny now, and all along of you; The paper which was once the pride of all the Swells in Town, Now like a common print is sold for just a wulgar brown.

It's very well for *Standards* and for *Telegraphs* and wuss, To sell for pennies to the folks as goes outside a buss; But them as rides in carriages did always use to boast They took a more expensive print—the genteel *Morning Post*.

All fashionable noos was there delightin' you and me, With sometimes verses by a Lord—his name was WINCHELSEA! And Mister JENKINS did his best to keep it *com-il-fo*; But what on earth can we read now? that's what I want to know!

These social dimmoocrats will find as Lords is up to snuff, They won't go and demean themselves with buying penny stuff: Why even Licensed Writters beats the Peerage now, they'll say, They have an orgin of their own that's thruppence every day!

A Most Miserable Business.

HERE MOST has been sentenced to sixteen months' hard labour. In his most wretched paper, and in most wretched articles, he advocated the cowardly assassination of those more than most unhappy persons whose misfortune it is to be called kings. The Judge who tried him spoke of imprisonment with hard labour for the most part as if he had experienced it himself. Either the Judge's English was most wretched or his sermon was most wretchedly reported; and whether MOST got the least or the most punishment that could be given, it was a most miserable business altogether.

LITERA-CHEWER AT THE MUNCHING HOUSE.

It was very kind of the LORD MAYOR to ask us, and to provide a number of noble Lords to talk prettily to us after dinner; but many of us would prefer to be poor old DOCTOR JOHNSON, eating his food behind a screen, than a crowd of nobodies honoured for nothing by a public banquet.

THE LYCEUM PROGRAMME.

The Belle's Stratagem, and the *Bells* without the Stratagem. Quite a *Casus Belli*. Why not finish with *Jingle*?

"It's difficult enough to pick out a 'winkle with a pin," said an unsuccessful Sporting Prophet as he sat at his tea, "but it's nothing to picking out a winner."



The Dean. "WELL, I'M GLAD YOU'RE GETTING ON WELL IN YOUR NEW PLACE, JEMIMA. WHEN I'M IN LONDON I WILL CALL AND SEE YOU."

Jemima. "OH, SIR, MISSUS DON'T ALLOW NO FOLLOWERS!"

ANOTHER MARKET MYSTERY.

REAL AMERICAN WELSH MUTTON!

ACCORDING to an official Report on the Metropolitan Meat Market at Smithfield, it appears that 25,000 tons of *American Meat* were sent into that Market last year, and at the Court of Common Council held last Thursday, a very un-common Councilman with evidently an inquiring mind, and, in this case one would say, not a thirst, but a hunger for knowledge, boldly asked the question what became of it?

There are in that Court we are told, Meat Salesmen and Fish Salesmen, and Poultry Salesmen and Fruit Salesmen, and all other kinds of Salesmen, but not one of them could answer what seems so simple a question.

25,000 tons of *American Meat* enter the one wholesale market of London, and not a pound of it is ever to be found in a Butcher's Shop!

Of course *Mr. Punch* laughs to scorn a rumour that has reached him, but which, if true, would account for the greater part of the mystery; but perhaps he may as well repeat it, in order that it may at once receive the indignant official denial that he of course anticipates.

It is said, then, that this *American mutton* is sent from London by rail to just within the borders of Wales, is there submitted to certain artistic manipulations to conceal its base origin, is then carefully packed in Welsh cloths, sent back to London as real Welsh mutton, and sold as such to us poor Londoners, the gain on the transaction being about threepence per pound!

Mr. Punch, the Public protector, serenely awaits the receipt of the indignant denial above alluded to.

GRAMMING.

In order to mitigate the expenses of cramming for the Army and Civil Service, a Society of Crammers is to be formed on Co-operative principles, to be called "The New Coaching Club."



BRITISH PROPRIETY.

Hawker. "BOOK O' THE WORDS, MY LADY. HORTHERISED COPY. THE DAM O' CAMELEERS!"

Mrs. Jones (for the benefit of the bystanders). "OH NO, THANK YOU. WE'VE COME TO SEE THE ACTING, WE DO NOT WISH TO UNDERSTAND THE PLAY!"

POLICE PRECAUTIONARY REGULATIONS.

Dealing with Suspicious Circumstances.—Rightly speaking, no circumstances are genuinely suspicious. If, for instance, you meet a costermonger leaving the dining-room window of a residence in Belgrave Square, with a silver tea-urn, five dozen forks, a fish-slice, two teapots, and a crow-bar, at three o'clock in the morning, try, if you can, to look the other way. If, however, you are too late to do this, go up to him, in a friendly way, and ask him if "he isn't the Butler taking the things to have them cleaned before breakfast." If he says "No, you bloke: why can't yer see I'm the Dook a-going to leave 'em at my Banker's round the corner?" wish him a very good morning, and wait patiently till he comes back.

Guarding a Suspected Charge.—Make yourself quite comfortable about this, and don't take a narrow view of the matter. Treat your charge with every confidence, and remember that he deserves it. If he wants you to come down to Folkestone, and then, jumping on board, says, "Look here, I should like to have a look at Boulogne"—let him. Be quite sure he'll come back by the next boat—or by the next but one. If he happens to have somebody else's drawing-room clock in his hat, is gashed from head to foot, and has nothing at all about him beyond this to excite suspicion, treat him with gentlemanly tact. In short, manifest a generous trustfulness, and thankfully act upon any of his suggestions. Offer a reward for him; set the public by the ears; arrest several wrong people, and so shed lustre on the Defective Department generally.

ABSENT OMEN!—Success to the future of New Leadenhall Meat Market! A Gentleman bearing the respected name of WHITTINGTON officially assisted at the ceremony. The name is unfortunately suggestive of Cat's meat.

RECENT POLICE FAILURE.—At whatever station on the Brighton Line he got out, he certainly accompanied the Police on purpose to Baulk 'em.

PLAYGOER'S DIARY FOR 1882.

Monday.—To the Haymarket to see the Fiji County Court Company play the *Lady of Lyons*. Business and War-whoop of Second Officer excellent. House crammed.

Tuesday.—Just got the last Stall at Her Majesty's for the Bulgarians in *Box and Cox*. The *Mrs. Bouncer* quite the feature of the evening. Not a vacant seat.

Wednesday.—To the Lyceum to see the Tunisian Company's version of the *Colleen Bawn*. The *Miles-na-Coppaleen* of the Ber, weak; otherwise, a very fair all-round performance. Full.

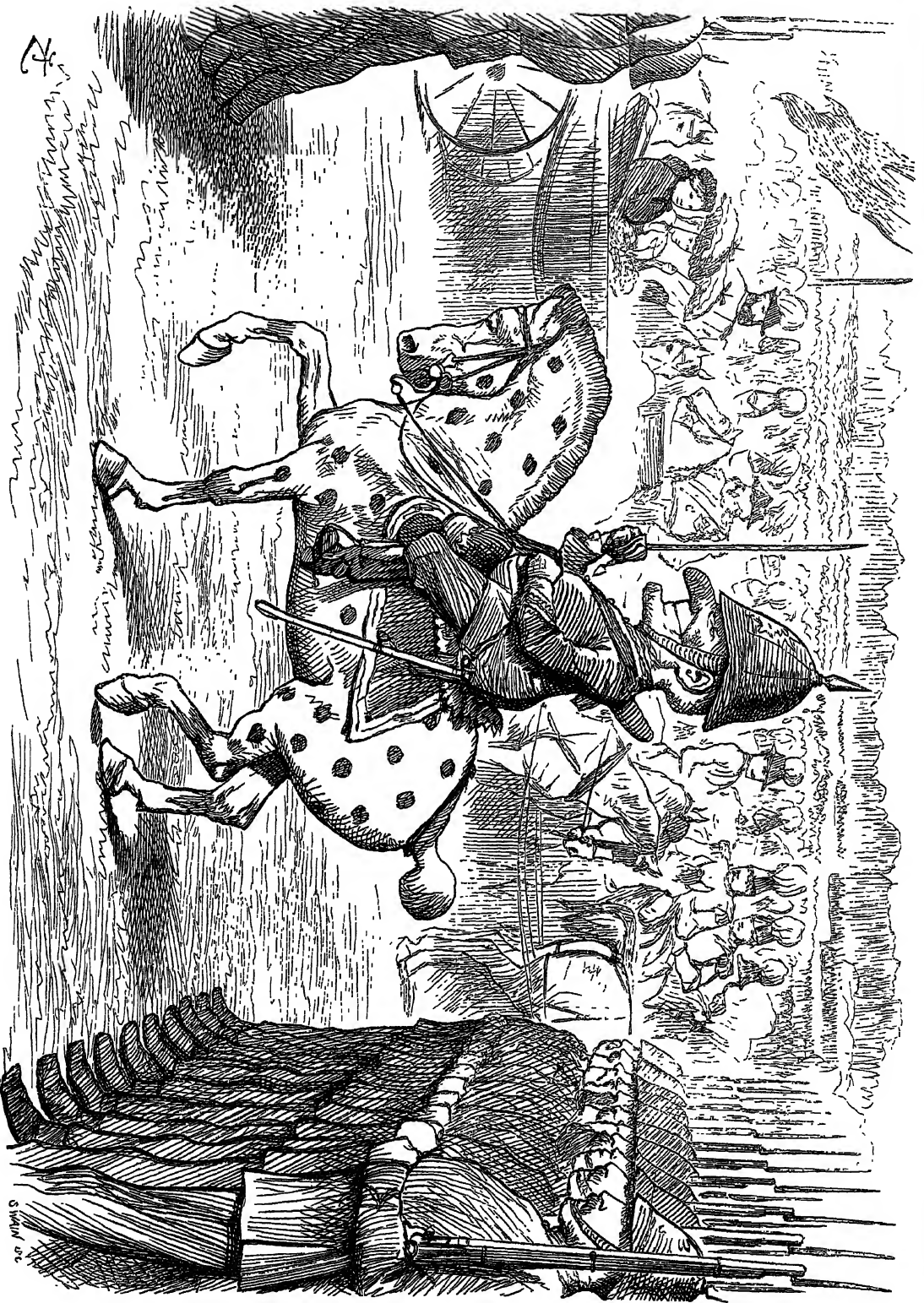
Thursday.—French plays at Covent Garden. *Les Quatre Maris*, *L'Indiscrétion de Grand-papa*, and *Madame s'Amuse*. Didn't understand a word of it. First-rate.

Friday.—Saw the Chinese *Macbeth* at the Folly. Fight A 1. Apparition Kings on *Dragons*, effective. Borrowed OLLENDORFF of a Critic, but couldn't follow the Witches for the life of me. House full to the roof.

Saturday.—To *Matinée* at Gaiety to see the Kurdish Sheikh OBEIDULLAH in Turcoman version of *The Colonel*. Paid a guinea for a chair in a passage. The whole thing killing.

The Seldom-at-Home Secretary and the Police.

SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT has given the Metropolitan Police a character which is not altogether undeserved. For good, straightforward hob-nailed boot business few countries can show their equals, and none their superiors. The Seldom-at-Home Secretary was wisely silent as to their intelligence. Perhaps he felt that they were not paid for intelligence; perhaps he felt that if he praised them for this rare and expensive quality, he would have been compelled in common fairness to speak strongly in favour of the criminal classes. If our Police are the best in the world, our criminals must also stand pre-eminent for skill and cleverness; as in all great crimes, they are too much for Scotland Yard and the Seldom-at-Home Secretary.



OUR "STORAGE OF FORCE!"

WINDSOR, JULY 9TH 1881.

MR. PUNCH'S PROGRAMME OF THE ROYAL REVIEW.



THE Supreme Head of the Intelligence Department requests that the following regulations will be strictly observed by all ranks, during the forthcoming gathering in the Great Park at Windsor.

1. The Volunteers will rise early on Saturday the 9th of July, partaking of a breakfast sufficiently hearty to last them the whole day, as it is probable that the Commissariat wagons, when their presence is needed with their respective battalions, will be found either jumbled up together on the shores of the lake at Virginia Water, or lost somewhere between Datchet and Kew.

2. The Volunteers in marching to the Railway Station en route for Windsor, will take care to have plenty of music. Should half-a-dozen bands play different tunes simultaneously within easy hearing distance of one another, a most martial result will be produced. If the noise drives friends of the movement to distraction, the effect upon the enemies of the nation may be easily conjectured.

3. As the South-Western Railway Company is remarkable for the punctual despatch of its trains at all times, a moment's delay in the starting of the engines is not for a second to be anticipated. Still, should a pause of an hour or so in the carrying out of the arrangements by any chance happen, the battalions suffering from the accident will bear their misfortune manfully. They must remember that if they look discontented they will forfeit that reputation for patriotism, discipline, and soldier-like bearing that it should be the object of every true Volunteer constantly to maintain.

4. On the ground the Volunteer Regiments will regard any mistake by a Regular officer as a personal compliment. Thus, should they be sent to the wrong rendezvous by an aide-de-camp, or ordered to "retire" into the ranks of another regiment by an error of judgment on the part of a short-sighted general of brigade, they will accept the situation with cheerful alacrity. It must be borne in mind that a critical smile or a whispered expostulation will certainly be regarded at the Horse Guards as evidence of that want of proper subordination which so invariably characterises a "military mob" when placed under the command of trained soldiers.

5. As the Volunteers have been entirely overlooked in the "New Territorial Scheme," it will be as well that their civil capacity should be more than usually emphasised. Thus the following regiments will march past as detailed below.

Hon. Artillery Company.—Commanded by the LORD MAYOR in person. Every private to carry a pint of turtle soup in his water-bottle. As they claim to be representatives of the Train Bands, the Hon. Artillery Companies, before arriving at Windsor, will be detained rather longer than absolutely necessary in the railway carriages.

London Scottish.—Leading company to be

composed of members of the wooden brigade from the snuff-hops. In compliment to the schemes of the Regulars, each private will be furnished with a "mull" of his own.

London Irish.—In sympathy with the reforming notions of H.R.H. the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, this corps will be headed by a select band of "Obstructives."

Inns of Court.—Commanded by the LORD CHANCELLOR in wig and robes. As it is well known that every Member of the Junior Bar is overburdened with briefs, and has no time for anything beyond his practice, the official uniform of Westminster Hall and the Old Bailey will, of course, be tolerated. Should Colonel BULLWER, Q.C., desire to address his men during the march past (as it is expected he will), his speech should be as "brief" as usual.

Civil Service.—In deference to the notion that the Servants of the Crown "play from ten to four," members of this gallant regiment will march past reading the papers. The public will thus have a proof that, even in moments of relaxation, Government Clerks give a strict attention to business.

Artists.—As it is a thoroughly well-established fact, that an artist under no circumstances whatever can dress like an ordinary gentleman, the members of this corps will appear in the traditional slouch hats and long hair, so characteristic of their calling. Unless this regulation is observed, the public will disbelieve that they have got the genuine article. The first to appear—in spite of his name—will be Colonel LEIGHTON.

Royal Naval Artillery Volunteers.—Superintended by Sir THOMAS BRASSEY, who, of course has been made a K.C.B., on account of the twenty years he has so gallantly served as Commanding Officer of a regiment! As this splendid corps has nothing whatever to do with the Army, being under the orders of the Admiralty, "My Lords" will send nautical recruits to represent them. There will consequently be a special meeting of Members of the Penny Steamboat Company.

Other corps will be similarly distinctive.

6. After the march past, the Volunteers will get home as soon as they can. In performing this manoeuvre, "patriotism, &c." will be greatly needed. As before, the Authorities will "expect the Force to remember that their reputation," &c., &c., can only be maintained "by cheerfully submitting to" &c., &c.

7. No military band of returning Volunteers must play on any consideration whatever between 3 A.M. and 12 NOON before the windows of 85, Fleet Street.

8. In conclusion, the Supreme Head insists that the above regulations shall be strictly observed by all concerned; and if they are not—why, he will know the reason why!

Given at 85, Fleet Street, July, 1881.

By Order.

(Signed) TOBY, Adjutant-General.



WAGGISH EXAMINERS.

It is no doubt necessary that officers should be to a certain extent practised in English composition, so as to be able to write reports, despatches, and the like. No wonder, then, that questions in composition are set at the examination for admission to the Royal Military College, Sandhurst. But surely the following questions, which were set at the examination on June 30, are not a little ridiculous. There were only three of them, as follows:—

"1. A visit by Sir Roger de Coverly and the Spectator to Lord's Cricket Ground.

"2. The best means of improving the Water Supply of London.

"3. Memorandum by Sir JOHN MOORE, the night before the battle of Corunna, containing instructions for his successor, in case he falls in the action, and a vindication of his own memory."

Candidates were kindly told on the paper not to attempt more than one subject, and that "Your Essay will be valued by its quality rather than its quantity." There is a fine satire about that which is quite in keeping with the childish nature of the questions. Fancy asking a Cadet to write a parody on the *Spectator*, or to make a suggestion on a subject which has puzzled the most eminent Engineers of the day. Some excuse may be made for the last question, though it is clumsily worded, and is rather an exercise in Military History than English Composition. The Examiners seem to have been intent on exhibiting their waggery at the expense of the unhappy Candidates before whom they placed this extraordinary paper.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 39.



HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF SUTHERLAND, K.G.

THE IRON (RAIL) DUKE FINISHING HIS GREAT AMERICAN RIDE OF TWENTY THOUSAND MILES, AND RETURNING "AS FRESH AS WHEN HE STARTED."

A NEW AXE-HIBITION.

THE Gold Axe of Ashantee is a relic of ancient glories. The Ashantees believe it to have been used as a battle-axe by one of their old kings. They reverence it as we should reverence, if we possessed, the battle-axe of RICHARD CŒUR-DE-LION. They think it signifies wealth, and symbolises courage. Their present king accounts it a sacred emblem of the highest sovereignty. Nevertheless, he is declared to have given it up, and made a propitiatory sacrifice of it to the Majesty of England. The Gold Axe of Ashantee that was, then, has become an appurtenance to the British Crown. Has it? Duplicité being characteristic of barbarians, the possibility of a duplicate suggests some hesitation in accepting that axiom. Are you sure that the golden axe surrendered by the King of ASHANTEE is genuine? Of course, as we've accepted it, it will be axe-hibited somewhere—say in the district of St. Mary-Axe.

The Wooden Heads of Old England.

THE Old Women of England will have enough to occupy their attention for the next ten years in the tunnel being constructed to unite England and France. All the good old Bogie arguments will be trotted out from day to day, and the French and Italians will be pitied for allowing the existence of the *Mont Cenis* sub-way, and Europe for cultivating a through system of railways.

THE WORST GENERAL AT PRESENT IN FRANCE.—General Tarriff.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY CONGRESS.

THE Annual Meeting of this Congress took place last week at the Rooms of the Society of Arts. It had originally been intended to hold the Meeting at the Coal Hole Tavern; but the ghost of the late Chief Baron NICHOLSON objecting, on the score that he had never been domesticated and did not like economy, an adjournment was made to the Adelphi. The Dowager Marchioness of DRIPPINGPAN was in the Chair; and, on the platform we noticed, among others, the Countess of COLDSTREAM, VIRGINIA LADY WATERWORKS, Viscount DUSTER, Sir SWEEPINGTON TRALEAVES, Mr. MOLLY, the Rev. J. KITCHENSTUFF, Miss BROWN BIRCH (Member of the School-Board for London), Dr. TOUTWELL BARKER, Mr. WHISKERLEY WATERBUT, M.P., Mr. O'BEDAD, M.P., Captain BILGEWATER, R.N., the Rev. ALMOND ROCK, the Rev. J. MOLTCHIN, Mrs. ST. VITUS, Mr. ALBERT BISCUIT, the Rev. EBBAN FLOW, Mr. DOUBLEDUNNY, Mrs. MOFFIN BELLSIZE, Major O'DE VEE, Mrs. BUXIFER, Mrs. BLABBERDYCE, Miss BANTAM COX, Miss FYTTE, Miss MANTYGE, Miss TAKELY, Miss NOBE ONIONS, Mrs. MARTIN MARALL, Mr. BOGREYNE (Member of the Association for the Advancement of Social Science), and Miss YELP. Sir SILKSTONE WALLSEND, K.C.B., in the absence of the Rev. the Vicar of BEAT, acted as "Assessor."

The proceedings were opened with psalmody, Dr. ARNE's tasteful triptych of "*Down among the Coals*," being beautifully sung by the audience in unison.

The noble Chairwoman opened the proceedings by asking the "Assessor" to say something. Prior to his rising, however, Mr. FLMSY of the *Morning Dram*, representing the gentlemen of the Press present, begged that reporters should be excluded from the meeting. He and his colleagues were family men; and he was sure they could not bear it.

The noble Chairwoman said, Certainly not; all the speeches must be reported *verbatim*. The request was a most impertinent one;

and she should desire her under-butler to complain to the Editor of the *Morning Dram*, who would be instructed to reprimand his reporter. That was done in the case of another man, who died. If the Editor failed to do so (*cries of "What?"*), no more of his beer would be taken at Drippingpan House.

Mr. BOGREYNE rose to order. What, he asked, were they there for? What was Domestic Economy?

Miss YELP, interposing, produced from under her mantle the Original Little Dustpan, smote Mr. BOGREYNE over the head with the article in question, playfully remarking that *that* was Domestic Economy, and asked him how he liked it.

Miss BROWN BIRCH observed that if the intrusive gentleman had any children, and would send them to a Board School, she would take care that they were fundamentally instructed in the principles of Domestic Economy.

Sir SILKSTONE WALLSEND, after withering Mr. BOGREYNE with a look, proceeded to deliver the Inaugural Address. Domestic Economy, he said, meant a variety of things. It meant himself. It meant all our mothers-in-laws (*sobs*),—it meant marriage. It meant hearthstones. (*Cheers*.) Lived there the man with soul so dead who never to himself had said, This is my own—my native hearthstone? Domestic Economy meant brooms—("Hear, hear!" from Miss BROWN BIRCH),—therapeutics, pneumatics, pickles, calisthenics, BUCHAN'S *Domestic Medicine*, pancakes, the stomach-pump, homoeopathy, humbug, corsets, cosmetics, warming-pans, cricket, tea, tracts, staircarpets, theology, macaroni, grand pianofortes, mutton-chops, metaphysics, Dutch cheese, ROWLANDS' Macassar Oil, aesthetics, and blackbeetles. (*Loud cheers*.)

Mr. BOGREYNE rose to order. All the subjects, he contended, mentioned by the Assessor belonged to the Social Science people. What were the Social Scientists to do if the Domestic Economists left them nothing to talk about?

Sir SILKSTONE WALLSEND replied, severely, that the speaker was

another. He, the Assessor, was the inventor of Domestic Economy. He was the inventor of many things—Cookery, Astronomy, Thought-Reading, Electric Advertising, the Drama, and the Od Force.

Miss YELP said that it was all very well; but she wanted to read her friend Mrs. SKINFLEIN's paper on the necessity of teaching the Philosophy of Foreign Exchanges to Pauper Children. This she proceeded to do amidst considerable uproar, Sir SILKSTONE WALLSEND continuing meanwhile the delivery of his address, and Mr. BOGRYNE shaking his fist promiscuously. At this stage of the proceedings a member of the Kyrle Society was discovered in the act of surreptitiously distributing peacock's feathers, tiger-lilies, and ox-eyed daisies among the audience. When rebuked by the noble Chairwoman for his misconduct, the hardened man replied that the daisies were only an "oxide," and as such would assist the chemical and physiological functions of the Congress.

Miss NIOBE ONIONS moved that the Kyrle man's hair be cut.

The Kyrle man replied that he would sooner Die.

Mr. BOGRYNE rose to order, Was this Domestic Economy?

Miss YELP, suddenly producing the Original Golden Canister, and smiting the speaker on the head, replied, "No; but *that* was. Did the gentleman like canister-shot?" She would now proceed with the reading of Mrs. SKINFLEIN's paper.

Miss NIOBE ONIONS said the Congress had had quite enough of the literate and loquacious lady's verbosity. She herself had a much more interesting paper to read on the Necessity of Inflicting Corporal Punishment on Servants. (*Loud cheers.*) This she proceeded to do. Sir SILKSTONE WALLSEND continuing the delivery of his Inaugural Address. Other papers were then read on the Utilisation of Cherry-Stones, the Bi-Metallic Qualities of "Hanover" Sovereigns, the Durability of White Satin Slippers, the Chemistry of Soft Corns, the Qualitative analysis of Ginger-Beer, the Physiology of Crinoline, the Nutritive Properties of Burnt Cocoa-Nut Shells, the Electro-Biology of Bath Buns, the Reformation of Tax-Collectors, the Advantages of Borrowing Broughams, the Art of Coming Back from the Dogs after You have Been There, the Immorality of Mixed Pickles, and the Economy of Lighting the Drawing-Room Fire from the Top. As all the ladies and gentlemen, however, read their papers simultaneously, and Sir SILKSTONE WALLSEND continued the delivery of his Inaugural Address, the task of reporting the proceedings was not unattended by difficulty. The Congress separated at 4 P.M.

In the evening an adjourned meeting and *conversazione* took place at the Horticultural Society's Gardens. The effect of the electric light on a magnificent display of Scotch broom and rod-odendrons contributed by Miss BROWN BIRCH, was very striking. A selection of music enlivened the discussion, comprising the well-known *morceaux*. "Oh, there's Nothing Half so Sweet in Life as John Stuart Mill"; HAYDN's "My Mother Bids me Bind my Books lest Dogeared they should Grow"; "Those Airy Belles! those Airy Belles!" "Dear Old Adam Smith!" "McCulloch's the Man for Me"; "Said the Young Jerry Bentham to the Old Jerry Bentham your Writings were always rather Dry"; and "Non mi Ricardo"—the last sung by Signor POVERISSIMO from Leather Lane. Many more papers were read, including one from Professor SOCKDOLLOSER of Hoshkosh, Michigan, U.S.A., on the Domestic Economy of the Bowie Knife, and a very sterling Essay by PEGWELL BEY (Nineteenth Secretary, Ottoman Legation), on the Relative Value of Turkish Coupons, Mexican Bonds, Confederate Hundred-Dollar Bills, the Poyais's Loan, Texan Shin-plasters, and Obliterated Postage-Stamps. Sir SILKSTONE WALLSEND continued the reading of his Inaugural Address; and the Congress broke up about midnight. Mr. TOOLE did not officiate as Toast and Water Master.

Change of Title.

THEY now call him the Duke of MULLBOROUGH, not because he is the owner of "Woodcock," and the father of Lord RANDOM CHURCHILL, but because he gave the former to the latter to represent in Parliament. Lord RANDOM sits on, but hardly for "Woodcock," and really represents the "Cocky" side of London impudence. He would be idolised by a constituency of *Sim Tappertits*.



TRUTH FOR (IRISH) TOURISTS.

Landlord of Ballyblatherem Hotel (writing to the London Papers). "IS IT DISTURBANCE, THIN? NIVIR BELAVE 'EM, SORR! THE COUNTRY HERE'S AS QUIET AS A PIG IN A PUDDLE, THE RIVER'S FAIRLY ALOIVE WID FISH, AND THERE'S ILEGANT SHOOTING OF IVERY KIND—BARRIN LANDLORDS." (*Aside to disconsolate Waiter.*) "THERE, BARNEY, THAT'LL FITCH THE SAXON SPALPEENS, AND GIVE YE SOMETHING BETTER TO DO THAN BOYCOTTING THE FLOIRS WID YER NAPKIN!"

SATIRE AT SOUTHAMPTON.

THE Southampton Town Council, at a recent Session, adopted a recommendation, thus chronicled by the *Hampshire Independent*, relative to

"A 'WELL-FILLED' TOWN-SERGEANT.—The General Purposes Committee recommended the appointment of WILLIAM FRANCIS MASTERS, an Assistant Inspector of Nuisances, to fill the vacant office of Town-Sergeant and Water Bailiff, his duty being to attend all Corporation processions and banquets; and that he be provided with a coat and hat, and be paid £2 2s. per annum for his services."

Two guineas a year, and his victuals—occasionally perhaps when he attends the Corporation banquets, if his duty is also to partake of them. Yet so the Town-Sergeant will only be well filled now and then, at the Town's expense; for civic banquets at Southampton are less frequent than they were. Mr. MASTERS, however, is naturally well filled—described as "a good portly man, well filled out," and, as such, expected to "do credit to the office" designed for him. He had need be, apparently. But now, what did the Committee mean by suggesting the appointment to attend Corporation banquets and processions, of an official whose special antecedents were those of "an Assistant Inspector of Nuisances"? The inference that, therefore, Mr. MASTERS is specially qualified, as *Iago* says of himself, "to spy into abuses"? Economical satire? Be that as it may, let us hope, for the credit of Southampton, that the full Town-Sergeant's office will be equally well filled; and that, in his additional capacity of Water Bailiff, he will succeed swimmingly. "A mad world, my Masters!"

Telegraphic Bees and Drones.

THE Telegraphists, by agitation, have compelled the Treasury to do something, and the Treasury have shown their indignation by attempting to "do" the Telegraphists. In the new scheme proposed by Mr. FAWCETT and Lord FREDERICK CAVENTISH, the working men, women, and children are to get a penny, and the drones of the hive—the Superintendents—something like a shilling. Liberal or Tory, Radical or Conservative, it is always the same. No man can touch Red Tape without being defiled.

THE G. G. G., OR GROSVENOR GALLERY GUIDE.



Nos. 20 and 23. *Two Portraits*. By W. G. WILLS, the Dramatist. The Dramatist is better in the Gallery than on the stage. He can draw two girls, but can he draw a house? Yes, he did,—lots of 'em—with the *Charles the First* and *Olivia* pencils.

No. 54. *Misgivings*. WALTER MACLAREN. We like Miss Givings. Master Givings is a funny little chap too.



No. 54. *Miss Givings* (and her little brother). WALTER MACLAREN.

No. 57. *Arcadia*. By G. F. WATTS, R.A. Arcadia can't be a very nice place, judging from the action of this lady. She is evidently saying to herself, "It has bitten me on the shoulder," "Flee, FLEE—'ENCE, Flee!"—*Macbeth*.

No. 60. "*Draped Figure at a Fountain*." So Mr. ARMSTRONG calls it, and very good draper the Artist is. As the lady is at the tap, and is draped in yellow, standing against a background of orange-trees, and in a yellowish light, the title would appropriately have been "*Tappy-ochre*."



No. 80. *The Stagyrta; or, the Horns, Kensington* (called *Green Old Age*). By THOS. IRELAND.



No. 96. *Singing Lesson*. KARL SCHLOESSER. Quite in the High-tailian style.

No. 103. *Sir H. James, Q.C., M.P.* Miss ETHEL MORTLOCK. A portrait of a JEM, and a Gem of a portrait.



No. 109. *The Last Look—Scene at the Foundling Hospital in Rome*. R. LEHMANN. Strong: anything but a limp production from a Lame 'un. We are sorry to see that Mr. BLACKBURN, in his interesting "*Notes*," terms this "a low-toned picture." The tone is decidedly high, the moral sen-

No. 97. *Venice—Noon*. H. COOK. View of Cook's Tourists conspiring against their conductor.



No. 120. *The Laidly Worm*. By WALTER CRANE. Or "*The Early Bird* (CRANE) Catches the Lately Worm."

timent perfect, and if the tone of this picture is low, to what a stupendous height Mr. BLACKBURN must have risen! Why, he will

soon be in a painted window in Westminster Abbey in the attitude of an Angular Saxon.

Nos. 121 and 126. Portraits. By CARLO PELLEGRINI, whose show in *Vanity Fair* is justly celebrated. One is of *G. F. White, Esq.*, which C. P. was in-whited to paint; and the other is of *Thomas Blanford, Esq.* "Very like, very like," as *Hamlet* said when the Ghost was described to him by *Horatio*. And as we haven't seen the originals, we are in a similar position to *Hamlet* when he made that celebrated remark.

No. 123. *Clement Godson, Esq., M.D.* By A. STUART WORTLEY, who is to be congratulated on having stood Godfather to such a Godson, and having given him such a handsome mug. What a kind Godfather!

No. 132. *The Mill in the Gloaming*. C. NAPIER HENRY. This must be some notable exception, as the Mill was generally in the morning. The gloaming, however, is not a bad time for any merry meeting that has to be kept dark. "Bobby! Bobby! Bobby!" *Exeunt omnes*.

OVERHEARD AT THE HORTICULTURAL.

Between DAHLIA VARIABILIS and CACTUS (*Knotted Monstruosus*).

Dahlia (to *Cactus*). Well, of all the horrid, hideous, misshapen monsters that ever called themselves flowers, you are the worst. [Shudders. *Cactus* (to *Dahlia*). Bah! ROSA MATILDA criticising the Danteque! Characterless chit, you are the type of a conventional Miss, all frills and no feelings.

Dahlia. You are a perfect ogre. What Flora can see in you, I can't think. And as to wasting culture on you—

Cactus. Don't make an idiot of yourself by talking about Culture! Culture can't improve the inane, any more than it can conic sections or coloured diagrams. Why, a common Sunflower has more of the Utter in it than you. The most Consummate Member of the Kyrle Society could not lunch, or even "snack" upon contemplation of a *Dahlia*!

Dahlia. You nasty, deformed-looking abusive, old horror! Don't point your poisonous spines at me! Why, I'm the very "flower and quintessence" of Culture.

Cactus. Yes; like a bread-and-butter Miss "finished off" at a fashionable boarding-school. Pray be silent, and leave me to the contemplation of the Colossal-Grotesque.

Dahlia. Shan't! You're a spiny impostor. I heard a pretty girl in pink say that your ugliness gave her the shudders.

Cactus. And I heard a soulful creature in snake-bronze remark, that prolonged contemplation of you would mechanise the spirit of SWINBURNE himself.

Dahlia. Your soulful creature was a morbid Gusher.

Cactus. Your pretty girl was a frivolous she-Philistine!

Dahlia. Pooh! Pretty girls will be popular when the fad for the Hideous Intense has gone the way of all fads. Ugliness has tried hard and artfully for an innings; but Nature and the Truly Nice will soon bowl it out.

Cactus. The Truly Nice? Niminy-piminy noodle! "Nice" is the Shibboleth of Silliness, which calls everything it feebly likes "nice," from poetry to strawberry ices. You are nice! [Snorts. *Dahlia*. And you are nasty! [Sniffs.

Cactus. Abuse from imbecility is a tribute to unconventional merit. Like IRVING's acting, or BOWDEWOW's *Ballades*, my weird charm is repellant to stupidity. But who with a soul above cut-paper camellias cares for you?

Dahlia. I'm sure Lord HOLLAND wrote some vastly pretty verses about me.

Cactus. Lord HOLLAND's taste, like his name, was Batavian. Whereas ZOLA—

Dahlia. Silence, Sir! Are you not ashamed to mention his name to a respectable flower like me? ZOLA, like you, is a monster, and—

Cactus. Oh, you know something about him, then, Miss Propriety?

Dahlia. You are a type of the gross morbid Realism he loves.

Cactus. And you of the smooth, formal, pretty-pretty, spurious Ideality he hates.

Dahlia. Look at that darling in a Crinolette hat, how she is admiring me!

Cactus. See that superior spirit with the prominent chin, how rapidly she is gazing at me!

Dahlia. Are you aware that you look like an Incarnation of Elephantiasis?

Cactus. Would you be surprised to hear that an ear-wig is crawling out of one of your painted Dutch-metal petals?

[Left squabbling, like the Schools they typify.]

THE Bronze Horse at the Alhambra sounds heavy. So does "a Led Horse,"—but it needn't be.



SHUT UP!

"YOU'RE VERY BALD, SIR! HAVE YOU TRIED OUR TONIC LOTION?"

"OH YES. BUT THAT'S NOT WHAT'S MADE ALL MY HAIR FALL OFF!"

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

ROBERT AT EPPING FOREST ON WHIT MONDAY.

HAVING herd a good deal said at sum of my dinners about the many Beautys in the Peeples Forest of Epping (how that name brings back to fond mem'ry thoughts of savery sausages such as we never gets now!), I wisited that charming locality on Whit Monday to spend a nice quiet day in its silver glades, I think they calls 'em.

I never new 'till that ewentful day why it is called Wit Monday, and I don't exactly no now, but I think it must be because of the fun the Railway people has with you.

For instance, I started by train from Liverpool Street for Chingford about 12 o'clock, with a party of 6, all werry comfortable in a fust class carriage, tho' we'd only paid for third, and all congratulating ourselves on our good luc, but that didn't last long, for at every station as soon as we became stationery, and even afore that, there was quite a rush of most common people into our beautiful carriage, until when at last we entered Chingford, we had no less than 23 passengers, includin 2 werry powerful-looking ladies ewedently fresh from Billingsget, if anything from Billingsget ever is fresh, and with all the peccolier erroamer of that charming place full upon 'em, and also a pore little Baby that was put up in the Basket over our eds and held there by his principle parient with an ocky stick, but who didn't seem much to enjoy his elevated persition for he screemed all the way.

It took us a pretty considerable time to get out, and wen it came to my turn, and the werry pleasant-looking Station Master, who I herd somebody call Mr. Stages (of course only as a Epping Forest joke), asked me how many more? and I sed, with some sewerity, only 8, he axshally blusht, and muttered sumthink about holliday time.

Well, I walked out of the Station with all the dignerty becoming a fust class carriage, to have my quiet stroll in a silver glade, when,

as the Poet used to say when I was a boy, "O wot a site met my view!"

I think I never was so astonished in all my life excep when a Royal Prinse gave me a Sovereign for his At. Silver glades? Silent forest? Bounding Dears? No! but Bartlemy Fare as I remember it in my youthful childhood, and Grinnidge Fare as I knowd it in my herly manhood.

Is this, thort I, wot I come all this ways with 23 insides for to see?

Swings and Rounderbouts, and Koker Nuts and Arnt Sallys, and Donkies and plenty on 'em, and Ginger Beer Bottles lying about, and lots of dirty paper and mess!

I was that disgusted and disapinted that I was amost a good mind to go home, tho' that's about the last place we ever thinks of going to for an olliday, but luckily for me there was the beautiful trees, only just a little ways off, looking so quiet and green and inwiting, that I tucked up my trowsers, as it had been raining like fun, and leavin all the noise and the mess and the vulgarity behind me, plunged boldly slap into the Forest. Ah, what a change!

How any living man or woman or infant child can waste the preshus hours of their seldom come hollidays, a swinging and a Koko Nutting and all that rubbish, when their own butiful Forest is just by, is far more than a mistery to me, it's reelly somethink almost strange.

Well, I wanderd on and on in a perfect rapsher of delight, for I'd never seen a reel Forest afore, excep Hornsey Wood, and that wasn't a bit like a Forest excep its name, when presently I meets a Gent drest summet like one of Robbing Hood's merry men, as I've seem 'em on the Stage, and we soon got into conversation, and he told me as he was a Keeper, of course I looked round to see where his Patience was, but he larfed and said he was a Forrest Keeper and not a Mad Keeper. He told me he used formally to carry a gun, but as he wasn't aloud to shoot nothink, he soon got tired of carrying it about all day, and so they never shoots now except in the Autum, when they goes a Buck-hunting for the Lord Mare's Wenson.

He says that's about the best bit of fun he ever has, for the Committee comes down from London looking so dredful sleepy at having to get up so early, that it's a sight to see, and as they knows no more about shooting than the babe unborn, and that can't be much, the Keepers drives the poor Dears close up to 'em, and then they all bangs away at 'em, and of course misses 'em, and the Dears gallops away, and then they all has to begin over again.

He tells me no Committee man has ever shot a Dear but wunce, and then the Hed Keeper stood behind him and fired at the same time; and one of 'em hit it, and the Keeper said it wasn't him; and I have heard it said that was the best day's work as the Hed Keeper ever had.

It don't seem a werry pertickler hard life as those Keepers lives, but not awdaciously exsiting. I don't think it 'ud suit me, for let alone the want of hardly no place for refreshment, or shelter when it's wet, the hutter habsense of all that constitutes the reel poetry and charm of life, or in other words the turtle and wenson of egistence, such as Toasts and Speeches and Loving Cups and all that, must be somethink awful!

I had a good 3 hours stroll thro' the beautiful Forest all the way up to Eye Beach, and saw hundreds and thousands of appy faces, and I thort to myself if I was Lord Mare of London, which there don't seem much chance of my being just at present, I'd ha' had a good long drive on that werry day thro' that there Forest that the people owes to the Coperation, and ha' seen how thorowly thousands on 'em was enjoying it, and I'd be bound he'd ha' had such a reception as would ha' sent him home a wiser and a better and a jovialler and a hungrier man. (Signed) ROBERT.

A FALSE REPORT.

SAD was many a heart in England when the news came o'er the wave, That a gallant Royal Middy 'neath the sea had found a grave.

Many a mother's heart in anguish throbbed with sympathetic pain For the Realm's adopted daughter, for our winsome Royal Dane.

Terrible indeed the tidings, had the fair young sailor died; But there came a consolation, as of old 'twas Rumour lied.

Bon voyage! the Nation wished them when the Princes sailed away, And the cheery words are echoed in a million hearts to-day.

May the vessel that they sail in be by prosperous breezes fann'd, Till once more their Mother clasps them, safe and sound, on English land!

ORTONIAN.—A new TICHBORNE Claimant *en route*. It is said he can speak and write French perfectly. "Ah!" says Mrs. GAMP, "we shall soon 'ave another nobleman languaging in prison."

THE COMET'S FAREWELL.



Yes, *Punch*, I'm off! As I shan't be back this way for a few thousand years, I drop your preposterous old plauet a line or two, P.P.C. To you, old friend and fellow luminary, it's only *au revoir*, of course; but for the rest, things will be a bit changed before I make my next call. At least I hope so. Really, *Punch*, with a fixed star like yourself always steadily shining on them, men ought to do better. Evidently the Earthites consider themselves quite the Metropolitans of the Solar System, but I can assure them that, from a Comet's point of view, they are very very provincial, and amazingly behind the Age. The true Cosmic Age I mean, which is not measured by your little terrestrial Time-ticks. A Comet's tale—if I'd time to spin it—would rather astonish the mannikins, for, in fulfilling my extensive round of engagements, I witness performances which would show your SHAKESPEARE that if "all the world's a stage," it's a very penny-gaffish affair indeed after all, mainly given up to coarse sensation and screaming farces. Whether your political burlesque or your social spectacle be the absurder, I hardly know. ST. HILAIRE perorating round amidst the Abstract Virtues is side-splitting; BISMARCK trotting out Political Economy is as funny as Polyphemus on a spotted horse; an Irish orator slanging the Saxon might make a nebula shake like champagne jelly; and as to little Lord RANDOLPH baying the moon at midnight, ha! ha! ha!—had he known that a Comet

who had seen not only "men and cities" but constellations and galaxies, was "takin' notes" of his nonsense for the amusement of a *Centauri*, the consciousness might have put his conceit out of countenance and his moustache out of curl.

I've made some mems during my short stay with you, which will send Aldebaran into paroxysms, which I fear may interfere with his parallax. Bull's Bye, your clowns call him. Pity JOHN BULL's eye isn't as keen. In some things it's as dull as—say a Detective's. Relieve your constables of their bull's eyes, dear *Punch*, and equip them more fitly with *Dogberry's* dark lantern. Artless HOLMES would run *Verges* very close. And those Aldershot idiots are not much better. I, innocently, helped to make it hot for the poor soldiers; do you of set purpose make it hotter for the dolts who dispose of them. Tell them that Army management does *not* mean treating the Regulars like salamanders, and throwing cold water on the Volunteers. The Red-Tape-worms will eat the heart out of J. B's Constitution if he doesn't mind. 'Ware Windsor!

"Thy forest, Windsor, and thy green retreats,"

sounds cool and comfortable. But the Sun—highly Conservative old Cookalorum Sol—rile him sometimes by calling him Aldebaran, because he's 'alf a Tory (a *Tauri*)—the Sun I say is about as discriminating as—a Royal Duke. "Green retreats" may perhaps

be read as antithetical to "Verdant advances," and your amateur strategists are equal to either blunder.

Sol, naturally, is not over sweet upon me, thinks me Bohemian and eccentric. *He's* a steady time-keeper, and *always* comes home to tea, whilst I summer with you, and winter somewhere out Arcturus way. *Summer* with you I say advisedly. I've been with you a full fortnight, and, thanks perhaps to me, you've had rather more than the usual three days, and a thunderstorm, already. It's a broiling day brings nobody pleasure. Ask your young Cricketers! Lord's looked lovely; so did the Ladies. Your pretty girls and their dresses are none so dusty. At least, they *were* dusty, in the literal sense, but delighted and delightful. They credit me with improving the quality of wine; I fancy I have increased the consumption of claret-cup and lemon-squashes. Tennis, too. Always fun where the "flying sphere" is, Cricket-ball, or Comet. Not sure I shouldn't like Cricket myself, with blue space instead of green turf and rival constellations for opposing teams. I should never make a *long stop*, though, eh? Yes, my *Punch*, your girls would do credit to a less ridiculous planet. Only no Crinoline, as they value the respect of a Space-wanderer!

I've seen a lot of folly in a fortnight; *you* must have a nice lively time of it, keeping things square all the year round. Driving a team of frisky young Comets with various orbits and conflicting tails would be a trifle to it. Men have doubtless learnt a thing or two since I saw them as Chaldean shepherds, but as to real improvement they are disappointing. You can quiz me through telescopes, the electric light promises well, the telephone I shall have to tell many a billion-leagues distant star about, and that storage of force notion may considerably revolutionise the face of old Terra ere I look on it again. Shall I give you a few hints, eh? Well, War's an expensive little lunacy for a world supposed to have sown its wild oats, so's Protection. The fads for sea-green girls and senseless slang are about equally stupid. You *ought* to abolish street-pests and Fashionable Beauties. As to those limp, long-haired noodles who languish over lilies, if you could tie 'em to unbroken Comets, like maudlin Mazeppas, and send 'em all to explore the Utter Inane, you'd do a good thing—not to the Comets.

The dirtiness of your streets and your fashionable novels would discredit the Anthropophagi; and Mud-Salad Market—well, you can't be as far as you fancy from dragons and the primeval slime when you tolerate *that* and the Griffin. While you can't prevent your wives and daughters from tight-lacing, the "subjection of Woman" sounds like satire. Your Society Journals and four-wheeled Cabs want improving off the face of the earth. Agony-point Amusements, Bumbledom, Billingsgate Bunglers, Show-Charity, Chimney-pot Hats, Parliamentary Palaver, and Street Blocks all await the final kick of indignant Common Sense.

Room for improvement everywhere except at 85, Fleet Street. Hope you'll have a better report when I look in again—say about 6000 A.D. To our next merry meeting in a bumper of Comet port? Why, tutt'nly. How's time? Phew! I'm due at my aphelion in half a jiffy—say 1500 years or so. *Au revoir!*

GARFIELD.

"He was, Dr. Bliss said, the very best patient he had seen in the course of his surgical practice."

So fit to die! With courage calm
Armed to confront the threatening dart.
Better than skill is such high heart,
And helpfuller than healing balm.

So fit to live! with power cool
Equipped to fill his function great,
To crush the knaves who shame the State,
Place-seeking pests of honest rule.

Equal to either fate he'll prove.
May Heaven's high will incline the scale
The way our prayers would fain avail
To weight it—to long life and love!

AN IRISH QUITTANCE.—A Tenant Farmer's Rent is due at Midsummer, and he pays his shot.



A SKETCH AT LORD'S.

Eva (for the benefit of *Maud*, who is not so well-informed). "—AND THOSE UPRIGHT STICKS YOU SEE ARE THE *WICKETS*. HARROW'S IN AT ONE END, AND ETON'S IN AT THE OTHER, YOU KNOW!"

OLD PARR'S "PARS."

SOME great man has said—very safe that, and a capital introduction to one of your own stories—that everyone should carry a note-book and a pencil wherein and wherewith to record on the spot all the good things he hears, and all the bright thoughts which occur to him. I mentioned this some six months ago to BROWN, who is a Drysalter, and lives at Clapham, and he jumped delightedly at the idea. He told me the other day that the chief merit of the advice, as far as all the good things he heard, and all the bright thoughts which occurred to him was, that after any space of time his note-book was as clean and fresh as when he bought it, and his pencil did not require cutting.

The art of keeping a note-book is a most difficult one to acquire. I gaze sadly on an entry in the one that lies before me. It is "Birmingham be hanged. ELIZA a widow." Now that is the key-note to one of the best stories I was ever told. I laughed at that till the tears ran down my cheeks. I made the above memorandum, which sufficiently indicated the point of the story to me. And now I have forgotten every word of it. I can't go about asking my friends "Do you know a story in which the hanging Birmingham and the widowhood of ELIZA occur?" And the man who told me the story is dead.

"How is JONES?" asked ROBINSON OF BROWN.

"I never see him now. I don't want to. He was too much; borrowing a fiver one day, getting you to cash a dishonoured cheque the next. I couldn't stand him any longer. In the language of the turf, 'I cut it.'"

"Or rather, in the language of the Ring, you threw up the sponge."

A severe reprimand from the Committee will, it is thought, meet the justice of the case, albeit the majority of the members are clamouring for ROBINSON'S expulsion from the Club.

Consuming tobacco through the medium of cigarettes is the most unwholesome and deadly manner of enjoying the deleterious herb. I notice that the young men in the stalls of our theatres, the young men who talk all through the performances, and give biographies of the ladies on the stage to their friends, smoke nothing but cigarettes. This goes far to render a visit to the theatres in this weather not only bearable but positively enjoyable.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

MONDAY, July 4.—Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who, amid absorbing labours finds time to smoke large cigars and instruct the mind of the young, sometimes walks up and down the terrace with me, and tells me stories out of Natural History and the works of popular novelists. There is one interesting story about a little boy named *Pip*, who had an uncle named *Pumblechook*, who, among other pleasing and endearing habits was accustomed to ruffle the boy's hair the wrong way, as a preliminary to putting him through the multiplication table.

I don't know whether Mr. CAVENDISH BENTINCK has an uncle *Pumblechook*, but he certainly reminds me of this little story about *Pip*.



C. B.

He is the rumpleddest man I ever saw, and when he comes down late, as he did to-night, with his shirt front broken out of bounds, his hair vehemently brushed the wrong way, his arms and legs twitching, and his face a little flushed, one would think, but for the absence of blood and the non-appearance of a watchchain peeping from his shoe, that he had been making a journey down to Brighton in company with an old gentleman and a countryman.

Am told that C. B. used to take a much more prominent part in politics than now. Mr. RAMSAY says that in the last Parliament he was one of Her Majesty's Ministers, a combination of military and judicial authority. But Mr. RAMSAY is such an inveterate joker. To-night C. B., having fidgeted about for a long time, watching RANDOLPH at his old game of "baiting GLADSTONE," felt a call to speak. Jumped

up convulsively, and was welcomed with hilarious cheers from the Opposition. With tragic gesture denounced Her Majesty's Government as the authors of all the woe of the world since the commencement, including the momentary block of the Land Bill, which most other people attributed to RANDOLPH's vivacity.

"Should show more respect to the Opposition," says C. B. in his loftiest style, "an Opposition which is largely composed of English gentlemen."

House roared, and C. B. grew more rumpled as he marvelled what he could have said. GLADSTONE presently informed him, when, in that bland and polished style too rarely adopted, but which sits so well upon him, he pointed out to C. B. that having alluded to the Opposition as "largely composed of English gentlemen," there remains with him the disagreeable necessity of accounting for the rest.

Business done.—Still on Clause VII.

Tuesday.—Talked with Alderman FOWLER to-day of men and things, more particularly of Debate on the Land Bill, who has made a position, and who lost ground. Alderman emphatically of opinion, that to use the Aldermanic words, "CHAPLIN has greatly enhanced his position." Alderman always suspected CHAPLIN of great talents, but was not prepared for the fertility of resource and the volubility of speech, displayed during the past six weeks. Alderman says that in this matter of eloquence we are too much slaves of prejudice. Get accustomed to regard GLADSTONE and BRIGHT as the greatest orators of the House. One man says it, another repeats it, and we all go on clamouring it. When a man with a good presence and loud voice, together with a capacity for stating a case in plain language, rises from the corner seat behind the front Opposition Bench little heed is paid to him.

But the Alderman has not a narrow mind. He is thinking of CHAPLIN and the common impression, scarcely yet dissipated, that GLADSTONE in point of oratory is superior.

"Look what a fine voice CHAPLIN has," he says. "Sometimes when he is describing the depth to which we have sunk, and the certain and imminent destruction of the Empire, I can scarcely say 'Yah-Yah-YAH!' for the choking feeling in my throat. Then how bold he is! Starts out on a sentence with no particular meaning, but wonderful for sound. Piles up big adjectives till you don't know where you are, nor does he. But the effect marvellous. See



A Dissenting Chaplin.

how WARTON cheers, and how quiet Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE looks, thinking it over, and wishing that Heaven had gifted him with even a little of this power of speech. I am getting on in years now, have heard many healths proposed at dinners in the City and elsewhere, have listened to some of our best speakers in the Common Council, and I declare that nothing moves me like a good speech from CHAPLIN which he has had time to prepare. Then his perorations! Did you ever know a man so rich in perorations? GLADSTONE can't do more than one in a speech, whereas CHAPLIN has from thirty to seventy according to the length of the oration. No, no, TOBY, it's all mere prejudice. We talk about GLADSTONE's oratory, and shall do so to the end of the chapter. But give me CHAPLIN."

Most intelligent man the Alderman. Shall cultivate his acquaintance.

In the House of Lords question about Review at Aldershot on Monday with the thermometer at 124°. Twenty poor fellows carried off the shelterless plain and six since died.

"Hot!" said H.R.H., genially joining in the conversation with Lord CAMPERDOWN and Lord MORLEY; "no such thing. Never in my life saw so few men falling out. Assure your Lordships I have been in places where it was fifty times as hot."

Fifty times 124 is 6200. An unusually high reading of the thermometer in these regions. Duke of SOMERSET says there is only one place where such degree of heat is possible, and that GEORGE, though well known as a Ranger, cannot have been there yet.

Business done in Commons.—Five Clauses of Land Bill passed.

Thursday.—Last Session a middle-aged gentleman, of bald head and pensive countenance, was accustomed to make frequent visits to the House of Commons.

He must have been a Peer, since he sat in their gallery. He was probably a Prince, since he occupied the seat over the clock. Actually he was more, for he was a Ranger and Prince CHRISTIAN. Result of his studies of House evidently not flattering. Having sat by the hour watching the many humours of the assembly, Prince CHRISTIAN arrived at the conclusion that the House of Commons is of no account. Think a good deal of themselves, but a Prince, a Christian and a Ranger, will, when opportunity serves, show what he thinks of them.

This our Prince from over the sea has done. House wanted to know whether it might not, as on former occasions, have special enclosure whence to see Volunteer review. "Certainly not," says Prince Ranger; "there are enclosures for the servants of the Royal Household, and the Four-in-Hand Club have been provided for. But Peers and Commons must get on as they can in the crowd."

This is admirable, and may have wholesome effect in curbing the haughty Barons, and checking the insolent Commons. We are too much accustomed to the courtly good-nature of our ALBERT EDWARD, and other English-born Princes of Royal blood. A little change wholesome and desirable. Some of the Members say that they will have it—with respect to the management of Windsor Park. But we shall see. Stirring times at hand. In my mind's eye can see Prince CHRISTIAN enter the House at the head of a body of sub-rangers and demand that Mr. SCHREIBER, Mr. LABOUCHERE, and T. P. O'CONNOR (who have presumed to ask questions on the matter), should be handed over to him. There would be no difficulty about T. P. The House, generously inclined at the outset of the young man's career to encourage youth and modesty, has had its confidence grievously abused. T. P. will be cheerfully handed over. But for the rest we should expect Mr. BRAND to make answer as Speaker LENTHALL did at a former crisis of Parliamentary history.

Business done.—Reached Clause XIX. of Land Bill.

Friday.—Crisis averted. State saved. Revolution postponed. A space has been roped off at Windsor for the use of the Members: 500 tickets have been issued, and, what is still more gratifying, a special train has been provided, for which Members of Parliament only will be privileged to pay. A great weight lifted from the minds of lovers of order. Instructions immediately given to stop preparations for throwing up barricades in the lobby. Also the secret drilling intermitted, and no more pikes are to be sharpened at the



Lord SPENCER addressing the "Spectral Parliament." Vide P.M.G.

back of the Speaker's Chair. It has been a terrible time, and only shows how careful our hereditary legislators ought to be in the dispensation of their power.

After this proceeding with the Land Bill in Committee quite tame. Members never can settle down to ordinary business after being wound up to this pitch of excitement. Mr. GLADSTONE rather likes the look of the Committee. "The more empty benches, the fewer wagging tongues!" he says. Mr. CHAPLIN resting from his labours. RANDOLPH also easing off a bit, though he comes back at eleven o'clock, and expresses his indignant regret at the passion displayed by the Prime Minister for refusing permission to withdraw amendments.

HOME SECRETARY beaming. Bubbling over with geniality of jocosity. If he had caught LEFROY with his own hand could not have been in better humour.

Business done.—Passed five Clauses of Land Bill.

WHO COMES FIRST?

(Revised order of Precedence, from H.R.H. Prince CHRISTIAN'S own particular list.)

THE Ranger of Windsor Forest.
The London General Omnibus company.
Gatekeepers of Cumberland Lodge.
Small Tradesmen of the Royal Borough.
The King of the Sandwich Islands and friend.
The Finsbury Ragged School children.
Members of the Meinigen Court Troupe.
The Chairman of the Woking Cemetery.
The Beadle of the Burlington Arcade.
Representatives of Colney Hatch and Hanwell Lunatic Asylums.
The Piccadilly Midgets.
Knights of the Garter.
Ticket of Leave men.
Dukes in their own right.
Inhabitants of the Isle of Dogs.
Archbishops of Canterbury.
Habitual Drunkards, and
Members of the House of Commons.

"Gai! Gai! Gai!"

Mlle. GRANIER has achieved a genuine triumph as *La Belle Lunette*, and M. JOLY is immensely funny in OFFENBACH's sparkling opera. The French tenor, with the English name of COOPER, might be own brother to our M. MARIUS of the Strand, so closely do they resemble one another in voice. Mlle. MILY MEYER as *Marceline* is most decidedly "*chic*," but the *Blanchiseuses* are not particularly "snappy,"—in fact, as to the *ensemble*, it is only a short time since that our London Operatives would have been their pupils; but now on a *changé tout cela*, and as far as *opéras-bouffes* go—and they do go quite far enough—we manage these things better in England.

Conscience—a Vaunt!

(*Rondeau by a Robust Radical.*)

CONSCIENCE rules me. *That* explains
My cantankerousness and crudeness,
Scorn of courtesy which restrains
Party wrath or private rudeness.
Chivalry? A weak-knee'd fad,
Shibboleth which ne'er befools me!
Call me churl, or call me cad,
Tart, intolerant, but add—

Conscience rules me!

Fact for Farmers.

THE preliminary abstract of the Census for 1881 enumerates the comparative density of the population of the counties. Lancashire and Middlesex have each a density of over 1,000. The great manufacturing shire and the metropolitan county are the densest of all. Heretofore it had been imagined that the agricultural counties were the most remarkable for the density of their populations, but the clodhoppers are evidently less dense than the cotton-spinners and the cockneys.



"GROUND GAME!"

First Sportsman. "THEY'RE FUST-RATE ROASTED!"

Second Ditto (getting hungry). "AH!—OH, I SAY, 'ARRY"—(smacking his lips in anticipation)—"THE CRACKLIN'!"

A PLEA FOR PADDINGTON PARK.

NINETY acres in the heart of North West London saved from Bricks and Mortar, and dedicated to Turf and Trees! That is the Midsummer Day's Dream of the projectors of Paddington Park. An excellent dream too, that ought to be straightway realised; or at least, made a possibility of the not too remote future, ere it is too late, which it soon may be. The Metropolitan Board of Works is no *Puck*, neither is it a *Fortunatus*, but it is believed that if the Public (which when it pleases, is *Puck* and *Fortunatus* in one, with a touch of *PEABODY* thrown in) would subscribe £100,000 towards the £273,000 estimated as the extreme value of the space, the Metropolitan Board of Works would be willing to purchase the land, and so secure it for Beauty and Health and the Public Good, against Ugliness and Sickness and the Speculative Builder.

Now then, British Public, amiable but sluggish *FORTUNATUS-PEABODY-PUCK*, here is a task that is worthy of your co-operative wealth-magic, being big, beautiful, and beneficent. Upwards of Nineteen Thousand Pounds already promised! The privilege of swelling that sum readily obtainable on application to H. F. POOLEY, Esq., 91, Portsdown Road, W. What a chance! And what a life Mr. POOLEY and his postman will have after perusal by the B.P. of its old friend *Punch's* appeal! The North-West London people want a Park, a "lung," as it is the fashion to call an open-breathing space. And the North-West London Rough? Well, our Parks, for all the smoothness of their swards, are often, in a sense, made Rough-places, by sprawling, bawling, dirty, semi-drunken, howling, and horse-playing ruffianism. "The People," clamorous for breathing-room, must learn to keep its "lungs" clear, and make good use of Nature's beautiful gifts and philanthropy's costly dowers. But Parks mean prettiness, and prettiness means polish, even to the Rough, in the long run, though his coarse grain may not readily take it. So, British Public (to parody an old song),—

For to beautify North-West Babylon,
Aim subscriptions at the mark

Of pretty, pretty POOLEY, Treasurer
For Paddington Park!

INTERESTING TO CHIROPEDISTS.—The Corn Returns Bill cannot be passed this Session. So, in the meantime, cut and come again.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Hostess. "WHAT, LEAVING ALREADY, MR. MIVERS! I'VE SCARCELY SEEN ANYTHING OF YOU THE WHOLE EVENING!"

Mr. Mivers (who goes in for the Courteous Manners of the Olden Time). "THAT, MADAM, IS ENTIRELY MY FAULT!"

[Exit gracefully, but remembers as he goes down-stairs that he meant to say "Misfortune," not "Fault."]

MY MAN!

(Lobby Ballad, sung to himself with the greatest success, daily, by the Sergeant-at-Arms.)

How on earth shall I manage to take him?

Will he turn up in the afternoon?

Shall I have by his collar to seize and shake him?

I don't know yet,—but I shall very soon!

Will his speech be round and smooth as a sonnet?—

Or will a stout horsewhip be part of his plan?

Is he dodging me somewhere—he I would bonnet,—

He, I must "go for"—My Man, My Man!

I will not fancy him large-boned and stately,

Showing a strong disposition to fight;

Nor dream, as I touch him politely, sedately,

That suddenly he may let out with his right.

Yet, if with a taste that I'll merely call "shady,"

He hopes to break into the House with his clan,

He'll find that, although I am *not* in my hey-day,

I'm more than a match for My Man, My Man!

So I shall be courteous, humble, and lowly,

Nor show him the claw that is veiled 'neath my glove;

And he may come up with a rush, or quite slowly—

I shall care no more than the Strangers above!

For what with ourselves,—the reserves that we're keeping

Hid under the benches,—then, outside, a *van*,—

Trust me—though LADY swear, and Northampton be weeping—

I'll manage to bonnet My Man, My Man!

ET APRÈS?

"FORWARDS!" cried the Greek troops, and then they marched
Arta-wards.

A COMPARISON.

WHAT a difference between journeying from London to Manchester, *via* Great Northern from King's Cross, five hours, and travelling from Boulogne to Paris, also five hours! On the former the time for stopping varies from three to seven minutes, always uncertain, neither guards nor porters being able to afford any reliable information; so-called refreshment-places with nothing worth mentioning ready to hand or mouth, except buns, sandwiches, and a compound called "claret-cup"; but no iced ginger-beer, no iced water. Of course the traveller, being hopelessly in the dark as to how long or how short a time he may have to wait, has to do the best he can in a hurried way, and return to his dusty carriage with its skimpy wiggle-waggle blinds, useful as worriers of the temper, either unrefreshed or none the better for his very hasty snack. Why can't the Continental system be introduced? Where is the impossibility of one fifteen minutes' pause in the course of five hours (between 12'30 and 5'30—we were twenty minutes late, so it brought it up to 5'50)—for refreshment—*bouillon*, chicken and salad, a pint of *vin ordinaire*, and iced water—which should be ready and waiting for the poor creatures who have, as a rule, insufficiently breakfasted or inadequately lunched? Let us have a Travelling-in-Comfort-by-Rail Commission of Inquiry, and let's have the evidence of Messrs. SPIERS AND POND and other caterers for buffets.

Seasonable Dialogue.

SCENE—Neighbourhood of Margaret Street. TIME—Afternoon of "Eton and Harrow" at Lord's. Two old Schoolfellows meeting—both Clergymen; one a Ritualist, and the other a Broad Church.

Ritualist Curate (sweetly). Ah, my dear SIMPKINSON, on your way to Margaret Street? Going to Vespers?
Broad Church Parson. Vespers? No; off to Lauds. Here! hi! Hansom!



THE BILL-STICKER.

ETON AND HARROW.—SPECIAL.

We don't know anything about Cricket ourselves, except DICKENS's on the Hearth, so we chartered an experienced person—at least, he said he was an experienced person—and this is his report of Eton and Harrow. We fancy somehow it is not quite right, but then we really do not understand technicalities. Here it is:—

Eton and Harrow are two public schools. Eleven of Eton play Eleven of Harrow. This is as it should be, and quite fair. The wickets were better pitched than usual. This was a wise precaution, as pitching renders them water-proof, and there was a good deal of rain about, one way and another—but mostly one way. Damp is bad for matches, and the Eton and Harrow is no exception. They strike only on their own bats. HADOW, who batted capitally overnight—as a bat he comes out strong at night—was soon out next day. He is a musician, as I hear he scored "Eighty-One," but I don't know the opera. I remember somebody's "Ninety-Nine": OFFENBACH's, I fancy, but I always fancy OFFENBACH. The Bowlers have plenty to do, and there there is no rest for the wicket. The



Eatin' Boy at Lord's.

only person who keeps quiet the whole time is the Umpire. As LOUIS NAPOLEON observed, "*L'Umpire c'est la paix.*" LOUIS was a first-rate Cricketer.

When on the second day the match commenced, the Batsmen were not at home. They were immediately sent for, and promised to come at once. The Cricketers' favourite songs are "*Batti Batti!*" and "*Willow Willow!*" MARTINEAU drove LASCELLES very hard, and quite upset him. The corner men were in excellent form, BONDS being particularly funny. There were a great many Ladies present—what the exact number was I could not ascertain; but I know there was exactly one more than had been expected, as she was rather rudely alluded to throughout the day as "*The Maiden over.*" I did not see her myself. I also heard of "*a splendid catch.*" She was pointed out to me on a perfectly appointed drag, where she sat eating pigeon-pie and drinking champagne. I am looking out for this sort of thing (about £50,000 a-year, paid quarterly), but failed to obtain the necessary introduction. Very sorry. As the losing Cricketers say, "*Batter luck next time.*"

At 11:23 A.M. Harrow registered 180 in the sun, and Eton was about 165 in the shade. I stayed outside on the ground the whole time, which I have since regretted, as several people told me "*the play was capital.*" It might have been, but I could not for the life of me find out where the play was going on, as none of the officials (officials are such idiots) could tell me where the theatre was situated. "*The Play's the thing,*" I said, appropriately, and I really should have liked to have witnessed a *Matinée* by the United Dramatic Eton and Harrow Company. Why don't they put up "*this way to the theatre. Play just about to begin!*" The Eleven have all of them square legs, but they come round afterwards. Harrow won easily, and I had a very pleasant two days, though I still regret not having seen the Play of which everyone speaks so highly. I have seen no notice of it by any Dramatic Critic. Was the Play a classic one? However, next time I go to Lord's I'll take precious good care to see everything, and if the entertainment is Classic or Shakspearian, I shall provide myself beforehand with a book of the Play.

Yours faithfully, NODDI PASHA.

Another Guy.

THERE is no law to prevent a tradesman putting up his own statue in his own shop, but it is always more effective to support it with other statues. If Mr. POPKINS is in the iron trade, and he or his admirers wish to glorify the name of POPKINS, the best way would be to have three statues representing CRAWSHAY, BESSEMER, and POPKINS. This places POPKINS in good company. On the grand staircase at Covent Garden Theatre there is a counterfeit presentment of the late Lessee, but the visitors look in vain for ROSSINI or MEYERBEER, or even VERDI or DONIZETTI. This is a mistake in every way. The inventor even more than the dealer is entitled to the doubtful honour of a statue.

STORAGE OF FORCED LABOUR.

A MEMORIAL has been addressed to the HOME SECRETARY by Sir ABEL HANDY, F.R.S., wherein that distinguished natural philosopher and scientific experimentalist embodies a practical suggestion for the economical storage of force, which might be adopted with the aid of Government. Premising the consideration already recognised, that water-power, where available, will, equally with steam-power, serve to generate electricity, so, likewise, Sir ABEL points out, would human bodily power. As a waterwheel might be employed to turn a dynamo-electric machine, so might a treadwheel. Sir ABEL HANDY, therefore, urges Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT to effect the utilisation of convict labour, by establishing in every prison throughout the United Kingdom a treadmill so arranged as to work a machine for the development of electro-magnetism, connected with an apparatus such as that lately invented by M. FAURE, in which the electric force thus obtained might be received and stored up for all the various uses to which it is applicable, especially the purpose of illumination. In this way, Sir ABEL observes, every convict gaol in these dominions, instead of being, as it were, a blot upon the face of the land, would be converted into a centre of enlightenment to the surrounding neighbourhood. When on this principle we see a truly Model Prison—a model "*Quod*"—we can apply the formula *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

HOW TO TREAT THE ARMY.

SELECT the hottest day you can possibly find for a perfectly useless sham-fight, and send the men out with the heaviest, clumsiest, most antiquated, and unseasonable head-gear. When a few of them perish, as a matter of course, of sun-stroke, express the utmost astonishment that anybody can die from such a cause in such perfect uniform in a temperate climate.

HOW TO TREAT THE VOLUNTEERS.

ENCOURAGE fifty thousand men to attend a Review, and then tell them coolly that your military organisation is quite unequal to the task of giving them a day's food, though the thing is done a dozen times in the course of the year at places like the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces. As they are nearly all respectable middle-class members of Society, give them a shilling a-piece to take care of themselves, and trust to their sense of decency not to abuse such extraordinary liberality.

Wisdom for the War Office.

If a recent telegram from Berlin can be trusted, the present Czar of RUSSIA is no fool:—

"All unnecessary and gaudy ornaments in the Russian uniforms are to be abolished, the Czar having ordered that the utmost simplicity shall be observable in the outward appearance of the Army."

But how utterly unwise and absurd, as well as mean and shabby, the ideas of the Czar on the tailoring department of "*Military Organisation*" must appear to the Authorities who regulate the British Army!

Some New and Light Reading.

BETTER than any one of 'em, or any Twain of 'em just now, is Mr. CHANDLER HARRIS in his *Uncle Remus*. Difficult reading at first, on account of the nigger spelling, but well worth mastering.

To read this *Uncle Remus*—do not deem us Too pressing, if we beg you with "*O-remus.*"

CHANDLER HARRIS is a lad o' wax; and the others, in this style of thing, can't hold a candle to him.

"THRIFT, THRIFT, HORATIO!"

A COLUMN of news contains a statement that "*it has been resolved to raise a fund of one thousand pounds, with which to develop the work of the National Thrift Society.*" For the promotion of that object very many people will probably prefer setting an example of economy by not subscribing.

LE PETIT DUC.

At a Fancy Ball given at Bestwood Lodge, Nottingham, the Duke of ALBANY, a few nights since, "*appeared as LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.*" A professional gentleman, not unknown to fame at the Lyceum, expressed his gratification at the Duke having appeared as the author of *The Bells*, LEOPOLD LEWIS.



PRESENCE OF MIND.

Visitor (in Cathedral Town, desirous of information and willing to pay for it, to respectable-looking Party, whom he takes to be a Verger). "I SUPPOSE NOW THESE CLOISTERS"—(slips florin into his hand)—"ARE NOT OLDER THAN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY?"

Respectable Party. "WELL, SIR, I'M SURE I"—(pockets the coin)—"THANKY, SIR—CAN'T SAY, SIR; 'CAUSE I'M A STRANGER 'ERE MYSELF!!" [Exit hastily. Tableau!]

A HEARTH-AND-HOME SECRETARY MATTER.

THE Royal and Parliamentary Burghs of Scotland have memorialised the Government, praying for the introduction of a Bill legalising Marriage with a Deceased Wife's Sister, or for facilities for passing such a measure this Session. The Seldom-at-Home Secretary has received this, and it is now "under consideration." The Burghs' Memorial states that so many more persons than usual are going abroad to avail themselves of the advantages offered, for example, in Switzerland, where the minimum of residence is required.

A voyage to our own Colonies is too long and expensive, or the ceremony could easily be performed within the British Dominions, though it is an absurd and cruel anomaly that Miss SMITH, the natural guardian of her deceased sister's children, the little BROWNS, after becoming legally the wife of Mr. BROWN in Australia, should on her return to her native land,

with her lawful wedded husband, find herself still Miss ANNA MARIA SMITH, spinster unattached.

All the old-fashioned illogical and unsubstantial arguments against the legalisation having been long ago refuted and disposed of, the sooner Common Sense settles the question now "under consideration," the better for everybody, except, perhaps, Mr. COOK & Co., who will lose some marry-time excursionists, and especially for Sir W. V. HARCOURT who, by doing his level best for this petition, will earn for himself the Hearth-felt title of the "Home Sweet Home Secretary."

CARMEN CULINARIUM.

"Our populace and our Philistines must have more civilised conceptions of life before they can learn to cook, and they must learn to cook before they can understand the enjoyment of life."—*Saturday Review.*

LADY mine, since you are rich in
Charming culinary lore,
Let me enter too the kitchen,
Where I never was before.
Teach me arts of frying, boiling,
How to make the *Pot-au-feu*;
I shall be contented toiling—
There with you.

Teach me to dress dainty dishes,
Soups, and curries with their rice,
How you crisp those little fishes
Known as whitebait, in a trice.
You make omelettes that would lure a
Hermit into wild excess;
You're a neat hand at a *Purée*,
All confess.

Men may come, and also men go,
As the Laureate has told,
But with fowl *à la Marengo*,
Will affection ne'er wax cold:
Slices of a Severn salmon,
Well may serve to fan the flame;
Sweetbreads of the tender lamb on
Sauce suprême!

Better far than arts æsthetic,
Crewel-work and peacock fans,
Are these studies dietetic,
Carried on mid pots and pans.
This is woman's true position,
In the kitchen's inmost nook,
And a lady's noblest mission
Is to cook!

The Sad Sea Wave.

THE sad sea wave is rendered much sadder when it forms the practising ground of Naval Artillery. Taxation with the chance of being shot is not a pleasant adjunct to the pickling season. Putting danger aside, the most happy-go-lucky tax-payer hardly likes to lie upon the beach and hear the reports of distant guns which cost from five to forty pounds an explosion.



It was thoughtless to take the King of the Sandwich Islands to the Tower, and show him the Beefeaters. When he went to Richmond, the coachman carefully avoided Ham. He has expressed his admiration for our English "Bread-and-butter Misses" just home from school.

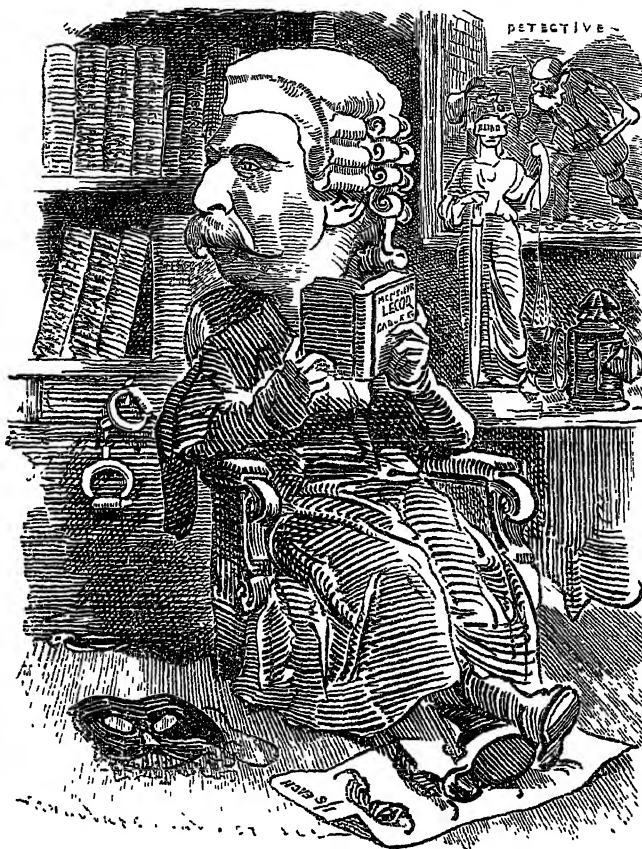
CALLED TO THE BAR—
PARLOUR.

As Coroners' Inquests mostly have to deal with the solemn subject of death—death by accident, death by suicide, or death by murder—it would only be decent if the country provided some other place for hearing evidence more suitable than the eternal pothouse. To enter through a more or less gaudy bar, to assemble in a room which may be covered with sawdust, and is sure to be adorned with varied advertisements of Gin and Beer, and to be regaled with the stale fumes of last night's tobacco, beer, and rum, will not stimulate that judicial spirit in which "Crowners' Quests" are generally so lamentably deficient. The wandering garrulity of the bar-parlour may naturally be expected in such an atmosphere. Instead of confining the investigation to the cause of death—was he killed by accident? did he commit suicide? or was he murdered?—all kinds of irrelevant evidence is received and encouraged which ought to be left to the Police and the Magistrates. Scotland Yard requires more work than it gets, though it does its work very badly, and it does not want to sit idle for a week while a medico-legal functionary is flooding the newspapers with talk, and probably constructing an untenable theory.

A Note and Comment.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM'S niece read out the advertisement of DORÉ'S picture, "*Moses before Pharaoh*." "Dear me!" exclaimed the dear old lady, "*Before Pharaoh!*" I always thought they lived at the same time. But," she added, after a moment's reflection, "I dare say it's been altered in the Revised Version."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 40.



C. E. HOWARD VINCENT,

"DIRECTEUR DES AFFAIRES CRIMINELLES DE LA POLICE MÉTRO-
POLITAINE DE LONDRES; MEMBRE DE LA FACULTÉ DE DROIT ET
DE LA SOCIÉTÉ GÉNÉRALE DES PRISONS DE PARIS"—AND YET

When there's practical detection to be done,
To be done,
This Director's lot is not a happy one,
Happy one.

A STRANGE PERFORMANCE.

THE Licensing chaos makes one acquainted with strange play-fellows. At Hengler's Circus, in order to give a *quasi* legality to a Promenade Concert, it is thought advisable to represent an Operetta on a table. This is not an invention of a Circus clown, but a regulation of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S. There is no time to erect and clear away a stage, so the performance takes place in a space that is not much larger than the back of a good old ambling circus-horse. This dramatic make-shift is supposed to cover the substantial Concert which follows, and which ought to be licensed by the Meddlex Magistrates. At Covent Garden Concerts are given without a licence, because Covent Garden claims to be a patent theatre; and at Chelsea the Magistrates would license both the Music and the Drama, because the LORD CHAMBERLAIN'S authority only reaches to Pimlico. The next HOME SECRETARY will probably look into this chaos; the present one is quite above such petty parochial details.

A Boon.

AIR—"Charley Mount."

OH Town is not a pleasant place
On a Sunday in July;
We hope this will not be the case
With Sundays by-and-by;
For HERBERT, R.A.,
Has improved the day
With the Hanover Gallery.

MEM.—Historians have clearly proved that the Great Duke never exclaimed, "Up Guards, and at 'em!" We think it highly probable he said, "Up Guards!" but as to the remainder of the sentence, there's not an "at 'em" of truth in it.

THE DIARY OF A MODERN DETECTIVE.

Monday.—Got a circular from the Director of the Criminal Investigation Department, with one of GABORIAN'S Novels translated. The Director wants me to be "on the alert." Always am. Am to keep a sharp look-out for a man with one eye, one arm, and one leg. There's a task for you! Man has got green hair and dark-blue complexion. Have written for further particulars. Am studying the novel. Very interesting.

Tuesday.—Further particulars arrived. The man only speaks a language consisting of one word, "Jamerangtong," and is dressed as a Chinese Tartar. These details may help me. Capital novel!

Wednesday.—I believe I am on the track. Have been told that the man who is wanted smokes a pipe. Saw a person smoking a pipe to-day. Arrested him, and carried him to the police-station. He is believed not to be the man, because he has his full complement of arms, legs, and eyes. Moreover, he speaks several languages fluently, has brown hair and a white complexion. Advisable to detain him. The cells being full, we made room by dismissing a prisoner who had been arrested by mistake. The prisoner arrested by mistake had one eye, one arm, one leg, green hair, and a dark-blue complexion. He was dressed as a Chinese Tartar, and could speak only a language consisting of one word, "Jamerangtong." Went home; read novel. What chances GABORIAN'S Detectives had!

Thursday.—Prisoner arrested yesterday and kept in the cells all night, not the man. We are rather sorry we allowed the other man to go, as he certainly resembled the kind of person wanted in some particulars. Found that the liberated man had cast his skin on leaving the police-station. Carried away with me the costume of the

Chinese Tartar. Shall wear it for a change to-morrow. This is what one of GABORIAN'S Detectives would have done, and our Director will be pleased.

Friday.—My disguise saves me from Police interference. Have been chasing a man all day. He is always giving me the slip. To secure his confidence I have dyed my hair green, and my complexion dark blue, and have closed one eye, after tying up a leg and an arm. Surely this should bring him near me now that a reward has been offered. No. Whenever he sees me coming he runs away!

Saturday.—At last, when he was not looking, I crept up to him! I rushed at him! I closed with him! And then came my surprise! In self-defence he arrested me! He is a Detective too! We have just heard that a person exactly answering the description of the person wanted is staying at 22, Araminta Villas, East, five minutes walk from where this diary is written. He has paid his bill up to to-day, Saturday, and has told his landlady that he is going to quit England secretly this evening. He starts at a quarter past eight, and it is now half-past seven. We must really look into all this on Monday.

Some person in no way connected with the Police (confound his impudence!) has given information at Scotland Yard, and the man is arrested. This is uncalled-for officiousness. Why interfere with the Police when in execution of their duty? It's disgusting. What's the good of being a Detective if we're not allowed to detect in our own way? Why be in such a hurry? But there it is—a handsome Reward (which an official mayn't earn) does all the mischief with the outside public, and we're "not in it." Returned novel to Director.

NEW TITLE FOR HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY.—The Saturday Reviewer.

A NEW HUNTING GAME.

"WHEN a particularly atrocious murderer has vanished into space owing to the systematic urbanity of the police, get a fancy portrait of the criminal—the rougher the better—and publish it broadcast in



Portraits of Persons taken up as "closely resembling Lefroy."

a journal of enormous circulation. As the picture will resemble many thousands of people in various parts of the country, these victims will be "cheived" for several days until the crime is supplanted by a new sensation.

GUIDE TO WIMBLEDON CAMP.

(For the Use of Country Cousins.)

MORNING.—Difficult to get up. Easy enough to get down. Go from Waterloo to Putney by the London and South-Western Railway, unless you prefer walking. But of course the best way is to borrow the horse of a friend leaving town (say starting on a yachting cruise), and using him. If you want to make a little money, harness your friend's horse to an omnibus (when everybody's attention is engaged elsewhere), and ply for hire. Half-a-dozen journeys should be easily managed the first day. On the second day you can settle profitably with the knacker.

Arrived at Wimbledon you can obtain admittance *gratis* to the Camp by appearing in the full uniform of a Volunteer. The "full uniform of a Volunteer" may mean anything from a forage-cap to a cocked-hat and epaulets. If you are wearing knickerbockers, a deer-stalker, an Inverness cape, an umbrella, and a sword-belt, you will be allowed to pass. In this case the sword-belt will represent the "full uniform." If there is the slightest difficulty, claim to be a member of the Press, and hint that you have come down to look into the marking. If *this* does not cause Captain ST. JOHN MILDMA and the Council to tremble in their spurs, nothing will.

Once inside, produce your *Army List* (with which, of course, you have provided yourself), and prepare for action. Find out the *locale* of a regimental camp, and carefully examine the names of the officers appearing before the tents. Compare those names with the names in the *Army List*. Having discovered an absentee, immediately ask for him, when the following dialogue will take place:—

Officer in Tent (mixing champagne-cup, and arranging sumptuous lunch). No, TUPMAN does not join until to-morrow.

Yourself. Oh, thank you so very much. Ah! I daresay I have made a mistake in the day. Thank you. Good morning!

Officer (seeing you still wandering feebly in his neighbourhood). I say—look here. Can't I do anything for you?

Yourself. Oh no, thank you. Captain TUPMAN asked me to lunch. Will you kindly direct me to the Refreshment Tent?

Officer.—Oh, it's over there—somewhere! (*Noticing once more that you are lingering.*) But look here, I say (*after some slight hesitation*), let me represent TUPMAN. I am just going to have a biscuit and some potted meat myself. Won't you join me?

Yourself.—(*With alacrity.*) Certainly!

And there you are, don't you know!

By a little ingenuity of this kind, you should get everything you want, and make yourself universally popular. By the way, remember that those gallant Highlanders the MACBROWNS, the MACJONES, and the MACROBINSON, of the London Scottish, are intensely national, so be careful to say nothing to offend their prejudices. If necessary, recollect that you came across the MacBrown tartan in the Isle of

Skye, and a MacJones piper somewhere near Inverness. When you address the MACROBINSON call him "Laird," and you will certainly please him, and if you discover that you all know SNOOKS, constantly allude to him as "Snooks of that ilk." On the other hand, if you visit the camp of the London Irish, be careful to bear in mind that a gentleman with a brogue, a long upper lip, and a taste for whiskey is invariably an Englishman, especially when he happens to have been born in Dublin. If you look in on the Inns of Court, you should say, "Why how *did* you find time to escape from Westminster?" And if you meet a member of the Honourable Artillery Company, you should politely ask after the Noble Lord "who is good enough" to command the Light Cavalry. Nothing like making yourself agreeable all round!

Having established yourself a universal favourite, you may enjoy yourself at your leisure. Walk into the Club Tent as if it belonged to you and read all the papers. Lounge near the band and listen to the music. Sleep in anyone's quarters you please. Select the tent which has the most easy chairs, and the best supply of tobacco. Be the friend of all men to all their brother officers. Praise Lieutenant PORKER for his poetry, Captain TOMBS for his cheeriness, Major WAGGE for his thorough devotion to business. Everybody will ask you to mess. Pick out the one with the best *menu*. In returning thanks for the guests, intimate that you may come down to see your hosts every day for a week. This announcement will create the wildest enthusiasm. Finally, having done everything (and everybody), you had better retire through the Camp of the Police, as the safest way of escaping detection.

GALLANT COMPANIONS.

"The undernamed Companions were introduced, and received from the QUEEN the decoration of the Order of the Indian Empire, viz., Deputy Inspector General of Hospitals CHARLES MOREHEAD, M.D., Deputy Surgeon General NORMAN CHEVERS, M.D., Surgeon Major EDWARD JOHN WARING, Brigade Surgeon OLIVER BARNETT."—*Standard*, July 2.

THE Indian Empire Order may right well the guerdon be,
Of gallant men who worked full hard beyond the Eastern sea:
And Doctors do stern duty there a thousand dangers sharing,
So here's a health to MOREHEAD, CHEVERS, BARNETT and to WARING.

EXCESSIVE HEAT.

LAST week the heat in London was so intense that several Partnerships were quite dissolved.



VERY hot at Constantinople just now. SULTAN awfully worried by stinging insects of all sorts. He has succeeded in crushing a Pasha or two, but probably they are only "scotched, not kilt." Italian, French, and Spanish insects are buzzing about his ears; Bondholder flies are annoying, and the North African Marabouts are peculiarly troublesome. On the whole, the Porte is not having a cheerful time of it just at present. Why not chuck it all up, take a pension guaranteed by the European Powers (who will look after the Bonds), and start a new Hammam in Piccadilly where there's a fine site to be let?

WITH so many Illustrated Papers eager for subjects, every Cricket meeting of any importance is likely to be a "drawn match."

"THE CHILDREN'S CRY."

MR. PUNCH begs to thank the generous British Public for the very hearty and practical response to the appeal *ad pocketum* made in "The Children's Cry" last week. All donations accompanied by name and address have been acknowledged. The sum will be so divided as to afford some substantial addition, where most needed, to the various funds already subscribed for the Children's Day in the Country, and if ever pounds, shillings, and pence were well spent in giving happiness to others, it will have been on these occasions.

"Come, open your purses, turn them out, and let the little ones dive down deep

In many a pocket to find a spell that may silence sorrow or purchase sleep.
One feather the less in a bonnet or hat wouldn't ruin the look of the prettiest miss,

And many a woman would gladly change a flower or fan for the children's kisses.

A little less dinner, my epicure friend, a smaller regalia after lunch,
And the difference send to Bourverie Street, post haste directed to

Mr. PUNCH."

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

THE THEATRE ROYAL, BACK DRAWING-ROOM.



No matter where and when. It is enough that I found it. I had been invited with hundreds of other sufferers to assist at some amateur theatricals. The usual fare on such occasions was set before us. Many of the stars of the unprofessional world were to give their valuable services. We were to have the More-than-Middle-Aged Representative of the young maidenhood of domestic drama, whose performances are so admirable that she has travelled all over England to exhibit them before our country cousins. The Low Comedian, whose *forte* lies in imitating the late Mr. BUCKSTONE and the present Mr. TOOLE so nearly that, if you close your ears and eyes, you can scarcely tell one from the other, was also to appear. The name of the Original of the late Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS and Mr. PHELPS was included in the cast. This did not prevent (strange to say) his great rival, the Gentleman who has played lovers' parts for nearly half a century, from lending a helping hand. And to show how kind everyone was inclined to be to everyone else, the well-known veteran *militaire*, who is so extremely mirth-provoking when he attempts to represent the "business" of Mr. TERRY, had promised to appear in a burlesque.

Perhaps the most interesting part of the entertainment was the audience. The Lady who had not been able to play (because a dear friend of hers had been invited to take the part which she has so completely made her own that she can play no other), was well to the fore. She had a great deal to say about her dear friend. She was never tired of praising her amiability and excellent heart. She was even tolerant of her little faults. If the dear friend *did* leave her children alone for weeks together, while she attended rehearsals, whose business was it to comment upon the proceeding? Certainly no one, save her husband, who (dear, easy man!) seemed to get on very well without her! And if he was satisfied, surely everyone else might be contented? As to the dear friend's reading of *her* part, the Lady was contemptuously silent. It would have been quite too absurd to have discussed such a matter! Then there was the poor unlucky father of daughters who had been "out" so long a time that they never seemed likely to go in again! He was a good-natured old Gentleman, who bravely converted his yawns into a kind of spasmodic smile. Then there was the popular Amateur Author, whose piece would no doubt some day be produced at a West End Theatre: for did he not know IRVING, and BANCROFT, and HARE, and had *they* not heard his work several years ago, and liked it very much indeed?—who gave more attention to the play than the players. Over and over again he informed his neighbours that the dramatic writers of yesterday and to-day wrote sad trash. However, there was a brilliant to-morrow in store, when his comedy would take the world by storm, and make the fortune of the Manager lucky enough to secure the right of its production. So he was, on the whole, contented, and smiled occasionally to himself, as he considered the great share he was evidently destined to take in the much-needed regeneration of the British Drama. And there were the usual number of evening loungers and professional diners and suppers-out. Altogether a very goodly company.

At last the curtain rose, but I am sorry to say that I have a very faint idea of what the piece was about. This, no doubt, was my fault, as I am sure the prompter's voice was unusually distinct. Certainly on one occasion that all-important official deputised his duties to an amateur, when disaster was the immediate consequence. But even this afforded amusement, for in his despair

to find the right place, at the urgent entreaty of the performer "fishing for a word," the well-meaning person emerged from the wing, and gave an admirable illustration of "anxiety combined with incompetency."

I suppose the play must have dealt with the manners and customs of some period prior to the Nineteenth Century, as I imagine most of the company appeared in fancy costumes. The Ladies seemed to be at home in their dresses, but the Gentlemen appeared to be weighed down with the well grounded conviction that they were looking extremely foolish. And so they did, poor people! as they tumbled over their swords, and did not know what to do with those superfluous, not to say those obtrusive appendages—their hands! Of course, there were brilliant exceptions. The life-like Imitator of the late Mr. BUCKSTONE, and the present Mr. TOOLE, was very confident. He pretended to catch flies when the villain of the piece in a nervous whisper was sentencing the aged lover to death, and was enormously funny with a telescope when the same aged lover was bidding, with rather a "plummy" voice, the More-than-Middle-Aged Heroine "good-bye for ever!" Then the Original of Mr. CHARLES MATTHEWS and Mr. PHELPS showed how badly those lamented histrians had managed to imitate him. Still, in spite of their failure, he was full of self-possession, and clearly proved that the stage upon which he was then performing was exactly seven sizes too small for him! Then, if a fair representative of a beggar girl was a little indistinct in her utterance, she gave clear evidence of her complete comprehension of the character she was assuming, by wearing every stone of her mother's family diamonds! Lastly, if the daughter of the house in the concluding French *proverbe*, pronounced the foreign language in which she spoke with a slight accent more suggestive of Brompton than the Bois de Boulogne, the fault lay rather with the Gallic tongue than with herself! Because,

after all, had our lively neighbours been wise, they would have simplified matters by keeping to English!

But all in all the performance was most successful. Everyone expressed huge delight at the pleasure the play had given. One enthusiastic old Gentleman (who it appeared afterwards was deaf) was so pleased with the efforts of the performers, that he applauded a very nervous person in the costume of GEORGE THE SECOND so heartily, that for the moment the actor was dumb with confusion, and seemed to be wandering about in search of a revivifying



"hiss" to set him to-rights! And at length—the best feature of the programme was kept for the last—it came to an end!

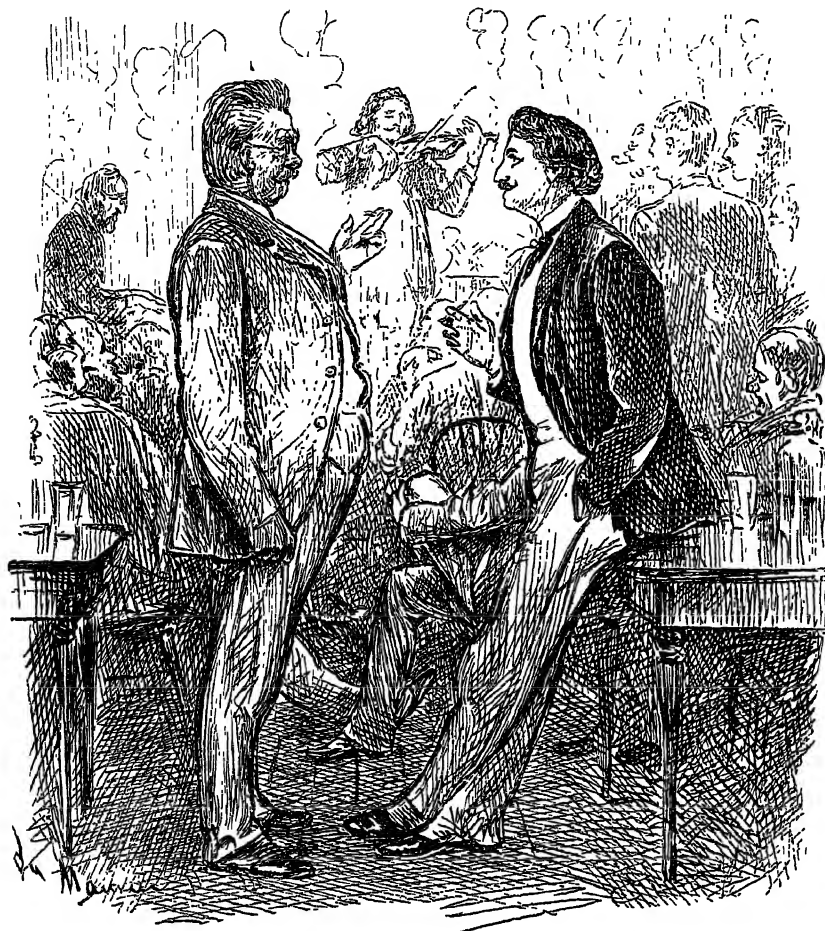
TIPS ON TENNIS.

(Wimbledon, July, 1881. Renshaw v. Hartley.)

Tip for the Thirsty.—"Renshaw's Smash" is not a new summer drink, like Lemon Squash.

Hint for Reporters.—The Times says Mr. RENSHAW was served by his great natural ability. Not at all; he was served by Mr. HARTLEY, to the extent of his great natural ability.

New Reading for Proverbial Philosophers.—The course of a true Love game never does run smooth—for the loser.



AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

Herr Professor. "YOU HAF A BLEASING FOICE, MY YOUNG VRENT! POT YOU TON'T BRO-
TUCE IT IN A LECHIDIMATE VAY!"

Our Tenor. "PERHAPS IF I DID IT WOULD NO LONGER PLEASE."

Herr Professor. "AOH! VAT OF DAT? BLEASURE IS NOT EFFERY DING! YOU SHOULD
ALWAYS BROTCUE YOUR FOICE IN A LECHIDIMATE VAY, VEDDER IT KIPS BLEASURE OR NOT!"

SWINBURNE AND WATER.

MR. LAMBERT STREYKE, in *The Colonel*, published a book of poems for the benefit of his followers, and his own—and *MR. OSCAR WILDE* has followed his example.

The cover is consummate, the paper is distinctly precious, the binding is beautiful, and the type is utterly too. *Poems by Oscar Wilde*, that is the title of the book of the æsthetic singer, which comes to us arrayed in white vellum and gold. There is a certain amount of originality about the binding, but that is more than can be said for the inside of the volume. *MR. WILDE* may be æsthetic, but he is not original. This is a volume of echoes—it is *SWINBURNE* and water, while here and there we note that the author has been reminiscent of *MR. ROSSETTI* and *MRS. BROWNING*.

The Swinburnian jargon appears on nearly every page. We have "blossoming foam," "flame of passion," "sick and sunless day," "hungering delight," "argent body," "love's drouth," "sensuous ecstasy," "passion's wine," "moony pearl," "pulse of sin," and "rose of flame." Moreover, a great many of the titles are in Latin, which show conclusively what a cultivated person our poet is; while, at the end of the book, he positively rises into Greek, which will have the same effect on the multitude as "that blessed word Mesopotamia" had upon the old woman, in the sermon.

In justice to *MR. WILDE*, we will give a quotation from his poems, and if the reader can make head or tail of it, all we can say is he ought to make a fortune at guessing double acrostics. This is all one sentence, as will be seen from the punctuation; and we print it like prose to save space, and with the hope of making it a little easier of comprehension:—

"SPENCER, SPARE THAT TREE!"

(*A Plane Chant for the Lord President set to a Plane-tive Air.*)

"It is beyond all measure the finest tree in London; and being of a kind that defies London smoke, it actually seems to enjoy and thrive upon it. It is sad to think that we have Vandals paid by the public to do such irreparable, wanton mischief. It makes me wild to think of it."—*Mr. Nasmyth, on the cutting down of the old South Kensington plane tree.*

SPENCER, spare that tree!
Touch not a single bough!
For years you've let it be:—
Why set upon it now?
I know not whose the hand
That placed it on that spot;—
But, SPENCER, let it stand,
Or else you'll get it hot!

The old familiar plane
That decks this end of town:—
Why, those are scarcely sane
Who want to cut it down.
South Kensington secures
Its ends with many a joke;
But if you must have yours,—
O SPENCER, spare this stroke!

When, in my childhood's joy,
T'wards Fulham's fields I strayed;
CHARLES MATTHEWS, still a boy,
Grew young beneath its shade.
And later, it was here,
Ere Brompton saw its close,—
Forgive this foolish tear,
The dear old *boilers' rose*!

So, if you've work in view,
Cut down—I'll not repine—
A salary or two,
But not this tree of mine!
And though in wild dismay
Your underlings complain,—
O SPENCER, cut away,
But don't cut down my plane!

TARIF À DISCUTER.—Umbrellas and waterproofs should be taxed—because they are *for-rain goods*. (* * * The person who left this in our letter-box, had better call at our office and see what he'll get.)

"To make the Body and the Spirit one with all right things, till no thing live in vain from morn to noon, but in sweet unison with every pulse of flesh and throb of brain the Soul in flawless essence high enthroned, against all outer vain attack invisibly bastioned, mark with serene impartiality the strife of things, and yet be comforted, knowing that by the chain causality all separate existences are wed into one supreme whole, whose utterance is joy or holier praise! ah! surely this were governance of Life in most august omnipresence, through which the rational intellect would find in passion its expression, and mere sense, ignoble else, lend fire to the mind, and being joined with in harmony more mystical than that which binds the stars planetary, strike from their several tones one octave chord whose cadence being measureless would fly through all the circling spheres, then to its Lord return refreshed with its new empery and more exultant power,—this indeed could we but reach it were to find the last, the perfect creed."

This is not a joke, not a sham quotation made to throw scorn on the bard, but it is an exact reproduction of four stanzas of a poem (!) called "*Humanität*." There are other compositions equally unintelligible, and there is a most objectionable one which ought to have been omitted altogether. To sum up; these outpourings of our æsthetic bard must be pronounced poor and pretentious stuff. *MR. WILDE* tells us that—

"We shall be
Part of the mighty universal whole,
And through all æons mix and mingle with the Kosmic Soul."

Pending that eminently undesirable arrangement, however, time may be more profitably employed than in reading these warblings. The "*Kosmic Soul*"—which sounds like the name of either a music-hall singer or a cooling drink—and the rest of these effusions, will no doubt be pronounced by the Poet's admirers to be Utter—to which we are afraid that the disgusted Philistine will add the expressive monosyllable—Bosh!

"POLY."

(A New Ballad of the Fleet, sung by a British Tar à propos of the "Polyphenus.")



"AIR—Poly."

Do you want to know the ugliest craft
That ever put from port?
Well that's the *Poly*, the steel ram'd *Poly*,
And she's a rare rum sort.
Open your peepers and look my lads,
She's lobbing agen the quay,
The sootiest craft afore and abaft
That ever shamed the sea.
Afloat, afloat, d'ye call her a boat?
Black deck, no white sails furled!
Poly, grim *Poly*,
Tame as "loblolly,"
The ugliest craft in the world!
Do you want to know the latest thing
To make a true tar dull?
Well, that's the *Poly*, this precious *Poly*,
And darn her dirty hull!
Come, you'll see the horror a lyin' there,
Like a porpoise heavy with grog;

Her sides full of rivets, her turret of guns,
Her hull like a lifeless log.
Afloat, afloat, like a leaky boat,
Low down, no sail unfurled;
Poly, grim *Poly*,
Our nautical folly,
The ugliest craft in the world!

Do you want a toast to-night, my lads,
Afore we says good-bye?
Well, here's short life to the lumbering *Poly*,
And blam her hulk, says I.
Fill your grog-glasses high, my lads,
Drink in sepulchral tones:
"May a storm soon send this confounded *Poly*
To supper with DAVY JONES."
Afloat, afloat, is she worth a groat,
When the waves in heaps are hurled?
Poly, black *Poly*,
Fraud melancholy,
The ugliest craft in the world!

SUNDAY STAGNATION.

THE petitions in favour of Sunday closing of taverns have been so numerous, as to astonish and impress the Legislature, at least, so we are told by the friends of wholesale restriction. There are some bodies that are very easily astonished and impressed, and probably a Legislature that does everything but legislate is one of these. The Little Meddlings throughout the country, probably boasting a Member to every two or three hundred voters, have as much power of impressing and astonishing the weak, as great struggling cities which do all the work and pay all the taxes, and are only allowed a Member to three or four thousand voters.

There is a certain kind of intellectual activity, found mostly in large towns, which is not content merely to pay taxes and go to bed, and to have one seventh of its life destroyed by Act of Parliament.

A Chance.

THE PRESIDENT of the French Republic has decorated M. MICHEL PERRIN, the Director of the Théâtre Français. We have no exact equivalent for this honour, but the Manager of our National Theatre (which we believe is called Drury Lane) might be permitted to appear at Court wearing any of his own Orders, with the legend, "Not admitted after seven. Evening dress indispensable." This would be a delicate compliment to the enterprising Herr HARRIS, in whose Augustan era the Meinings produced *Julius Caesar*.

ONE FOR J. E. HOLLAND, D.C.L.—A well-informed person suffering from dyspepsia, ordered *The Digest of Justinian* under the impression that it must contain some valuable cure for his complaint. "*Justinian's Digest*!" exclaimed a Scotch friend on hearing of it: "I'll have a bottle of it, for it's just inions I'm sufferin' fra' mysel'!"

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Monday, July 11.—Hope Mr. Dawson, when he becomes Lord Mayor of Dublin, won't be too much occupied to look in here sometimes. Irish humour too rare a quality in the present representation to see without regret withdrawal of its richest mine. Since the Major retired to look after his estate, no Member for Ireland approaches Mr. Dawson. His is the rich rare humour which is wholly unconscious. When amid the thunderous cheers and uproarious laughter of the House he, a few weeks ago, announced—*à propos des bottes*—that if any man would lay a hand on Mrs.



Dawson defying the Saxon.

excellent to-night. The shadow of the coming civic mantle rests upon him. He feels its majestic folds upon his person, and strikes attitudes suitable. As "a Member of the Municipal Corporation of the Metropolis of Ireland," he stands forth and protests against the insult passed upon civic dignity by the arrest of a Councillor at Cork. "If I could move Europe to hear me!" says Mr. Dawson, standing with folded arms and frowning brow, musing not without anger on the immobility of a Continent. He cannot move Europe. But he swiftly moves the House of Commons to inextinguishable laughter, which breaks forth again when, in a dramatic narrative impressively beginning, "I saw a man driving a horse," he eloquently denounces "the police sniffing the breeze to see if there is any treason."

We cannot spare Mr. Dawson to Dublin. Why don't they make Mr. HEALY Lord Mayor, or T. P. O'CONNOR, or DALY of The Voice?

In quite another style Mr. RICHARDSON emitted a great flash of humour. By way of showing their anxiety to get the Land Bill passed, and the condition of the tenant-farmer improved, Irish Members for two hours abused Mr. FORSTER. Mr. RICHARDSON, defending him, complained that in Ireland they had "associated the Right Hon. Gentleman's name with ammunition." That is perhaps the most delicate periphrase ever heard in the House.

Business done.—None.

Tuesday.—Lord LYMINGTON begins to wish he had never been to Manitoba. This question of emigration suggested to him an opportunity of delivering a few fragments of a lecture, (originally addressed to admiring constituents at Barnstaple) on the advantages of emigration to Canada. They hardly fitted in with the course of debate, and had most remarkable effect upon The O'KELLY. The O'KELLY has a store of articulate language arranged somewhere in the neighbourhood of his boots. It is more like gunpowder than the English language, and is accustomed to go off at the slightest notice, and upon unexpected occasions. Lord LYMINGTON, when he rose, had not the remotest thought of The O'KELLY, nor The O'KELLY of what was going to happen to him. But scarcely had the noble Lord mincingly pronounced the word "Manitoba," than The O'KELLY went off with a great explosion. Springing to his feet, a succession of loud reports was heard. The Chairman preserving presence of mind amid the general alarm, asked what he wanted.

"I want information," roared The O'KELLY. Mr. PLATFAIR suggested this was not the time to have it. The

O'KELLY dragged down. Presently Lord LYMINGTON mentioned Manitoba again. Fresh explosion below the Gangway.

"Just like a letter padlock," says Major NOLAN, who, being up in this sort of thing, was watching the experiment with great interest. "You bring a letter into position, and the padlock opens. LYMINGTON says 'Manitoba,' and off goes O'KELLY."

Interesting to watch Lord LYMINGTON manoeuvring when he discovered the secret of his strange influence over the Member for Roscommon. Whenever he came near the necessity of mentioning Manitoba, he approached it by a circuitous route, referring to it as "this fine province," "this rich province," "this province described by Lord DUFFERIN," and so on. There were slight vibrations in the O'KELLY torpedo at these allusions, but nothing more, and the curious scene ended without anything bursting.

Business done.—25th Clause passed.

Wednesday.—Evidently no use trying to deceive Mr. BIGGAR. Sees the designs of the Government at a glance, and speaking, as he says, "with some plainness," does not hesitate to disclose them. The whole gist of the Land Bill is in the Emigration Clause. Government mean to solve the Irish difficulty by getting rid of the Irish people. Thus Mr. BIGGAR, with his thumb in the armpit of his waistcoat.

"A good deal in it," says Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, meditatively stroking his chin. "A judicious scheme of compulsory emigration would lift the load that weighs down Ireland and makes her perennially unhappy. We might begin with Mr. BIGGAR. Then Mr. HEALY might carry his great abilities to a continent more proportionately suited to their display. I should think even the Irish Members would be glad to get rid of T. P. O'CONNOR. Then there's the lazy, shuffling lot who howl sedition and cry for blood around public platforms in Ireland, instead of being in field or shop earning their living. If these were weeded out, Ireland would speedily be another country."

"Yes," said Sir CHARLES DILKE, who was one of the group of three, "and it would get us at the F. O. over this difficulty about Free-Trade and Protection. If what is called a retaliatory policy were to take the shape of exporting a few score HEALYS and BIGGARS to France or the United States, we should soon bring them to terms."

GLADSTONE disclaims Mr. BIGGAR's interpretation of emigration clause; but it's evident there's something in it.

Business done.—None.

Thursday Night.—The King of the Sandwich Islands looked in to-night. Made up his mind suddenly, whilst toying with his evening meal. Has now been absent from his native soil for some months. There came over his savage breast a strange yearning for home and home scenes. Sick of civilisation, he sighed for some of those scenes of savage manner among which he had been bred. Having heard of what Mr. JESSE COLLINGS calls the "goings on" of the Irish Members, a happy thought struck him.

"My island home is far off," he said. "I will go to the House of Commons."

DILKE tells me as soon as he arrived he asked for me.

"That Gentleman in the horse-hair wig," said Sir CHARLES, who was showing him round and standing cigars, "is the SPEAKER; and that's GLADSTONE in the summer suit; and that's —"

"Yes, yes," said KALAKAVA; "but where's TOBY?"

Didn't at first like this urgency. It looked suspicious. But DILKE told me the King had never cared for dog in that way, and besides, he had dined. So went up to the gallery, and had a long chat.

"Where's the Major?" the King asked, in his monosyllabic manner.

"He's gone away," I said.

"Cut up?" said the King. "Ah! I've heard he was nice and fat."

Majesty's lips evidently watering. In the interests of Ireland drew his special attention to Mr. HEALY, T. O'CONNOR, and BIGGAR. Thought I would yet do Ireland a good turn should Dublin selfishly insist upon having only one Lord Mayor, and the emigration scheme fail. But the King turned up his nose. Mr. LEAHY was the only Irish Member he cast a lingering eye upon. Also T. B. POTTER, seated on the opposite benches, his white waistcoat glistening in the gaslight like the mainsail of an old East Indiaman, attracted his favourable attention.

Didn't stay very long; but left a little refreshed, after seeing and hearing Mr. CALLAN. Inhospitable I know; but truly grateful to



'Appy' Arcourt.

get his Majesty away before, an hour later, T. P. O'CONNOR woke up Mr. GLADSTONE. King would probably not have understood the Premier's magnificent denunciation, and would have thought that T. P. was an average specimen of an Irish Member.

Business done.—Sat all night carrying 26th Clause of Land Bill.

Friday.—Mr. MACIVER going to settle matters for us. This day four weeks he will call attention to the state of public business, and will show that its lamentable condition is due to the action of a Government that stands by the antiquated principle of Free Trade. Thoughtless Members laugh, heedlessly thinking that this day four weeks the state of public business will be of less consequence than the state of the tide. Mr. MACIVER smiles pleasantly through his glasses upon the hilarious assembly. But he is quite in earnest. Business arrangements must be readjusted. Then, and not till then, will he and Mr. ASHMEAD BARTLETT consent to take the reins of office from the trembling grasp of an impotent and imbecile Administration.

In the meantime we have galloped through 14 Clauses of the Land Bill, which makes a fair average with yesterday.

MAUNDERINGS AT MARLOW.

(By Our Own *Æsthetic Bard.*)

The lilies are languid, the aspens quiver,
The Sun-God shooteth his shafts of light;
The ripples are wroth with the restless river;
And O for the wash of the weir at night!

The soul of the poet within him blanches,
At thought of plunge in the water bright,
To witness the loves of the tender tenches:
And O for the wash of the weir at night!

The throstle is wooing within the thicket,
The fair frog fainteth in love's affright;
The maiden is waiting to ope the wicket;
And O for the wash of the weir at night!

The bargeman he knoweth where Marlow Bridge is,
To pies of puppy he doth invite;
The cow chews the cud on the pasture ridges;
And O for the wash of the weir at night!

So far from the roar of the seething city,
The poet reposes much too quite,
He trills to the Thames in a dainty ditty;
And O for the wash of the weir at night!

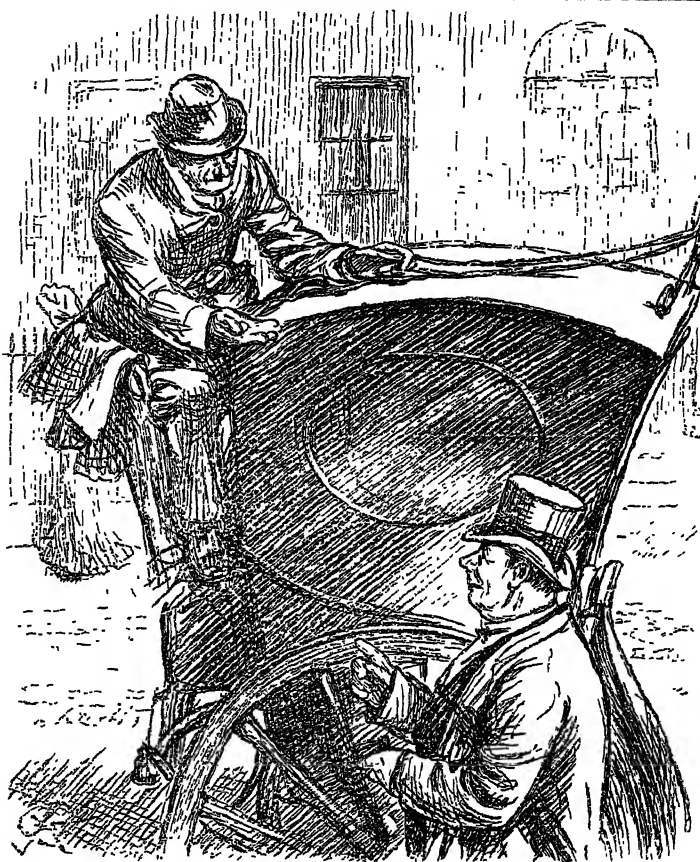
"THREE BOB AND A KICK."

THE meaning of this mysterious slang expression has at length been made tolerably clear. It comes from Oldham (pronounced "Oud'am") in Lancashire, where the Magistrates have arranged something like a definite tariff of charges for the favourite assault of the county. A kick, running or otherwise, can be had for three shillings (pronounced "bob"), but in case of excessive damage to the person the charges are higher. An active ruffian the other day had to pay fifty shillings for kicking out four of an opponent's teeth; not that the Magistrate set much value upon teeth, as teeth, but because the assault was considered "murderous." Probably if he had maimed his opponent's feet, and so decreased the county power of Kicking, his fine would have been much heavier.



At the Trial of the Pyx.

Smith (airing his Lemprière classics). Money, my boy, is the modern Pactolus. Its source—
Brown (hastily). Reminds one of early lamb, doesn't it?
Smith (staggered). Early lamb! Why?
Brown (chuckling). Because it is Mint-source, to be sure. [Departs satisfied at having shut up that pedantic idiot SMITH for once.]



"ROUNDING ON HIM."

Grumbling Hansom Cabby (to little Wagstaffe, who has overpaid him for a three-mile-and-a-bit journey). "RATHER A LONG HALF-CROWN, AIN'T IT?"
Wagstaffe (innocently). "LONG? OH DEAR NO. QUITE ROUND!"

[Exit, chuckling.]

FREE AND EASY TRADE DEFINITIONS.

Reciprocity.—A system under which the millions of consumers in two countries get the best of everything produced in each country at the lowest possible price.

Free-Trade.—A system which tries to promote reciprocity, but which declines to tax one body of consumers because the others are foolish or obstinate, and leaves producers—a small and active class—to do what they are quite capable of doing—take care of themselves.

Retaliation.—A determination to pay through the nose for what you want, because your neighbour sets the example.

Coast-Guard Stations.—Castles of Indolence in which able-bodied Seamen continually waste their time by looking through telescopes at imaginary rum and tobacco.

Custom-Houses.—Places where officers are kept in costly idleness to rummage the dirty linen of sea-sick travellers.

The Race for Water.

"To cool the lips of Liverpool," and fill her tubs and pails, Great valleys, so the *Times* remarks, will be blocked up in Wales; And Manchester to Thirlmere goes. How is it then we find That in the race for water London only lags behind?

Harcourt's Own at Windsor.

THE reports of the Volunteer Review at Windsor have not done justice to one important corps—the seven or eight hundred police who were sent down by the Seldom-at-Home Secretary. "HARCOURT'S OWN" distinguished themselves, as they always do in dealing with crowds, and if they cost about eight or nine shillings a man, while the Volunteers cost a shilling, the Seldom-at-Home Secretary has undertaken that the Ratepayers shall not grumble. In all future toasts of a patriotic character, the Police should be coupled with the Army, the Navy, and the Volunteers.



PONSONBY DE TOMKYNs BEGINS TO ASSERT HIMSELF.

P. de T. (who has had a little too much—Music). "LOOK HERE, M'RIA! BLEST IF I CAN STAND THAT FOREIGN ROWDY OF YOURS ANY LONGER! HE'S ALWAYS PITCHING INTO ENGLAND, BY GEORGE, WHERE HE MAKES ALL HIS MONEY! HE YAWNS AND WHISTLES, AND PICKS HIS TEETH, AND LOOKS AT HIMSELF IN THE GLASS WHEN LADIES ARE TALKING TO HIM. DOESN'T CARE WHAT HE SAYS BEFORE LADIES! LOOK AT 'EM ALL FANNING HIM, AND LOOKING HIS BOOTS! MAKES ME SICK!! HALF A MIND TO KICK HIM DOWN-STAIRS!!!"

Mrs. P. de T. "NO, NO! HUSH, LOVE! HE'S A GENIUS! HE PLAYS THE FLAGEOLET BETTER THAN ANY MAN LIVING! THE PRINCESSES WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN HERE TO-NIGHT, BUT FOR HIM!!—AND REMEMBER, PONSONBY, HE PLAYS TO US FOR NOTHING!!!"

THE BILLINGSGATE FISH SUPPLY INQUIRY.

THE Guildhall Committee seem to be pushing their pertinent, or, as some of the Witnesses seem to think, their impertinent inquiries right home, and the evidence, when published, will be as instructive as amusing. *Mr. Punch* purposes giving occasionally a few samples, leaving the bulk of the evidence for his bulkier and heavier contemporaries. The following extracts are *verbatim* :—

"I have often and often had 5d. per pound sent me for my Soles, when the Fishmongers were charging 1s. 6d."

"I once sent Four Trunks of Turbots to London, and they returned me 2½d. per pound for them, I telegraphed for them to be sent back, and the reply was that the Market had risen to 7d.!"

"We often throw away forty to one hundred Tons of Fish that we cannot sell at Billingsgate, for want of accommodation."

"I have tried to see my fish sold, but they are too sharp in Billingsgate for me; there is too much confusion and bustle, and we cannot get in, let alone seeing our fish sold."

"The Trade' at Billingsgate object to be burdened with too great a supply!"

There are two other matters that it would be difficult to give as extracts, but which our own Special submits as deductions from a large amount of conflicting and confusing evidence. No. 1 is not by any means specially applicable to Salmon; but it seems only natural that the "king of fish" should receive the first consideration.

The division of the spoil enumerated below is somewhat arbitrary, but the fact that what costs nothing to produce as an article of food ultimately costs the consumer 40s., admits of no doubt.

I.—*The Unnatural History of a Salmon, weighing, say, 20lbs., from the River to the Kitchen* :—

No. 1, the Catcher, takes him out of the river, and is paid £ s. d.
by the Fish Lessee, say 0 0 6

No. 2 puts him in a box, and sells him to No. 3, the Sender,	£	s.	d.
for about		0	10
No. 3 sends him to London, pays 1s. railway carriage and other charges, and sells him to No. 4, the Salesman, for about		1	0
No. 4 sells him to No. 5, the Bonmarée, for about		1	5
No. 5 sells him to No. 6, the Fishmonger,		1	10
No. 6 sells him to the Consumer		2	0

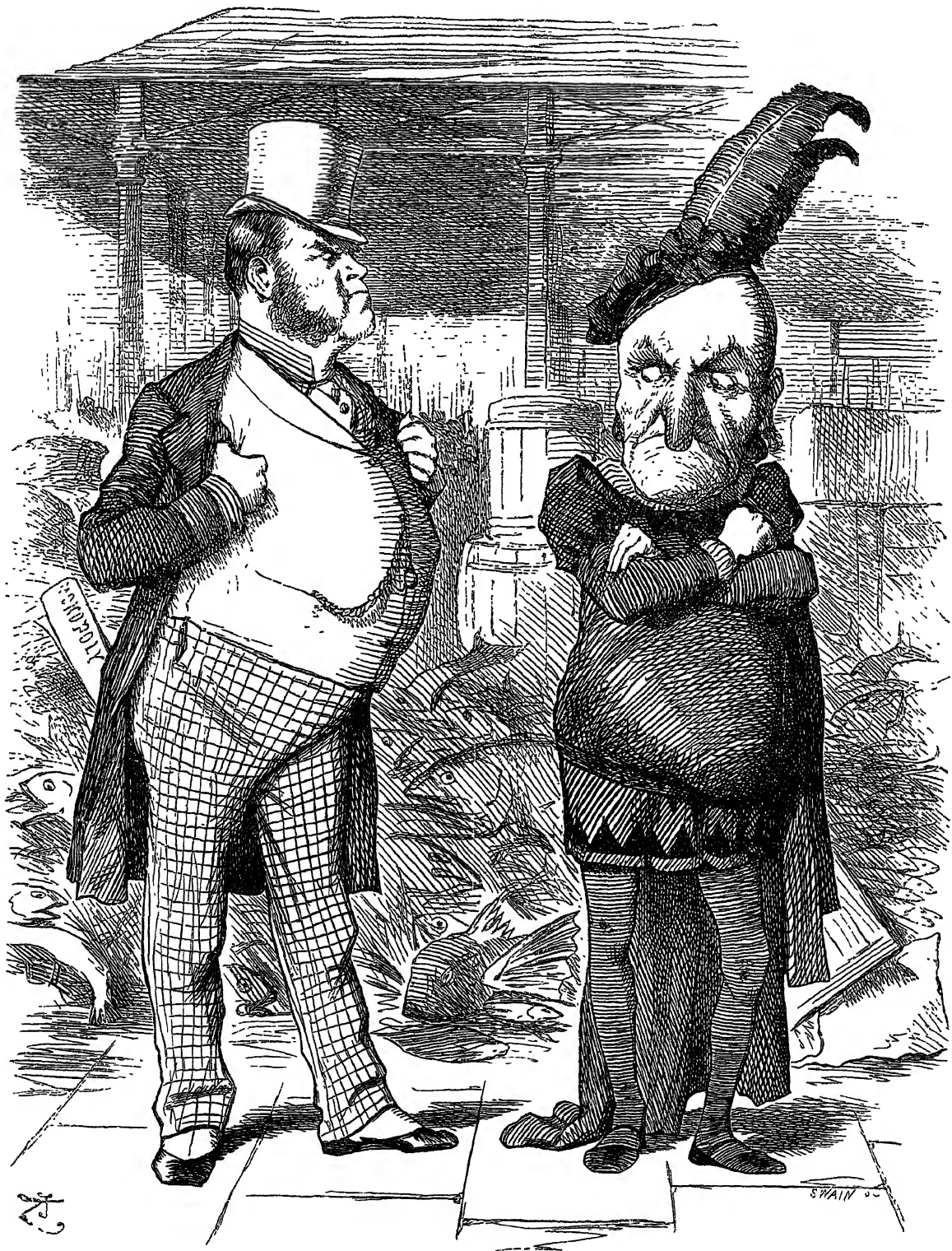
And the Consumer is sold as well as the Fish.

II.—Conger Eels are caught on the Irish coast. The people will not eat them, so they are iced, and sent to London. A fearful whisper went round the room as to their ultimate destination! When it reached the ears of the two Aldermen present, they were seen to turn pale, and one of them presently left. It is to be feared that what follows will be terrible news to the LORD MAYOR and his Corporation, but the truth must out, be the internal consequences what they may.

Read, then, O Masters and Wardens, Aldermen, Sheriffs, and Common Councilmen, and tremble while you read!—

THE AWFUL-LOOKING OBJECT THAT THE POOR HUNGRY IRISHMAN DISDAINS TO EAT, IS, WHEN THE DEMAND FOR YOUR ESPECIAL LUXURY IS GREAT, AND THE SUPPLY SMALL, MANUFACTURED INTO REAL TURTLE SOUP!

CHAMPIONOMANIA.—According to the Irish Agricultural Statistics just published, the Champion Potato is flourishing everywhere. "Champions" of every imaginable sort are—in a sense—"flourishing" everywhere just now, but many of them, in spite of their "flourishing," seem to be "very small potatoes" indeed.



HAMLET AT BILLINGSGATE.

FISH SALESMAN (*indignantly*). "DO YOU KNOW ME, MY LORD?"

HAMLET. "EXCELLENT; WELL! YOU ARE A FISHMONGER!"

FISH SALESMAN. "NOT I, MY LORD."

HAMLET. "THEN I WOULD YOU WERE SO HONEST A MAN!!"



Mamma (to Mabel, who has expressed a desire to see the boundary of Sussex and Surrey). "Now, MABEL, YOU ARE IN SUSSEX."
Mabel (disappointed). "IT IS NOT PINK!"

[Expecting to find it coloured like the County Map.]

BOWLED, SIR!

(At Lord's—Gentlemen v. Players.)

Gusher. Ha! our bold Cricketers—

Cynic. Yes, but I'll trouble you
To spell it in this instance with a "w."

A bit too bowled, I think.

Gusher. Pray put your scorn by.

Cynic. "Bowled BARLOW, 1," must dash your dashing HORNBY.

Gusher. "The power of GRACE"—

Cynic. Well quoted. All the same

I'll cap it with "the magic of an aim,"

PEATE's, namely, at his wicket.

Gusher. PEATE is killing.

A Peate fire of such balls, backed up by PILLING,

Might try the Polyphemus.

Cynic. Just so. STEEL

Seems not quite shot-proof.

Gusher. ULYETT does not feel

Inclined to slog sharp sixes and swift sevens.

Thanks to that Oxford A. H.—

Cynic. A. H.! Good EVANS!

Gusher. The Gentlemen have won, though, after all.

Cynic. Well, in the mighty contest, Bat v. Ball,

Ball scores to-day all round.

Gusher. And in such weather!

Cynic. You see there's nothing, after all, like leather!

The Intense Heat.

THE Comet did it. It has left us all in a comet-ose state. Now's the time to cultivate shady society. While sipping an American drink I dimly see some joke about a cobbler and the last—but this is not my last cobbler by any means. . . . It's the last straw that breaks . . . if it does, then take the cobbler without it. More light, more light—drink, iced, well iced. King Pommery for ever! No more from me.

YOUR EXHAUSTED CONTRIBUTOR.

A CHIAROSCURO COMPANY.

SELDOM, if ever, has any living writer had paid him the compliment implied in the proposal announced in this information:—

"A Browning Society is about to be started for the study and discussion of the works of the poet BROWNING, and the publication of Essays on them and extracts from works illustrating them. Students and admirers of Mr. BROWNING who are disposed to join such a Society, are requested to write to Mr. FURNIVALL, 3, St. George's Square, Primrose Hill, N.W."

Besides writing to Mr. FURNIVALL, a student and admirer of Mr. BROWNING, desirous of thoroughly understanding Mr. BROWNING's works, wherein are some things not very easy to understand, might perhaps also write to Mr. BROWNING himself, and beg explanations, unless afraid that such a request would be rather too great a liberty to take with an illustrious poet. Could ÆSCHYLUS, or any other ancient Greek dramatist, or bard, be bodily got at, and could scholars consult the original personally about the construction, say, of a crabbed passage in a choral ode, would they prefer conjectural discussion to appeal by post? But there, to be sure, ÆSCHYLUS even, if he could be asked, would perhaps confess himself in some places unable exactly to understand his own meaning—as one of our own poets owned that he seldom could when he would be very fine. So said BYRON—what says the other B.? A Browning Society had far better go and enjoy itself at the sea-side—plenty of Browning there.

THURSDAY, July 21.—Royal visit of their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of WALES to Queen Brighton. Their Royal Highnesses will be received at the Terminus by the two Representative Piers. BRILL's Baths will be illuminated brilliantly. Their Royal Highnesses will examine the Bathing Machinery of the town. Further particulars in our next.

A FRUITFUL SESSION!—When it dies full of age, but empty of honour, hated by most people and respected by none, they may write this over its obscure grave, by the kind permission of the Irish Members—"It reformed receipt stamps."

OUR AMATEUR ARMY.

AMATEURS, as a rule, are not treated with much respect, but an exception is made in the case of soldiers. The very name—a great point in a country which worships names—is softened into Volunteers. A Volunteer, looked at philosophically, is a tax-payer who having paid to maintain a standing army, tries to do the work himself. If the Volunteers had succeeded in reducing the ever-growing "Army Estimates," their position would be all the more logical, but if a master likes to keep servants and perform their duties, that is a matter which concerns the master and no one else. The Volunteers of course, are only kept for home consumption, but the more numerous and the more efficient they become, the more they release the regular army for filibustering expeditions. After enduring many years of official neglect, contempt, and opposition, they are now in high favour, and before long may possibly be promoted to wear clothes in which few soldiers can live in the summer, and no soldier can work in anywhere.

Lynch-Law in England.

THE prisoner is tried and found guilty by several hundred newspapers, and the Judge and Jury are only called in as a matter of form. If they come to the same conclusion as the newspapers (which they generally do), they are a highly intelligent Judge and Jury; if they differ from the newspapers, they are quite the reverse. This only applies to highly important and sensational cases, as commonplace crime is left to be dealt with in the usual legal way.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 41.



"IL DEMONIO" RUBINSTEIN-O.

AS THIS ACCOMPLISHED BUT SOMEWHAT ECCENTRIC FOREIGNER IS SAID TO HAVE TAKEN AWAY ABOUT TEN THOUSAND POUNDS ENGLISH COIN THIS SEASON, HE MAY BE CONSIDERED AS NOT ONLY HAVING COMPOSED *DEMONIO*, BUT HAVING ALSO MADE *DR-MONEY-O*.

THEATRICAL NOTES.

MR. TOOLE has finished his season at the Folly, and will soon be Tooling his coach down the road to—well—a seaside place, where his health will "take a benefit," after he has had two for himself on the 22nd and 23rd. He talks of going in for foreign parts, but hasn't yet settled in what pieces. He will return, we know him well—but he won't return before he has had his holiday, we know him better. Accompanied by Mr. IRVING (on a pipe) he will ascend the Rigi and do the Rigilar thing. *Au plaisir*; or, O play, Sir, as J. L. T. says in *Ici on parle*.

We were glad to hear that Mr. BOUCCAUT soon recovered from his accident at the Crystal Palace last week. At first we were afraid that his sprain was worse than it turned out to be, as in the piece which was substituted for the *Colleen Bawn*, he had to be "supported by the whole strength of the company." It isn't often we hear of anything like a lame performance from Mr. DION BOUCCAUT.

Fish Dinners.

WHILE the City Corporation are daily engaged, not so much in trying to reform Billingsgate Market, as in struggling to maintain their ancient and unwholesome authority over the food supply of London, the so-called "Market" is as rampant as ever. Last month it destroyed seventy-four tons of fish, or one hundred and fifty thousand dinners! The fish was said to be unfit for human food, but one thing is certain—those who brought it to this state are unfit for human society. The lowest savages that ever lived never indulged in such an atrocity.

A SHORT CATECHISM.



Henley Regatta.—"Claiming a Foul."

them a tremendous reception. When Mr. MYERS, the American pedestrian, beat all amateur records in a quarter of a mile foot-race we extolled him to the skies. And when Mr. MERRILL, the American pedestrian, started at Birmingham in a walking race—

Q. A local opponent, named WYATT, was very properly disqualified for unfair walking. Upon which the lovers of fair play "abused, threatened, and finally hustled MERRILL off the track; after which they nearly killed MYERS." Is it not so? A. It is.

Q. And how do you account for it? A. The crowd applauded *Iroquois* because it won its money. The crowd cheered Cornell because the Stewards of Henley were unpopular. The crowd abused MERRILL because it was losing its money. The fact is that off paper there is no such thing as fair play—

Q. You can go, Sir.

Q. The things on which the English nation chiefly prizes itself are Sabbath observance, political purity, and fair play. Prove this.

A. The first is shown by the fact that on Sunday we close all places of recreation save publichouses; the second by the result of the Sandwich trial; and for the third, when an American horse, *Iroquois*, won the Derby we cheered loudly. When the Cornell Crew appeared at Henley we gave

THE THREE FISH SALESMEN.

THREE Fish Salesmen swaggered off home to the West,

Off home to the West-end of London town;
Each thought of his profits with unctuous zest,
And the buyers he'd done so exceedingly brown.
For fishers must toil, and the public must pay,
To swell and support the Monopoly gay
The Billingsgate Ring are owning.

Three hungry ones sat in a garret high,
In a garret high, looking pale and lank;
Butcher's meat was too dear for poor people to buy,
And a glut of good fish had been kept till it stank.
For the poor must hunger, the rich o'erpay,
To swell and support the Monopoly gay
The Billingsgate Ring are owning.

Torrid Travellers.

THE recent hot weather has made the Londoner profoundly thankful for the various public vehicles in which he can be conveyed in a cool and comfortable fashion from one part of town to the other. Thus, for example, we have luxuriated in the delightful "growler," or four-wheeled cab; in the crowded omnibuses—hearses for the living, as a furious female novelist called them; or in the cool and refreshing tunnels of the Metropolitan Railway. Our only open carriages are Hansoms, which are draughty and in many ways uncomfortable, while it never occurs to the cab proprietors of the period to provide Victorias, or other open four-wheeled vehicles, with hoods to put up as protection against sun or rain, wherein we might take our ease, and drive from place to place in comfort.



PRECAUTIONS.

Saxon Angler (to his Keeper). "YOU SEEM IN A GREAT HURRY WITH YOUR CLIP! I HAVEN'T SEEN A SIGN OF A FISH YET—NOT A RISE!"

Duncan. "'DEED, SIR, I WISNA A BOTHERIN' MYSEL' ABOUT THE FUSH; BUT SEEN' YOU WIS NEW TO THE BUSINESS, I HAD A THOUGHT IT WIDNA BE LANG AFORE YOU WERE NEEDIN' A LEFT OOT O' THE WATTER YOURSEL'!"

ORANGES AND LEMONS IN THE CITY.

"REFORMERS are unpleasant,"
Say the bells of St. Clement.
"Yes, that is quite sartin,"
Say the bells of St. Martin.
"Do they want a sermon daily?"
Say the bells of Old Bailey.
"I'm sure I don't know,"
Says the great bell of Bow.
"The Lords are in a fury,"
Say the bells of Old Jewry.
"Will they leave us in the lurch?"
Say the bells of Abchurch.
"I've a beadle and a clerk,"
Say the bells of St. Mark.
"Those two a church fill,"
Say the bells of Cornhill.

"But here comes Lord ONSLOW with Census, statistics, and stuff;
And here come the Tories—O *Mores*!—to say we've slept quite
long enough!"

GOVERNMENT AND GALLEY.

THERE is no certainty in a statement suggested by Sir EARDLEY WILMOT's Notice of Motion that he will "draw attention to the case of EDMUND GALLEY, who, after forty-five years of exile unjustly undergone, is unable, from want of means, to return to England." Nobody can be sure that the Government intend compensating EDMUND GALLEY for the transportation he was so long ago sentenced to, instead of death, for a murder of which he was guiltless, and has received a free pardon. An innocent prisoner who, after a long term of punishment, gets freely pardoned, is expected as freely to forgive all who have wronged him. He has no action against his country for false imprisonment, nor does it signify that for some forty years the lot of GALLEY was no better than that of a galley-slave.

OLD PARR'S PARS.

"AND what is your motto to-day?" they asked of the old Plunger on Wednesday.

"*Dominic dirige nos*," was the reply of the Veteran, whose classical education had been somewhat interfered with, in days gone by, by his expulsion from Eton. But when the news came that *Dominic* had won the Liverpool Cup, hundreds of people who hadn't backed him pointed out the advantages of an early grounding in Latin.

"GLADSTONE seems remarkably fond of TENNYSON!"

"He ought to. Didn't the Laureate write a poem on his place?"

"A poem?"

"Yes, to be sure. *Enoch Hawarden*."

What beautiful thoughts and remarkable aphorisms occur to one in that delightful dreamy interval which comes after you have ceased profanity at your man for bringing you your things, and before you commence anathematising the breakfast gong. It struck me this morning that

Italics are to articles what rouge is to women.

Simple, clear, straightforward, and would be doubtless full of trenchant meaning could I but discover, now that I am wide awake, what italics are to articles, and what rouge is to women.

The Cat in a Cupboard.

"THE Naval Discipline Bill will not be pressed this year," but in the meanwhile, says Mr. TREVELYAN, answering Sir J. HAY, "the Admiralty has sent round a circular to the commanding officers, directing that corporal punishment should not form part of the sentences of courts-martial." Though, then, the Cat, in the Royal Navy, cannot be made away with before next Session, it will, however, remain till then shut up in a state of suspended animation. Next Session it will be let out of the bag.

THE G. G. G., OR GROSVENOR GALLERY GUIDE.

No. 133. *Europa*; or, "*Bully for You*." By WALTER CRANE.
No. 135. *Gay, Daughter of Sir A. B. Paget, K.C.B.* By Mrs. A. MURCH. We like it much.

No. 143. *Budley Water*. Same Artist. Surely a misprint for *Puddley Water*.

No. 157. *Within and Without*. By Miss AMY HUGHES. A comfortable interior, and an uncomfortable exterior; or Warm Within and "Cold Without."

No. 159. *The Roman Acrobat*. By J. R. WEGUELIN. Give her enough rope and hang her—in the G. G.

No. 165. *The Adversary*. A small dark picture by Sir N. PATON, R.S.A. Everyone remembers the old rhyme about the "Missionary," here's another on the same plan suggested by the picture—

Once I saw a Cassowary
Tip-top swell of Timbuctoo,
Till he saw an adversary,
Who was quite a trim buck too.

No. 175. *Cockle Gatherers*. J. PARKER.

Of course an advertisement picture for the celebrated patent medicine which Colonel BURNABY tried so successfully on the Native Chief during his Ride to Khiva. Observe the action of the Cockle-lorums gathering for Pillingsgate Market. Mr. PARKER had better not be proposed for any Club where the



No. 175. *Cockle Gatherers*. J. PARKER. Dedicated to Dr. COCKLE and Colonel FRED. BURNABY.

medical element is powerful, or he is safe to be "pilled."

No. 192. *Breezy England*. P. R. MORRIS, A.R.A. It represents a rider trying to manage two horses on a blowy wet day. He should have called it *Horses and Rains*.

No. 197. *Halcyon Daie by Murmuring Stream*. J. W. BUXTON KNIGHT. Lovely country, and a nice young lady. What on earth has the stream got to murmur about?

No. 200. *The Finding of Moses*. Mrs. KATE GARDINER HASTINGS. Intended for a Law Court Cartoon. *The Finding of Moses* would be a companion to *The Judgment of Daniel*. Moses seems to have been knocked into a cocked hat. Moses was a great law-giver, and yet there is only one "finding of Moses" left on record.

No. 222. *A Portrait Bust in Terra Cotta*. Did it! All we can say is that "after the explosion" Miss MONTALBA has very cleverly put the pieces together, and the result is admirable.



No. 200. *Finding of Moses in a Cooked Hat*. An Infant Moses without any 'Air-on. Mrs. KATE GARDINER HASTINGS.

How well the Artist would do a portrait of Miss ELLEN TERRY in Terry-Cotta. This bust is really life-like, and among the very best things in the Gallery. Such busts ought to make a great noise in the artistic world.

No. 238. "*Mittagsschlafchen*." By ARTHUR HUGHES. *Are there hues?* Rather. "Thereby hangs a tail." Which our Artist has caught.

No. 257. *Quite a Little Holiday*.



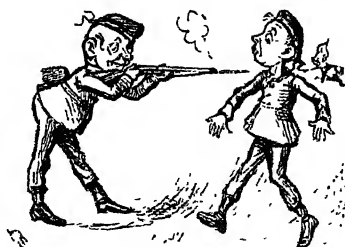
No. 238. "*Mittagsschlafchen*," or, the *Last of the Pigtails*. ARTHUR HUGHES.

MUSICAL.—The Parepa-Rosa Gold Medal at the Royal Academy of Music was awarded to the best of four candidates, BENJAMIN DAVIES. A great deal of Preparation was necessary.

SHOT OFF.

DR CARVER challenged anyone to shoot him for £500 a side.

Says Mr. ARCHIE STUART WORTLEY,
"Taken! Dr. CARVER," curly.



Shooting off a Tie.

And then the amateur, distinguished in portrait painting and burlesque dancing, offered to make the stakes a thousand. Stakes are high this weather. But Dr. CARVER found he had an important engagement on the Continent, and instead of staying to be shot, CARVER out. Let us hope he will "come again" with Christmas; or, perhaps, as he's a shooting star, he may return with the Comet.

A BIBULOUS COMET.

HERE is some news that will be very distressing to Sir WILFRID LAWSON. We know that the Comet, to judge from his appearance, is a rollicking blade who only comes out at nights, and like all his friends he is of very roving, not to say irregular habits. But who would have thought that he was addicted to habits of intemperance! Such is the case, however, as we gather from the report of a French astronomer, M. THOLLOX, whose investigations are communicated to *Nature*. He says "The spectrum of bands furnished by the Comet, so resembles that given by the blue spirit flame, that I consider them identical." Blue spirit! The Comet is evidently addicted to "blue ruin," for his spectrum is that of alcohol. After this, no respectable person will be able to take the slightest interest in our visitor.

KING KALAKAUA.

He's really a most intelligent wight,
Who's looked on many a wonderful sight,
And travelled by day, and eke by night,
O'er rivers and seas and dry lands;
But wrongly, it seems, his name we say,
And print it too in a horrible way.
He ought to be called King KALAKAUA,
This King of the Sandwich Islands.



Sandwich and Stout.

Change for a Sovereign.

"TRAVEL where you will throughout the civilised world," remarks a *Times* writer on the Trial of the Pyx, "the British sovereign is always recognised and willingly received whenever tendered." Quite true even in the Transvaal, although there they call the Sovereign a Suzerain.

Dialogue at Derby.

"Cheese and Butter are natural foes."—*Times*.

Cheese. Bosh! you're a fraud, a failure—vile and utter.

Butter. You rank impostor! Prove it, if you please.

Cheese. You're tallow, caul-fat, everything but butter.

Butter. And you decidedly are "not the cheese."

"THE CHILDREN'S CRY!"

MR. PUNCH announces with the greatest possible pleasure that the contributions to this fund for assisting poor children everywhere in London, to an "outing," amount at the time of writing (July 16) to close upon one hundred and thirty pounds. Contributions of pence, of shillings, and of pounds go to make up this gratifying total, and all have been accompanied by the kindest, most generous, and most touching expressions of real interest in this good work. Mr. Punch begins his distribution with the very poorest and the most necessitous. Immediate attention is paid to every appeal as soon as made; and each contribution, when the address is given, is promptly acknowledged. Even the heat of the weather is not greater than the generous warm-heartedness of Mr. Punch's contributors; and for years there have not been better contributions to *Punch* than these "occasional notes" for the benefit of our poor London-smoked, London-choked school children.

FOR THE HOT-HEADED.

DR. D. G. F. MACDONALD writes:—"If men would place ferns, or cabbage leaves, in the crown of their hats, or plait rushes, vetches, or green herbaceous substance of some kind around their headgear, there would be fewer cases of sun-stroke. This preventive is within the reach of the poorest peasant, for it costs nothing."



Japanese Fan-cy Dress.



The Watering-Pot Hat.



The Refrigerator Costume.



In-fern-ally hot!



The Borage, or Insider-Cup Hat.



Mr. Leafy.

A LAST WORD ABOUT EVANS'S.

EVANS'S has been gradually disappearing, now it has gone. So too, alas! have vanished the days of our boyhood when, on the evenings of the Public School Matches, we in Eton jackets visited PADDY GREEN, and were treated to potatoes in their jackets too, which latter were not eaten. Talking of the skins reminds us of the celebrated SKINNER, model of head-waiters, standing at the door in his shirt-sleeves, and conducting a strict and searching inquiry in the following style:—

"What have you had, Sir?" "A chop and potatoes," replied the guest. "Chop and potatoes, two-and-three. Any stout?" "Yes," the guest would reluctantly admit, "I had a glass or two of stout." "Two stouts is eight, chop and potatoes three-and-two, and eight is four-and-four," said SKINNER with the rapidity of a calculating boy. "Any liquors—brandy, whiskey?" Here the guest would hesitate, and then it occurred to him that he had had two glasses of whiskey. "And water?" demanded SKINNER, severely, as if it were no good attempting to deceive him. "Yes, and water," replied the guest, quite alarmed at his questioner's intimate knowledge of his doings.

SKINNER went ahead faster than ever. "Chop and potatoes, four-and-three; two stouts—eight, five-and-four; two whiskies-and-water, that's eight-and-four; and,"—as an after-thought,—"any bread?" "No," the victim would reply, triumphantly, as though he had him there, and he was wrong for once. "No, no bread." "No bread," echoed SKINNER. "That's nine-and-two exactly. Half-a-sovereign? Thank you, Sir; much obliged. Good night, Sir," and the guest was pushed forward by the eager crowd of customers waiting to settle with the indefatigable Mr. SKINNER.

Funny place in old times was EVANS'S; the supper was good of its kind, the comic singing was not the best of its kind; but the real harmonies of the evening, "*The Hardy Norseman*," "*The Chough and Crow*," "*My Gabrielle*," sung by the choristers, men and boys, were most enjoyable. When Eve was allowed to enter that Paradise, there was an end of the little EVANS'S below.

A French Eviction.

"It is supposed that DON CARLOS was ordered to quit France in consequence of his attitude at a religious ceremony on St. Henri's day." What was his attitude? Probably *agenouillé*, but not to be tolerated by a Republican Government, which, were it strong and popular, could permit twenty such Pretenders to remain in France. Communists avoid such "attitudes," and so are not interfered with. POOR DON KEY-ARLOS!

RULES OF THE RIVER.

(As they Are, and ought Not to be.)

STEAM LAUNCHES.

As you will go faster than anybody else, you can chaff those you pass by to your heart's content. Compliment rowers on their costume, ask them where they get their hats, and how much they paid for them; give them a few hints on rowing, such as "That's the real military style of pulling." "Now then, HANLOW, look alive!" "Jerk it out, old Beefy!" and "Time, Gentlemen, time! Look sharp there No. 2!"

Should any Gentleman be rowing with his wife, or sisters, or cousins and aunts, you, still on the going-faster-than-theory, must pay them those attentions which are so dear to the opposite sex. Smile affably at the Ladies, wink, kiss your hand, ask them whether they enjoyed themselves at the Aquarium last night, and invite them to throw old Stick-in-the-Mud over, and come on board with you.

Waste nothing. Even a cherry-stone deftly shot between the thumb and first finger at an oarsman's face, may, if it hit him hard enough, animate him in his efforts and cause him to accelerate his speed. And the joy with which the patient angler regards an empty champagne bottle hurled at his float for ground-bait is, as a rule, too great to be expressed in words.

You cannot be too cautious. You are compelled to whistle while rounding a point, and before approaching a lock. But don't stop then. Whistle the whole time you are in a lock. Whistle when you pass a church, provided it is Sunday and there is service going on. Whistle at all pic-nic parties. This will cause them to think that their boats are being run down, and the rapture which will follow on the discovery of the safety of their craft, will well repay you, specially if the wind is in the right direction, and the men very ill-tempered.

Never go too fast. In the daytime the river is crowded with boats, therefore, for their sake, never exceed six miles an hour. At night-time, however, when the river is empty, go as hard as you can. Should anyone complain that his starboard scull is broken, and his boat stove in, give him the address of the nearest place where the Royal Humane Society's drags are kept, and tell him, with that ineffable politeness which should always distinguish you, that you would be only too delighted to stop and pick him up yourself, but you must catch the 10.15 train from Hampton Court.

Be very select in your company. Avoid rowdiness. Fill your launch with quiet, gentlemanly persons, who wear white hats with black bands on the side of their heads, who will toss for "a bottle" at ten in the morning, and will take 6 to 4 about anything so long as the proper price is even money. Be yet more careful about the Ladies you ask for your trip. Let them be vividly golden as to their hair, and their faces protected from the river breeze by a positively lavish use of bismuth, kohl, rouge, and *poudre de riz*.

SAILING-BOATS.

Says that capital little work, *The Rowing Almanack*, published by our friendly contemporary and contemporaneous friend, *The Field*, "A row-boat must give way to a sailing-boat." So must a steam-launch. Therefore you can do as you darn please.

ROW-BOATS.

As soon as you approach the river leave all vestiges of decency behind. At home you may be, and probably are, an in-bed-by-eleven young man, and never-get-tight young man; but forget that. Row in a costume which, if you bathed in it in France, would bring the police down upon you in fifteen seconds.

"Sasiety is sasiety," said THACKERAY. Belong to a good Club, and never mind whether it is a rowing one or not. The colours of I Zingari are tasty. Wear a cap and jacket of them. Should anyone ask whether you are entitled to do so, ask him whether that is his business.

The primary object of rowing is health. Therefore pull up to every public-house on the river-side, where you will immediately take another long pull, and a strong pull. Remember that every doctor admits that with hard exercise you can take far more stimulants than are admissible to one engaged in sedentary occupations. Rowing is a sedentary pursuit, by the bye; but still it is a pursuit. It is a pursuit of health. You are always trying to come up with health well ahead. Seventeen pots of shandygaff, and a variety of stimulants, can do no one any harm who is in good condition. Be winning in your ways with Barmaids; and as "swagger" gives you an air of real importance, go in for "side"—river-side, of course.

(To be continued.)

À PROPOS DU TEMPS.—An unusually hot knight,—Sir DONALD CURRIE.



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Genial Host (meaning to plead for poor Jenkins, who has complained that he can't find a Partner). "LET ME INTRODUCE MR. JENKINS TO YOU, MISS JONES. I'M SURE YOUR CARD CAN'T BE FULL!"

THE IRISH SOCIETY.

THE Honourable the Irish Society of the City of London, seems to be a very fine specimen of an Institution, that having done a good amount of work in its time is now rather worse than useless.

Founded some 280 years ago to restore the County of Londonderry from the state of desolation and misery to which it had been reduced by Civil War, they appear to have set to work with hearty good will, and to have thoroughly accomplished the somewhat difficult task set before them.

But, having done all they were created to do, they seem to have dawdled on for some years past, coddling up the prosperous City of Londonderry, and the thriving Town of Coleraine, as if they still needed in their mature manhood, the same kind of nutriment and grandmotherly nursing that was so necessary to them in the days of their adversity.

Fancy subsidising the Mayor and Corporation of Londonderry with a few hundreds a year towards their expenses, poor fellows, as if they could not afford to pay for their own Turtle Soup, especially as Conger Eels are so plentiful in their neighbourhood, and subscribing five pounds to this School, and four pounds to that Boat Club and three pounds to a flower show, and eighteen pence a week to two or three poor widows, and of course finding it absolutely necessary that some 20 or 30 of their number should go all the way to Londonderry every year to distribute these and similar miserable doles, and thereby pauperising the whole community by relieving them from the duties incident to their prosperity.

To such a pitch of degradation was the Corporation at one time reduced by this miserable and contemptuous treatment, that it is stated by the Governor of the Society, that they actually pawned their Mace, and the Irish Society were silly enough to redeem it for them! However, a better spirit seems to be coming over them; and if they go heartily and thoroughly into the new scheme that is being submitted to them, *Mr. Punch*, with his accustomed generosity, will condone the past, and look hopefully to the future.

It appears that some £5000 of their annual income is derived from their Salmon Fisheries; and, by one of those "Happy Thoughts," for which *Mr. Punch* is so

celebrated, but which he disdains to monopolise, it is proposed to dedicate that amount annually to developing the fisheries on the South and West Coasts of Ireland.

It is said by those best qualified to know, that at Baltimore, and off the neighbouring island of Cape Clear, fish swarm in almost incredible quantities. Hundreds of vessels from numberless parts of Europe visit the coast every year to reap the golden harvest. The poor Irish labourers, who exist on the produce of their little patches of land, are unable to share in it for want of boats. A few have been supplied by the kindly help of a gracious Lady, whose very name breathes of charity, and supplied in so careful and so wise a way, as to take from the welcome help any taint of degradation. The money is lent for ten years, without interest, repayable by instalments of one-tenth per annum. No one man so assisted has ever failed to pay his amount when due, and, Cape Clear, which a very few years ago was a nest of paupers, is now inhabited by a population of prosperous and happy and contented people. Not only are they better educated, better clad, and better fed, but such a change has come over their habits as makes them altogether a different race of people.

Well now, Gentlemen of the Irish Society, you have such an opportunity of condoning past offences as comes but seldom to public men who have wasted, if not abused, the trust confided to them.

Your predecessors nobly performed the difficult and important task committed to them. You succeeded to their goodly heritage without their grave responsibilities. Show yourselves worthy of your name—the Honourable the Irish Society.

It is not honourable to waste trust-funds in absurdity or extravagance.

It is honourable, most honourable, to assist in a noble work which, while increasing the supply of wholesome and delicious food for the hungry poor of London, will at the same time enable thousands of poor Irishmen to raise themselves from the degraded state of poverty and misery in which the people of Cape Clear existed a few years ago, to the comparative comfort and contentment they now enjoy.

May this Honourable Society prove itself worthy of its appellation, and by so doing reap a rich reward in the blessings of those they will have benefited!

THE COMING MAN!

THE School Board Boy, who, according to the *Times* report, gave this as an answer in examination:—

"Magna Charta was ordered by the King to be beheaded. He fled to Italy, but was captured and executed!"

ought to have received a special prize. He is clearly a Genius; for genius is above history, and above all rules. Is this a youthful MILTON, a coming SHAKESPEARE, or the greatest Romancer that England has ever seen? We shall watch his career (if we've time and opportunity) with deep interest. He is a Genius; and being so, what an awfully school-bored Boy he must be!

Sentimental Music-Halls.

THE Coffee Music-Halls Association are paving the New Cut, Lambeth, with good intentions. Like most well-meaning people who go into a peculiar business they know nothing about, they have sunk the greater part of their capital. They ask for more, and propose to carry on the Coffee Music-Hall without any Music-Hall features. If the "Vic" is to become a Temperance Lecture-Room, it would be as well to say so at once. Lambeth has already a Music-Hall where better coffee and no spirits are sold, and where a more popular entertainment is given to a working-class audience. It is not managed by a Committee.

TENNYSON AT BILLINGSGATE.

TAKE! Take! Take!

Oh grabber of swag from the sea,
And I shouldn't quite like to utter
The thoughts that occur to me!

Oh, ill for the fisherman poor
That he toils for a trifle all day,
And ill for the much-diddled public
That has through the nose to pay.

And the swelling monopolist drives
To his villa at Haverstock Hill,
But it's oh for the number of poor men's lives
Food-stinted to plump his till!

TAKE! Take! Take!

Oh grabber of swag from the sea.
But you'll render a reckoning one of these days
To the public and Mr. P.

THE WATER FAMINE IN PARIS.

Reflections of a Parisian.

We have a Water Famine.

Paris thirsts.

When Paris thirsts all the world is thirsty.

*C'est terrible!**Mais c'est magnifique!*

The Municipal Administration counsels one not to waste water.

It arrives then that I do not wash myself.

N'importe!

I will cheerfully sacrifice myself for the good of my country!

Royal Academy Holiday.

SOME of the leading Royal Academicians contemplate a yachting trip. There is some talk of purchasing, if the owner will sell, or hiring, if the owner will let, the well-known yacht *Latona*. It will be re-christened the *Sir Frederick Leighton*, and then the Late Owner will have nothing to do with it. "It's a beautiful sea vessel," writes Mr. E. L. S-M-B-R-N-E, R.P.A., "only it goes so Rowley."



THE ANTI-SEMITIC MOVEMENT.

Distinguished Visitor (asking the Boys a few Questions in Sacred History). "CAN YOU TELL ME ABOUT THE PLAGUES OF EGYPT? NOW WHAT WERE THEY?"
Small Boy (promptly). "Jews, Sir!"

DIPLOMACY IN THE DOG-DAYS.

France to Germany.—Dearest B-S-M-R-C-K, how funny, to be sure, it seems to be addressing you in terms of endearment! Suppose I shall get used to it in time! How about Tripoli? You don't object to me annexing it, do you? It doesn't matter a straw about England—but how about Russia, eh?

Germany to France.—Go it, my boy! Annex the Great Sahara, if you like. Quite right, who cares about England? Russia says she feels bound—ahem!—to respect independence and integrity of Ottoman Empire, but still you need fear no stupid opposition from her at Tripoli. Can she do a revolt in Roumelia for you, to keep SULTAN quiet?

France to Germany.—A thousand thanks, *mon cher ami!* M. ROUSTAX ordered to pick a quarrel with Tripoli at once. Troops all ready. How can we ever repay you?

Germany to France.—Well, of course you'll let us take Belgium, won't you? And give us written promise not to interfere with Elsass and Lothringen again, eh?

France to Germany.—Elsass! Lothringen! Don't know such places. Promise not to interfere! Belgium to be yours! A thousand furies! Pardon me, 'tis the hot weather; but we must stop this correspondence at once. GAMBETTA agrees. Troops for Tripoli countermanded. Orders to wait on Alsatian frontier instead. Have just made offensive and defensive alliance with England. What do you say now? Vile beer-swilling Teuton! Vandal! Goth!

Germany to France.—Sorry to discompose you, but don't you wish you may get Elsass back again? Alliance with England! Why, we've got one too—made by Lord S-L-S-B-R-Y when he was at Berlin! Where are you now, eh? Frog-eater!

Austria to Russia.—So glad to hear that you've determined to snub England. How about her fleet, though? Well, never mind. How about Italy, too? Never mind, again. Shall we take Bulgaria and Salonica at once, or wait a few months?

Russia to Austria.—Our *entente cordiale* delightful! Such a sell

for England! Germany quite approves. What was that you said about Bulgaria and Salonica?

Austria to Russia.—Why, naturally we want a good slice of Turkey! You can have Constantinople, you know—that is, if you can get it, of course.

Russia to Austria.—Salonica yours! Bulgaria, too! Never! That's what you've been aiming at, is it? Let me tell you, we've just completed alliance with England and Germany against you! Feel rather out of it now, eh? Vile Teuton-Magyar-Czech-Croat Mixture! Army-corps ordered to your frontier.

Austria to Russia.—Slav villain! Alliance with England and Germany against us! Why, we've got private letter from Lord S-L-S-B-R-Y, actually inviting us to walk into Salonica. We'll do it now. Germany is only deceiving you. We've got alliance with her, too. Where are you now, eh? You can stew in your own bear's-grease, Muscovite tricksters! Troops ordered to meet yours at frontier. *Au revoir!*

THE WAY WE DANCE NOW.

(From the Ball-Room Conversation Book—latest Knightsbridge Edition.)

I WILL never believe the Duchess paid only £10,000 for these flowers.

The refreshments are certainly excellent, but I am sorry to hear the Earl has had to cut off the entail.

Pretty idea that to give you a five-pound note for a hat-ticket.

Surely that is the man in possession waltzing with the hostess!

Considering the success of the *fête*, I think it would be a great mistake were the Duke to finish by blowing his brains out.

I am not surprised to hear that every one of the couples standing up for this quadrille have had to put down their carriages.

The recollection of such a charming *cotillon* cannot fail to console the Baronet in the Bankruptcy Court.

There,—come into supper, and never mind the mortgagee.

Yes, it's a fact; this entertainment has cost the subscribing hosts only a hundred and sixty guineas a-piece.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.



G. M. B-rne H. G-l-d-st-na. A. M. S-ll-v-n
or J. L-hy. Just-n McC-rthy. F. H. O'D-nu-ll.

T. P. O'c-nn-l. Sir H. J-m-s. H. L-b-ch-re. G. O. M-r-g-n. J. Ch-nub-el-n.
H. F-wc-tl.

MORE "FORMS OF THE HOUSE."

(By Electric Light.)

MONDAY, July 18.—T. P. O'CONNOR improves as the weather grows hotter. To-night, after a preliminary shout at question time, has a fling at Her Majesty's Judges. "Thinks," he says, "time has come for him to tell the House what he thinks of those ermined partisans."

"Curious," says Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, "what antipathy a certain class of people have for a judge. If they're in the dock they throw their boots at him; out of it (and in a safe place) they howl at him."

Pity, I say, that a young fellow like this should throw away his chance of becoming a respectable mediocrity.

"Yah, young innocent!" says Mr. BRIGGS, who rather imposes on the accidental circumstance that he was in the House a Session before me. He is always coming to me reciting nursery rhymes, to improve my mind, as he says. But let BRIGGS beware. I never condescend to that sort of thing myself; but I have a friend at Chelsea who knows how to select the softest part of a human calf, and to mutter between clenched teeth "*J'y suis et j'y reste*." This, by the way.

"Yah, young innocent! T. P., is not such a fool as he looks. He's going to the States to lecture in the autumn, and he knows that there could be no better advertisement than a little bullying of the House of Commons."

"What's he going to lecture on? Good manners?" said WALTER JAMES.

"No, Bashfulness."

F I wonder now if this is true. T. P.'s growth in rowdiness certainly seems to want some explanation, and a man must want a big price to purchase such a character as this. It's not nice, and it's not clever. Any costermonger could do it better, and would come cheaper. As Sir WILFRED LAWSON says, "T. P. O'CONNOR shouts at FORSTER as if the Chief Secretary had led him to believe that he was going to buy all the carrots in his barrow, and had finally announced that he didn't want any."

Business done.—Got on with the Land Bill up to Clause 46.

Tuesday.—Glad to see Mr. CHAPLIN get a regular ovation to-day from the Ministerialists. They are, as a rule, a little hard on him. When he pipes, with whatever melancholy air, they refuse to dance. He prophesies unutterable things, and they laugh. He treats them to a coruscation of perorations, and still they are not happy. To-night, when he rose at the appropriate hour of midnight, with his suit of sables showing under the mockery of his summer dress, there was the accustomed groan of despair.

"Jeremiah with a fresh chapter of Lamentations," said Mr. WOODALL, his customarily cheerful countenance growing suddenly saddened.

But the anticipatory moan was changed to a shout of triumph, when Mr. CHAPLIN, in solemn tones, and with depressed manner, said, "I will raise my protest once for all!" At the prospect here presented, the spirits of the House went up, much after the manner of the thermometer in recent times. Speaking metaphorically, it may be said that they stood at 96 in the shade. Exhilaration only temporary. Presently discovered that this was only a figure of speech.

"He's like that confounded raven on the pallid bust of Pallas that went croaking 'Nevermore!' through I don't know how many verses," said Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. "His 'once for all' will certainly last till the end of the Session."

All this very hard on Mr. CHAPLIN, who is understood at Newmarket to be one of the chief orators of the House—one who might any day step into the shoes of Mr. GLADSTONE. Of course there is a difficulty about Mr. CHAPLIN leading Liberals. But this little distinction not clearly visible from the Heath. Lord ROSEBURY tells me that there is always a flutter among the jockeys, whether at Newmarket or Epsom, when the stately figure of the Member for Mid-Lincolnshire is observed. Also there is much shaking of the head and melancholy foreboding in the Ring.

"He'll be a blooming Premier some day," the jockeys say to each other as they turn to watch him. "He'll never care for 'orses any more. He's one of them gents as might be anything. He might be Admiral of the Fleet, or he might turn out the Dook of CAMBRIDGE. He comes amongst us cos it's gentlemanly. But he'll be a blooming Prime Minister, and will turn up his nose at sport."

All this of course I hear at secondhand, and it makes a pretty picture to think of Mr. CHAPLIN carelessly walking about the Heath or watching the horses at Epsom or Doncaster, and all these eyes, full of sad forebodings, turned upon his unconscious figure. But I fancy Lord HARTINGTON must be speaking metaphorically when he says the jockeys bring themselves down to weight by simply lying in bed at night thinking of the inevitable separation.

Business done.—Last Clause of Land Bill reached.

Wednesday.—House begins to understand the meaning of Mr. GLADSTONE's recent visits to the Durdans. He spent the Whitsun holidays there, and on another occasion found the peace of the Sabbath-day by the deserted Downs. This happened some weeks ago, and hitherto no trace discovered of results of his new studies. But to-day he comes forward and, slapping the despatch-box, offers to "lay 10 to 1" on LAWSON against KATHBONE.

"A good start for a young 'un," Mr. CHAPLIN says, looking with generous sympathy on the novice entering on a pathway which he himself is about to quit. "He'll be setting up an umbrella and a large hat next, and with a money-bag with 'W. E. G.' stamped on it will do a good business at Epsom."

Mr. WARTON has his doubts on the question of law. The House of Commons is not licensed for betting purposes, and even the high station of the PREMIER does not put him above the law.

"8 & 9 Vict. c. 109," Mr. WARTON explains to Mr. WHITLEY, "makes it penal for any person betting in any street, road, highway, or other open public place. Such person would be deemed a rogue and a vagabond, and fined, or imprisoned. Now this is an open and public place, and here's GLADSTONE trying to lure NORTHCOTE into a bet by offering him large odds. Why should he get off when a poor man would be fined? I'll give notice of a question." And Mr. WARTON, snuffing violently, goes off to write it out.

Business done.—Clean through Land Bill in Committee, except new Clauses.

Friday.—Quite interesting to watch the greetings of Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and Mr. FORSTER through successive evenings on the Treasury Bench. Young HERBERT GLADSTONE, who sits immediately behind them, tells me he hears them softly singing the little hymn from Dr. WATTS, beginning—

"And are we still alive,
And see each other's face?"

It must be a dreadful thing to have correspondence of the kind addressed to those eminent men. On the whole, FORSTER's comes a little

cheaper. With HARCOURT animosity takes a concrete form. Miniature coffins cunningly carved in wood, are what the trusty postman brings him, or rusty pistols, in which the darkling eye peering adown the barrel, could behold a "something." Postage on these not being paid in advance came a little heavy. FORSTER has merely letters, though not of a pleasant kind.

"Now is our time: FORSTER to live, or I to die," writes the sanguinary-minded HICKIE.

"If he doesn't mind," says FORSTER, "I would as soon live."

"Yes," says HARCOURT, who, even in these circumstances of sad comradeship, cannot put matters pleasantly, "yes; but this sort of fellow *does* mind."

Business done.—Considered new Clauses in Land Bill.

Dean Stanley.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY, BORN DEC. 13, 1815;
DIED JULY 18, 1881.

WITH clear, calm eye he fronted Faith, and she,
Despite the clamorous crowd,
Smiled, knowing her soul-loyal votary
At no slave's altar bowed.
With forward glance beyond polemic scope,
He scanned the sweep of Time,
And everywhere changed looks with blue-eyed Hope,
Victress o'er doubt and crime.
But inward turning, he, of gentle heart,
And spirit mild as free,
Most gladly welcomed, as life's better part,
The rule of Charity.

FROM OUR OWN DODDERESS.

I HEAR that there is likely to be a change in the perpetual dark-coloured perambulators for babyettes. I have noticed several of late which have been painted in light and gorgeous tints. This is a step in the right direction.

Why does not somebody patent a new feeding-bottle? Really, the present ones in use are very dowdy and old-fashioned. Surely some more romantic substance than india-rubber could be utilised for the stem of these valuable additions to a bachelor's household.

The fashions of girlettes' snoods remain unaltered.

I am hard at work on my little manual, *The Rules of Skipping-Rope for the Nursery*, so no more this week from

Yours girlettishly,
SELINA ANNE.

A WORD WITH ALDERMAN NOTTAGE.

MR. ALDERMAN NOTTAGE remarked the other day, when trying a case, that he "was aware that asking a Police-constable for his number was like holding a red flag to a bull," and he seemed to think that was quite a sufficient excuse for a Policeman taking a Gentleman into custody for demanding his number. Now if a Policeman is rough or impertinent, bullies some poor little street Arab, or otherwise misconducts himself, the only way in which to bring him to justice is to take his number, and so ascertain who he is. That is the reason such a proceeding is like a red flag to a bull, and it is a crying scandal that such should be the case. It is a scandal also that an Alderman, acting in a judicial capacity, should encourage and not severely condemn such a feeling among Policemen.

Ninety-Seven in the Shade.

PHILOSOPHERS say heat's a means of motion,
And so no doubt it may be, but, methinks,
Man's not a steam-engine, so I've a notion
I'll just lie quiet, and have forty winks.*

* Yes, but he won't lie quiet after forty winks—that is, if winks are as unwholesome as most shell-fish. But perhaps this is not our contributor's meaning.—Ed.



THE CHEAP ÆSTHETIC SWELL.

(Showing 'ow 'Arry goes in for the Intense—'Eat. Therm. 97° in the Shade.

TWOPENCE I GAVE FOR MY SUNSHADE,
A PENNY I GAVE FOR MY FAN,
THREEPENCE I PAID FOR MY STRAW,—FORRIN MADE—
I'M A JAPAN-ÆSTHETIC YOUNG MAN!

LUMPS OF TURKISH DELIGHT.

A SIMPLE-MINDED Bondholder, at the meeting convened to express confidence in Mr. BOURKE prior to that Right Hon. Gentleman's departure for Constantinople, wanted to know "when the Turkish Government would pay four per cent.?" Mr. Punch has much pleasure in answering the question.

When the Turk gives up his fez, and appears before the SULTAN in a billy-cock hat.

When the Ladies of the Harem accept situations as nursery governesses in quiet families in Clapham.

When Constantinople is lighted with the electric light, and all the street curs are sent to the Home for Lost Dogs.

When the proceedings against MIDHAT PASHA are quashed, and the case is reheard (by the request of the Sublime Porte) in the Central Criminal Court.

When "Real Turkish Sherbet," at a penny a glass, from the New Kent Road, is successfully introduced into Stamboul.

When Penny Steamboats are started in the Bosphorus by a Company the Managing Director of which shall be the Sheik-ul-Islam.

When the SULTAN sells off his jewels, gives up his Civil List, and patronises exclusively the Civil Service Stores.

When, in fact, the leopard changes his spots, the negro becomes white, and the sun exchanges places with the moon in ruling over the night.

Then, but not until then, will a Bondholder receive four per cent. interest on the Turkish Debt!

Solving a Problem.

A THOUGHTFUL Contributor raised a question last week, which he seemed utterly unable to answer. It puzzled him to know why "italics should be to print what rouge is to women." An Anonymous, or Anonyma correspondent writes thus:—"If the italics occur in a pretentious leading article, then, like the rouge, the intention is to draw attention to the cheek. Now, then, stoopid!" "Stoopid," of course, is not addressed to us, but is evidently applied to our Thoughtful Contributor, the Author of "Old Parr's Pars." He will like it.



A SUBTLE DISTINCTION.

Jones (who is of an inquiring mind). "AIN'T YOU GETTING TIRED OF HEARING PEOPLE SAY, 'THAT IS THE BEAUTIFUL MISS BELSIZE!'"
Miss Belsize (a Professional Beauty). "OH NO. I'M GETTING TIRED OF HEARING PEOPLE SAY, 'IS THAT THE BEAUTIFUL MISS BELSIZE?'"

THE HAUNTED MINARET.

A Whisper from the Pavilion.

It was the most eventful moment of the eventful afternoon; and He was nowhere to be found.

"Where is he?" cried, with his usual impetuosity, the Mayor of Brighton.

"Wherever can He be?" cried the Mayoress.

"Where is he?" thundered Sir ALBERT SASSOON to the Twenty-Sixth Footman.

"Oh, where is He?" wailed, in doleful concert, the Ladies who were being rapidly converted (by the heat) into water souché at the Aquarium.

"He isn't here," observed the stout man in the jersey, at BRILL'S Baths.

"Haven't seen him this quarter of an hour," grumbled the great army of Special Correspondents.

"I have not the least idea where he can be," urbanely remarked Mr. J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager of the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, to Messrs. HOLLOND and MARRIOTT, M.P.'s.

"He hasn't been here," observed Mr. CHEESEMAN, of the West Pier.

"Nor here!" ejaculated the Manager of the Grand Hotel. And then all the Brightonians, and the Hovites, and the Hittites (Members of the Brighton Cricket Club), and the Arthur Wagnerites, and the Volunteers, the flymen, the fishermen, the bathing-machine women, and the governesses and pupils of nine hundred and ninety-nine Boarding-Schools for Young Ladies (commonly called Ashby Sterryites), all burst out crying and sobbing, and repeated in despairing unison—

"Oh! where and oh! where
Can H-s R-y-l H-ghn-s be?
He isn't on the land,
And he isn't on the sea.

To him we're all *dévoûés*.
Can he be with Herr KUHE?
He isn't on the beach—
Oh! where is H.R.H.?"

But Punch knew where H.R.H. was. Who but he? There is, among the domes, the cupolas, the pinnacles, the pilasters, the buttresses, the pediments, the architraves, the intercolumniations,

the rhomboids, the astragals, the friezes, the caryatides, and the carrycoalds, the tetrachords, and the harpsichords of the Royal Pavilion a certain tall Minaret—the very tallest in the entire Pastry-cook's Palace, which causes the architectural critic to NASH his teeth with rage every time he gazes upon it; and that Minaret Punch knows to be Haunted. Who but he? To that Minaret Punch despatched a Little Bird; and this is what the Little Bird saw and heard:—

SCENE—*The Haunted Minaret. Enter the Ghost of H.R.H. G—e, P.R. Curly brown wig as curly as ever, but a little the worse for wear. Smile as sweet as ever, only a little ghastly.*

Ghost of G—e, P.R. Doosed hot! Think I'll take off my wig. Rather trying, these white kid inexpressibles. Wish I'd brought nankeens. How well he looks! Doesn't seem to mind the heat a bit. Plucky fellow. Then they all cheered! Strange that the mob didn't hiss him. They used to hiss me. Confounded Radicals! Hope he'll follow me up here. Tipped him the wink while the Recorder was reading the Address. Hallo! here he is.

Enter H.R.H. ALB-RT EDW-RD.

Prince. Hope I don't intrude? Seventeen hundred and eleven steps. Rather trying. (*To Ghost, bowing.*) I don't think we have ever met until to-day; but (*smiling*) I think I may be entitled to say, "O, my prophetic soul, my Grand-Uncle."

Ghost. You are right, Grand-Nephew. I am your Grand-Avuncular. And—ahem! the Finest Gentleman in Europe. So hot! (*Clearing his voice.*) My Lords and Gentlemen, I continue to receive from Foreign Powers assurances of amity and esteem; but I regret to have to announce that the exertions of the Emperor of AUSTRIA against the ambition and violence of France have—

Prince (interrupting). I fully see the force and appropriateness of your remarks, Sir; but I might, perhaps, be allowed to remark that I am beginning to feel rather dry. I've come a long way upstairs, to have the honour of meeting Your R-y-l H-gh-ss. It's rather hot.

Ghost (sighing). And I from a very much longer way downstairs. It is hot! Doosed hot!

Prince (sticking to his text). But some slight amount of refreshment—



SUSPENSE!

HIBERNIA WATCHING FOR THE GOOD SHIP *LAND ACT*.

Ghost (pettishly). There; you'll find a cold roast chicken, and a decanter of curaçoa on a side-table. The Master of the Household has orders to place cold fowl and curaçoa in all the rooms of the Pavilion every day throughout the year. [Two minutes for refreshment.]

Prince (calmly lighting his Laferme, and handing his case to Ghost). Have a cigarette, Grand-Uncle!

Ghost (indignantly). Good gracious, Sir! What do you mean? Smoke! A nasty, ungentelemanly habit! I wouldn't make Dr. PARR a Bishop because he smoked. LEIGH HUNT used to smoke, like a shocking Radical, as he was!

Prince. Ah! I remember LEIGH HUNT's *Legend of Florence* being played in the Rubens Room, at Windsor, before my Father and Mother when I was quite a boy.

Ghost (horrificed). LEIGH HUNT, at the Royal Castle at Windsor!

Prince (laughing). Yes, poor old LEIGH! He called you a Fat Adonis once in the *Examiner*.

Ghost (excitedly). He didn't! He dared not say I was Fat, Sir! I wasn't fat. He said I was an Adonis of Fifty. And I was an Adonis. But VIGARY GIBBS trounced the rascal with an *ex officio*, and ELLENBOROUGH sent him to Horsemonger Lane Gaol. Was the scamp hanged, eventually?

Prince (gravely). Not at all, Sir. LEIGH HUNT died in the receipt of a handsome pension from the Crown—a graceful recognition of his genius, and a slight compensation for his sufferings.

Ghost. Fiddlestick! Give me a pinch of snuff, Grand-Nephew. My nerves are quite upset; and I've left my box down-stairs.

Prince (waggishly). We don't take snuff in the England of to-day, Sir. We consider snuffing to be a nasty and not too gentlemanly practice.

Ghost. I am sorry for you. However, I hope you still put away your couple of bottles after dinner.

Prince. A glass or two of champagne at dinner; a glass of claret, or so, after dinner; perhaps a little Apollinaris and Something as a nightcap before we go to bed. That is our way of doing things in England nowadays, Sir.

Ghost (disdainfully). Which accounts for the fact that England is going to the Dooze. CASTLEREAGH told me so yesterday; and BILLY PITT and Old Bags agreed with him. Let us change the conversation. Who's the Champion now? I don't mean DRYOCKE, the man in armour who rode on horseback into Westminster Hall, between WELLINGTON and ANGLESEA, when I was crowned; but the Corinthian Champion.

Prince (puzzled). The what, Sir? We have Rowing, Cricketing, Wrestling and Lawn-Tennis Champions; but I know of no Corinthian one.

Ghost (amazed). Good gracious, Sir! Is the Fancy dead?

Prince. Not at all. I've been to at least a dozen Fancy Bazaars within the last month; and very neatly have the Pr-no-ss and I been fleeced there. That "Old Englyshe Fayre" was a caution.

Ghost. I care nothing about your bazaars. I mean the Ring.

Prince. Ah! I see. Well, TATTERSALL'S—

Ghost (stamping his foot). Confound your TATTERSALL'S! The Prize Ring, Grand-Nephew, the Prize Ring, immortalised by the glories of TOM SPRING, GULLY, MENDOZA, LANGAN, ABY BELASCO, DUTCH SAM, and MOLYNEUX the Black?

Prince (gravely). Prize-fighting, which had degenerated into a ruffianly exhibition of fraud and blackguardism, has long since been prohibited by Act of Parliament.

Ghost (much disturbed). And cock-fighting, dear old cock-fighting?

Prince (in his most sensible manner). Cock-fighting has gone the way of prize-fighting; and bull-baiting, badger-drawing, and rat-killing have followed suit.

Ghost (sarcastically). Indeed! A most elegant and refined England yours must be. And pray, Grand-Nephew, now that the principal sports commonly indulged in by English gentlemen in my time have been abolished, may I ask what you do?

Prince (coolly, and lighting another cigarette). Well, I have a good deal of hard work and a good deal of amusement. I go to all the races and all the theatres. I dine out continually. I go to Private Views. I hunt. I shoot. I take the chair at public dinners, and am awfully bored; but I get through the speeches as well as I can. I lay first stones and open hospitals. I travel a good deal; and, with the exception of Australia, I may say I have been all over the world.

Ghost (incredulously). All over the world! Why, I never was in Paris in my life; and I was nearly sixty when I first landed at Calais on my way to Hanover. Aren't you afraid of the Radicals playing the Dooze with things while you are away?

Prince. We are not afraid of anything to speak of, just now, in England.

Ghost (angrily). Oh, I see! The admirable system of policy so long pursued by my ELDONS, my CASTLEREAGHS, and my LIVERPOOLS is no longer the fashion. The Reformers have got things their own way, I perceive. I suppose you all eat CORBETT's corn and drink HUNT's Roasted Corn Coffee? There, there, young Sir, I have detained you too long. You and I have nothing in common.

Prince (drily). Little enough, Grand-Uncle.

Ghost (waxing more wrathful). Go, Sir! Go to your cigars and your cigarettes, your Apollinaris and your Wilhelmsquelle, your Private Views, Smoking Concerts and your Fancy Bazaars, your Polo and your Lawn-Tennis. (Softening a little.) Well, give me your hand, BERTIE. You're not a bad fellow. *Autres temps, autres mœurs*, I suppose. I won't keep you from your Brighton any longer; but—(eagerly)—just one word before we part. Do they still like them Fat, Fair, and Forty?

Prince (laughing). Here is a packet of the last photos of the Beauties of the Day by BASSANO, ELLIOTT, and FRY and DOWNEX. You can look them over at your leisure. Ta-ta! Grand-Uncle!

Ghost. Bye-by, Grand-Nephew!

[Vanishes with a Melodious Twang, attentively examining Photographs as he disappears.]

LATEST FROM BULGARIA.

SISTOVA, July 22nd.—Prince ALEXANDER has just this moment issued *A New and Revised Edition* of his Address to the People. It will be seen that it contains some most important new passages:—

MY BELOVED PEOPLE,—I recently thought it my duty to put to you the rather important query, Shall I go or stay? You have now answered that question at the polling-booth, where perfectly disciplined, and utterly illiterate Russian soldiers were stationed, so as to make it impossible for you to return any answer but the right one. Bless you, my People! I will stay!

To guard against the slightest chance of an adverse verdict, I took the further precaution to have some of the advocates of your free Constitution imprisoned, while others, *entirely without my knowledge or approval*, were shot and stabbed in the public streets. Under these circumstances, I am truly pleased to congratulate you all on the almost complete unanimity with which you have chosen to accept a bad copy of a Russian despotism in place of those Parliamentary Institutions, which enlightened Europe, allotted to you at Berlin.

A thousand thanks, my own devoted subjects, for relieving me of that oath to respect your Constitution which I took at my coronation, and which had become really a trifle irksome to me of late.

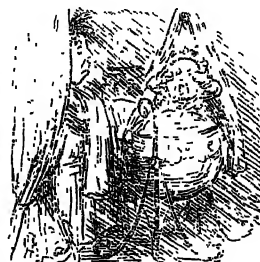
Every year it will be my agreeable duty to convoke the Representatives of this country, and tell them how I want them to vote, whereupon they will immediately proceed to vote accordingly. Energy and perseverance will be the distinctive characteristics of my Government. With a view to carrying out this object, I have ordered the State Prison at Sistova to be furnished with an extra supply of underground dungeons for inconvenient patriots.

You might perhaps have expected that England, which has an objection to Bulgarian Atrocities, would have felt a little hurt at the suppression of Bulgarian liberties by my autocratic violence. Not a bit of it—witness the most satisfactory presence of the British Consul to add *éclat* to this pleasing scene, when a People yields up to the persuasions and bayonets of its loving Prince the freedom which it never deserved and is too cowardly to defend. ALEXANDER.

JULY NOTED.



Cup Day at Goodwood.



Small and Early.

Irish Poverty.

SARAH BERNHARDT has been in Dublin, and has received an "ovation." An ovation may be a shower of rotten eggs thrown at an unpopular candidate, but the ovation in this case was far more agreeable. SARAH BERNHARDT has been in London, in Brighton, in Birmingham, in Liverpool, in Manchester, in Glasgow, and other important towns, but in no towns have her receipts equalled her receipts in Dublin. This is entirely owing to the poverty and down-trodden condition of Ireland.

SALOON CARRIAGES.

THE great advantage of Saloon Carriages in securing the safety of passengers from murderous attacks has been made manifest in America. Murders take place in that happy country, as they do in England, but there is no privacy, no mystery, no sneaking ruffianism about them. What is done, is done in the broad light of day. A band of six or more marauders enter a saloon carriage, and begin by shooting the guard or conductor. To stop the train they shoot the driver, and then they request the passengers to give up their property. Unless irritated by some traveller who turns his back upon the ruffians with contempt, they abstain from further murders, and leave the train of saloon carriages at the earliest possible opportunity. The beauty of this system is that the officers of justice know what they have to do, and do it. When they come up with the ruffians, they probably shoot them then and there, and, in any case, they do not tell them that anything they may say will be brought in evidence against them. Every ruffian who is alive twenty-four hours after the outrage, will live like a hunted tiger. This gives the newspapers very little material to play with, but it delays the passengers the least possible time on their journey.

THE IRISH LAND BILL.—Three Commissioners at £3000 per ann.—£9000. Not yet paid.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 42.



SIR HENRY THOMPSON.

GREAT ARTIST-SURGEON, WHO SO WELL IS ABLE
TO POINT A PENCIL AND ADORN A TABLE?
FIRST IN THE RANKS OF MEN OF LIGHT AND LEADING,
OUR BEST AUTHORITY ON FOOD AND FEEDING.

REVERSE THE ENGINE!

THIS is now the great patriotic cry. We have all been going forward a little too fast. Let our cry now be Backwards! Free-trade has not done all that was expected of it. Let us return to Protection. Protection was good and kind. It gave the landlords rent, and the manufacturers bounties. England is not strong enough to run out of leading-strings. Gas has not behaved well. Let us return to oil-lamps and tallow candles. Railways have much to answer for. Let us return to stage-coaches and the peaceful waggon. Telegraphs and Telephones have destroyed the art of letter-writing. Before the English language is a thing of the past, let us return to quills, Bath-post and twopenny postmen. Newspapers—the cheap ones—have done more harm than good, and are multiplying in a way to alarm the thoughtful. Let us go back to Stamp Acts and Paper Duties. England was something like a country when it was content with *Punch*, *John Bull*, and the *Morning Herald*, price sixpence. If we can only revive the Tory Millennium, who knows what may happen? The United States may return to their allegiance, apologise for Bunker's Hill, and help us to put a little life into our rickety colony, Canada.

THOUGHT ON CONTEMPLATING AN OBESE AND OSTENTATIOUS BILLINGS-GATE SALESMAN.—“Oh fish, fish, how art thou fleshified!”

WHAT SHALL WE DRINK?

DEAR PUNCH,—During the late “hot snap” everybody has been asking this question. People generally seek something palatable as well as thirst-quenching. No, Sir, if we must drink at all, let us drink something nasty.

Do you favour a sharp drink? Try tepid water in which sorrel has been steeped. I have walked miles on it. To those who dislike acidity one pinch of salt is an improvement. Magnesia, again. Nothing is more cooling than magnesia. Taken in skim-milk it will assuage the most raging drouth in the twirling of a mop-handle. I always row on magnesia and skim-milk. Weak toast-and-water with a dash of treacle is an excellent thirst-killer. Keep it by you when you have to work in a close room on a hot day, and *you won't drink half as much of it as you would of iced claret cup!* Oatmeal and water is inexpensive, but three split peas steeped in a pint (some prefer a quart) of rain water makes a wholesome beverage, of which you may drink *any quantity* without serious results, save perhaps a little temporary stomachic revolt, which prejudiced people are apt to call nausea. It is a great mistake to condemn a drink because you don't like it. Drink on till you do. When I have to work extra hard (say at solving acrostics) and the thermometer is above 100, I concoct a beverage which I call potato-squash. It consists of a scraped potato steeped in a bucket of soapsuds, and flavoured with a pinch of snuff. It is most cooling and stimulating, and I have solved more Society puzzles on it than on anything else. I hope, Sir, that these hints may be of service to toilers, pedestrian and otherwise, in this torrid weather.

When the mercury rises high and the eyes in sun-glare blink,
We hear a voice which says, “Drink, thirsty creature, drink!”
But shun as you'd shun sun-stroke the cold insidious ice.
And never whatso'er may chance, drink anything that's nice.

Yours, &c. N. OODLE.

A GLUT OF GREAT NAMES.

EITHER a Parliamentary grant of money, or, if that be denied by patriotic economists, a public subscription must soon be requisite for the purpose of affording a chapel-of-ease to Westminster Abbey. This, not indeed, to accommodate any excess of congregation above-ground, but to provide room for the remains and statues of the illustrious defunct, with both of which the interior of the national place of sepulture and commemoration is already inconveniently crowded. The glut of soldiers, statesmen, historians, poets, and other distinguished writers, serious as well as comic, whose mortal relics, and immortal memories, go on accumulating so copiously as to render the payment of sepulchral and monumental honours to them a difficulty of space, is such a credit to the nation as to reconcile Englishmen to the expense. But wouldn't cremation assist us? A niche in the Abbey would then mean simply a few inches for a small urn with a label on it.

How it Strikes Us.

“The reports from the iron districts have become favourable without an exception. . . . The men employed at three of the largest iron-works in Cleveland have struck.”—*Daily Papers*.

THE Iron-works prosper, on all sides one hears,
That pig's much in demand, and trade better appears;
But the men have gone out—they remember we wot,
In the face of such weather, to strike while it's hot!

LORD CLONCUREY, the Captain of the Lords at Wimbledon—a peer among his peers—made “fifteen bulls.” Not bad, even for an Irishman. There's a Landlord for you! But, being such a mighty fine shot, wouldn't he make an illigant Tenant?



"THE SERVANTS!"

Footman out of Livery (to Coachman). "WELL, SMITHERS, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON? YOU'RE OFF SOON, I SUPPOSE?"

Coachman. "WELL, NO; I'M A-GOIN' TO SEND OUR PEOPLE 'ABROAD' AT THE END O' THE MONTH, AND THEN WE SHALL HAVE THE 'OUSE TO OURSELVES, AND—WE SHALL SEE SOMETHINK OF YER PERHAPS!"

[*Her Ladyship making her appearance—Tacet!*]

TRILLS FOR TEETOTALLERS.

(Inscribed to Sir Wilfrid Lawson.)

WHAT'S the best drink in hot weather? 'Tis a most momentous question,
And a full investigation might result in indigestion.

Nathless I go forth undaunted to indite a Bacchic hymn,
And to try whate'er is tempting in the form of Summer "stim."

HORACE by Bandusian fountain sang the praise of water bright,
But he added "*digne mero*," and methinks the bard was right.

I've a great regard for water; it has value to my thinking
As a cool means of ablution, not for purposes of drinking.

There's a happy combination makes a most seductive thing—
Gin and soda, ice and lemon—euphemistically "sling."

While a liquid quite teetotal will go down as soft as silk:
Let the soda's effervescence foam upon a glass of milk.

Brandy-smashes, whiskey-cocktails—all in turn are pleasant, very;
And Apollinaris Water goes extremely well with sherry.

If preferring humbler fluids, you a mighty bowl would quaff,
Beer and ginger-beer commingled will result in "shandy-gaff."

Ginger-beer, too, mixed with cider, as our Volunteers can tell,
Makes the pleasant cup called "Bull's-eye," Wimbledonians know so well.

At the Oval they make "Hatfield" to reward a clever catch:
Wot ye well its imbibition often makes or mars a match.

Lemonade, with just a dash of Angostura, quenches thirst;
One ice-cream dissolved in soda is of coolers not the worst.

Yet, amid a thousand liquids in which thirsty souls delight,
"*Ἀπὸ τὸν μὲν ὄψα*,"—PINDAR very possibly was right!

A PROTEST.

WE, the undersigned, being in all probability the largest consumers of Real Turtle Soup in the whole City of London, hereby most emphatically—we had almost written greenatically—protest against the terrible insinuation contained in your last number. Our long and large experience enables us to say, with a degree of assurance, the result of earnest, nay, solemn conviction, that there is a certain exquisite scrumptiousness and golopiousness about Real Turtle, that never has been equalled—cannot be equalled now, and, in all human probability, never will be equalled; and to endeavour to persuade us that, in seasons of scarcity and consequent tribulation, we are imposed upon by such a truly awful substitute as Irish Conger Eel, is to stab an almost mortal blow to the highest form of enjoyment of which our nature is capable.

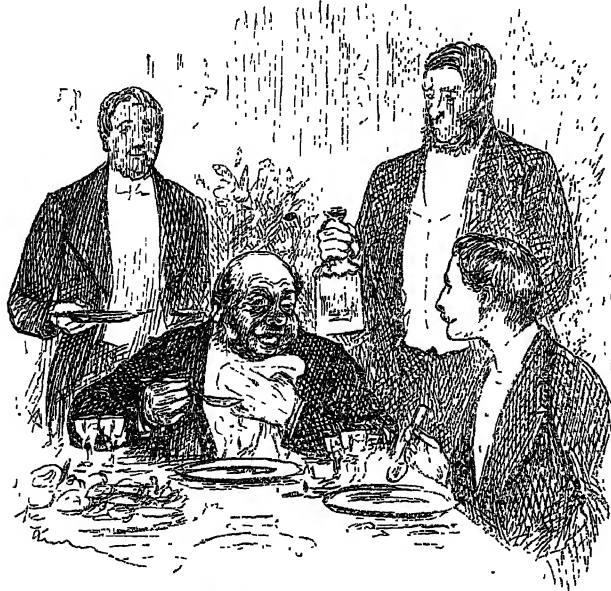
You can be but little aware, Sir, of how much your terrible suggestion has interfered with what constitutes to us one of the principal charms of life, nor how much internal discomfort has already been caused. Whether the highly distinguished gentlemen who contract with us for our usual copious supply of Fine Lively Turtle, will consider it desirable to consult counsel upon the matter, will, we believe, depend upon your insertion or not of this solemn protest.

(Signed) BENJAMIN GOBBEL, *Alderman and Pavior.*
SLEYME WOOLLYTUNG, *Ex-Sheriff.*
OWEN WOINOTT, *Clerk to the Worshipful Company of Bellows Menders.*

I wilfully indawses these Fax, countersined, "ROBERT."

MILK ABOVE AND MILK BELOW.

THE Aylesbury Company began business as milk-dealers, and now they advertise that, as manufacturers, they are prepared to supply a very nutritious imitation of human milk. Perhaps, before long, they will supply the milk of human kindness?



BREAKING THE ICE.

Alderman Gobbins (with friendly wink, to our Youthful Poet). "I SAY, YOU DON'T HORFEN GIT TURBLE SOUP, YOUNG MAN, I KNOW!"

ON THE LAWN.

(Goodwood, 1881.)

Mrs. Lankester Gayle. Pray enjoy yourselves as well as you can, good people. But, dear me! Goodwood is not what it was. It is quite invaded by the lower orders—by the canal.

Miss Harley. Bad as our dear hostess's English is, it is better than her French.

Mr. Albany. It couldn't be worse. But in this case the mistake was pardonable, for her father was a bargeman on the Basingstoke Canal.

Miss Harley. Really! I always thought he had been a convict! How did he make his money?

Mr. Albany. Thieving, of course. No man can make a quarter of a million honestly. But what are our fellow-guests saying?

Miss Torrington. Dear, dear Goodwood! I think I chiefly like it because it is the end of that dreadful "season." And really Society exacts so much from one nowadays that it will be quite a comfort to be actually able to sleep, and not have to dress more than four times a day.

Miss Harley. She is a niece of old GAYTE'S, and what Society has exacted from her has been to drop in once or twice in the evening after her aunt's dinners, a picnic given by a third-rate solicitor at Burnham Beeches, and a couple of dances at Willis's. As for dressing four times a day, if she had four dresses worth looking at, she would think herself nearer heaven than she is ever likely to be.

Mr. Albany. Well, she is well enough dressed to-day. That cool cream and delicate olive-green are—

Miss Harley. Tottenham Court Road, if not Edgeware. But no man will ever understand the mysteries of dress. I have heard men say to their wives, "My dear, I saw a lovely dress in a shop-window marked thirty-five shillings." What they thought was "lovely" was the thirty-five shillings. Fancy a dress out of a shop-window!

Mr. Albany. All the same, it is wonderful how the lower middle class girls do make themselves so well-looking. But why is Miss TORRINGTON here?

Miss Harley. LOO TORRINGTON? Because LOO TORRINGTON is twenty-six, and her aunt wants to get her married.

Mr. Albany. Money?

Miss Harley. Not a penny. Her father is in the Custom House, opens your trunks, I suppose, and rumples your pet things if the man of your party is too mean or too foolish not to give him a sovereign to pass your luggage, and she is one of eight, and all the boys have gone to the bad. Of course, if she marries, which somehow those women with red hair and green eyes—*What?* you thought her like ELLEN TERRY? She is more like that jockey there—manage to do, it will be one less for her aunt to keep. I don't know why it is, but one has to look after one's relations.

Mr. Camden. It is our national sport. The love of horse-racing is

inbred within us. I adore it. My Mecca, my shrine, the town I love beyond all others is Newmarket.

Mr. Albany. Where a Civil Service clerk with a hundred and thirty pounds a year is naturally in the habit of going.

Mrs. Portsdown. Of course you were at Ascot?

Mr. Camden. Would I miss it? Rather would I forfeit my life than be absent from Royal Ascot, though perhaps it would have been better if I had, for we poor plungers suffered terribly, and had it not been for the Jews, I don't know where my monkey on Monday would have come from.

Mr. Albany (sotto voce). From Somerset House, if you had happened to be coming out. A monkey! He wasn't at Ascot at all, and he had one sovereign on *Petronel* for the Cup.

Mrs. Portsdown. I hear, Mr. CAMDEN, that you are a dreadful gambler.

Mr. Camden. I can't help it. It is the fault of our family.

Mr. Albany. CAMDEN with a family! He will talk of the family crest next.

Mrs. Lankester Gayle. Law, dears, here is the Prince! How well he is looking!

Mr. Camden. Did you see his bow to me? He has a wonderful memory for faces.

Miss Harley. He has had so many opportunities of seeing Mr. CAMDEN'S—or ones like his—in hairdressers' windows. Oh! there's the beautiful Mrs. ALDERNEY!

Mr. Albany. Pretty woman, I always think.

Miss Harley. I admire none of the professional beauties; but she would look very nice, or, to use the new word, very "snappy" on board a yacht.

Mr. Albany. You mean that her superb figure in a jersey—

Miss Harley. No, I mean that she would make one feel so safe; for in case of a wreck, six or seven people could easily be accommodated in one of her boots.

Mr. Albany. Feminine jealousy. You would give your soul to be in her place.

Miss Harley. Having received a higher education, and been taught to believe that I have no soul, possibly I would give what I haven't got.

Mr. Albany. There's the horn!

Miss Harley. I suppose we must get up an interest in this stupid racing. Thanks. Yes—three dozen to one in long gloves.

FROM OUR ASTRONOMER.

WHAT news of the second Comet? I've got none, Sir. You asked me to go out in the evening and be sure take a good glass. I



did both. I took several glasses: strong ones. I've been out night after night and taken my glasses stronger and stronger, but I can't see that second Comet. Where is it? I tried to see it from Greenwich, where the Observatory is, also the Trafalgar. As I couldn't dine at the Observatory, I was compelled to try and see the Comet from the Trafalgar. Tried it also from Purfleet: delightful fish curry at WINGROVE'S, quite as

hot as the Comet. Glasses not too strong here. POMMERY, I think, '74 or thereabouts. Delightful evening, saw a lot of things from that balcony, but not the Comet. Tried experiments at Hampton Court. SADLER'S Pommery glasses here: rather stronger, but though we took it in Magnums, I missed the second Comet, and the last train. Where is the second Comet? Let me know directly you hear. Lovely weather for the river and sea-side. Shall try and get a glimpse of it from the sea-side.

"THE CHILDREN'S CRY."

THE Punch Fund for this thoroughly deserving object now amounts to over two hundred pounds. *Mr. Punch* has the greatest pleasure in announcing that he has been enabled to afford material aid towards the expenses of an "outing" for the schools in the most populous and the poorest quarters. At St. Jude's, Whitechapel, they have tried what appears to be an excellent plan of outings. To all interested in such matters, we recommend the Reverend MILLS ATKINSON'S Pamphlet on the subject. He manages to give a Stay in the country instead of a Day. But, in this weather, if it's only a day, what a real holiday to the children!

WEATHER PROSPECTS.



Rather Fresh—Cloudy and Cool, but Threatening.



Glass Rising—a Light Breeze, with some Showers.



Glass Falling—Stormy, with much Rain.



Very Sultry—Electrical disturbances of the Hair.



A Strong Gale, then settled.



Dull, with marked depression—Cool and Fair.

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

As we was rather slack a few weeks ago, I was left in charge of one of the nicest tho' smallest Taverns in the City.

I never menshuns no names, fabbylus sums has been offerd to me to do so, but no, so long as, by your kindness, I am red in the face of all Urope, so to speak, I shall decline to give up Litteryttoor and take to Lying in the shape of puffs.

Well, I was just arranging our comfortable little Coffee Room, when a Forren Gent comes in and says to me, says he, "Can I have a nice reel English dinner for 4 in a nours time?" "Yes, Sir," I says, "that you can." "Very well," says he, "then I leaves it all to you, but everythink must be of the best." "All right, Sir," says I, and away he goes. Well, I sits myself down afore the Fire, as I always does when I wants to think deeply, and then down I goes to the Cook and gives him my orders. At 6 o'clock sharp in they all 4 comes a talking and a larking together, but not one word could I understand. Well, down they sets and I gives 'em reel Turtel Soup, and then a lovely Turbut and then such a reel English Rum Stake as no Frenchman ever seed in his own Country, with about 3 duzen reel English Native Oysters, and I gives 'em only jest a nice slice apiece out of the middle, and then a second Stake just off the Fire just as they was red for it, and then lots of Game. They had Punch with their Turtel, and a bottle of Joe Hanny's Berg with the Fish, a bottle of our oldest Shampayne with the Stakes, a bottle of Burgundy with the Game, and just one glass apiece of our 47 Port with their cheese. I gave 'em for Desert, 2 grand bunches of lovely English Hottus Grapes, and a dish of reel English Wornuts and 4 a duzen Peers.

Good grashus me! how they did talk and how they did eat, and how they did lark and how they did drink! They had 3 more bottels of the 47 Port with the Desert, had a cup of Corffee and a glass of green Charterhouse, and then the Head Gentleman says to me, "Bring the bill if you please." I am afraid I looked just a little reddish as I gave it to him, for it come to £10. 5. 0. He just glanced at the foot of it and he says, says he, "Waiter, what's your name?" "ROBERT, Sir," says I, rayther in a tremble. "Well, Mr. ROBERT," says he, "allow me to shake hands with you, and to say that you have given us the best dinner we ever had in all our lives." And then he aeshally shook hands with me! He then said some gibberish to his friends and they all stood up and shook hands with me! and one of 'em said "ROBBET twa cur shame!" I think he must have been a sort of Scotch Frenchman, like *Squinting Durward*, as my boy WILLIAM was a reading about last week. Of course I didn't

RULES FOR GENERALS ON THE RETIRED LIST.

(1.) THEY will be allowed to retain the seats they have occupied for years past in the Service Clubs, and will be permitted to grumble as much as ever over the decadence of British *prestige*. (2.) They will not be called upon to change their opinion about "the Army going to the doose," nor will they be invited to cease to believe that "the Dook wouldn't have allowed it, Sir, and they wouldn't have dared to try it on in *his* day, Sir!" (3.) They will not be restrained from joining the Board of any new Company of Limited or unlimited liability, that is in want of really capable, useful, and practical Directors. (4.) They will not be debarred from writing to the papers landatory letters of one another. (5.) They will be permitted to become county magistrates to the great delight of wife-beaters, and to the abject terror of starving pilferers of half-pennyworths of carrots and mangel-wurzel. (6 and lastly.) If they find their ample leisure very wearisome, they will be permitted to learn, as a novelty, something of the rudiments of the science of the profession of which they were once ornamental rather than useful members.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

FLATS, at the Criterion Theatre, by Mr. SIMS, is very ingenious, a trifle confusing perhaps, but excellently played, and full of bustling fun, from the basement to the attic. By the way, how good the performance in the orchestra is here. Why not change the name of your Theatre, Mr. WYNDHAM? Call it the Laughterion Theatre, and omit the "Cri" altogether. At the Gaiety the full band of the *Forty Thieves* has returned to town; the Foreigners have left, and the Farren-ers have resumed their places. Kathleen Mavourneen—we mean KATE MA-VAUGHANEEN—reappears, of course, as *Morgiana*. *Imprudence*, at the Folly, we've not yet seen. Messrs. MERRITT and HARRIS's *Youth* comes out next Saturday. He ought to have been out now, so he's a backward Youth.

know a bit what he meant, but this I know, that the Head Gent took out his purse and gave me two 25 notes and a suvverain, and throwing the bill back said, "I don't want that, and keep the change for your trubbel!" and away they went, larking away just as they had dun all dinner time.

Well, it's bin my good fortun to wait on hundreds of the gratest men in the country, Lord Mares by the duzen and Aldermen and M.P.'s by the score, but, to my thinking, the finest spesemen of a Reel Gent, one of Natur's Nobbleems, was the Forren Gent as not only shook hands with me, a poor umbel Waiter, but gave me 15/- as he said for my trubbel.

Ah what a World it would be if all Gents was like that Gent!

(Signed) ROBERT.

SMOKE!

"Dr. SIEMENS moved a resolution declaring that the present smoky condition of the atmosphere of London had an injurious effect upon the health and happiness of the community, besides destroying public buildings, deteriorating perishable fabrics, and entailing unnecessary expenditure."—*Times*.

If you ask me why I pine,
Why so pale this cheek of mine,
Why I never feel quite well,
Dr. SIEMENS bids me tell,
Loss of health, and that's no joke,
Comes from all this nasty Smoke!

If you note my pensive mood,
Why I oft refuse my food;
While my gown, like my poor face,
Loses tone and wears apace;
Blame the city's inky cloak—
All this mischief comes from
Smoke!

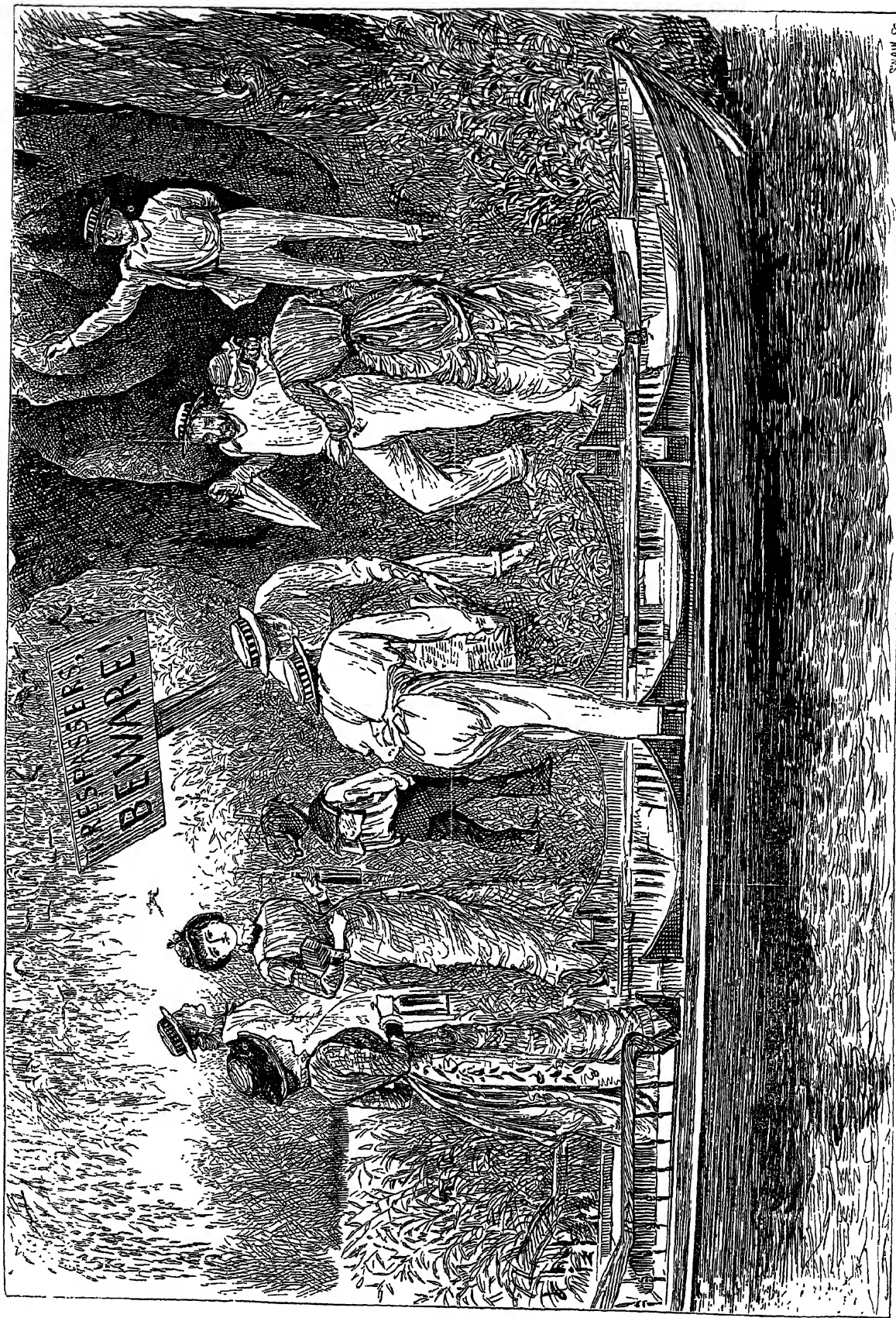
If you see yon fair Town-hall
Crumbling to its final fall;
While repairs for which we pay
More expensive grow each day;
Little wonder that we croak,
All that ruin comes from Smoke!

Men of Science! now we plead,
Help us in our urgent need;
Clear the smoke-clouds off which
fall
Round us like a sable pall:
Savants! we your aid invoke,
Save us from this plague of Smoke!

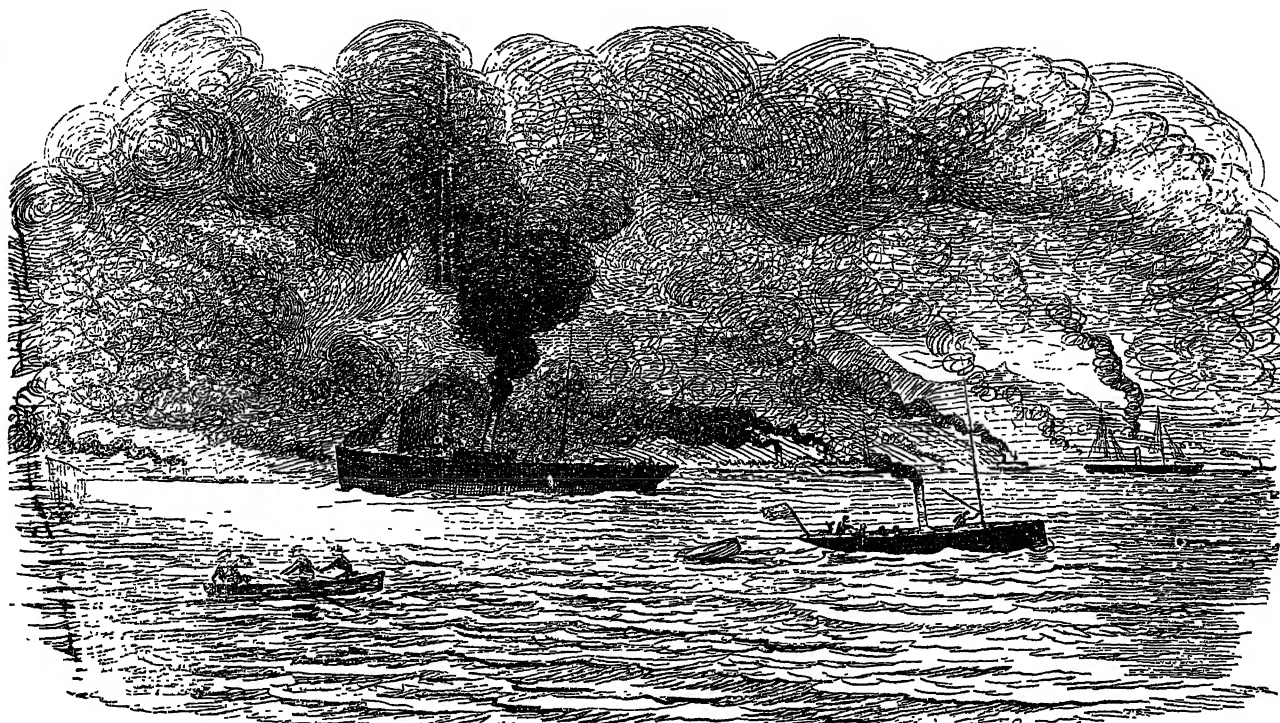
"A Word with Alderman Nottage."

THE Clerk to the Justices at Guildhall writes to say, that the Defendant (in the case we mentioned in our last) was "not taken into custody for asking a Policeman for his number," but "for resisting a Police Officer in the execution of his duty." Possibly the same idea—to the Policeman. But "Justice to the Magistrate," by all means, as he can't have too much of it.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—August 6, 1881.



THE TERRORS OF THE LAW.



THE CLYDE.—BEAUTIES OF SCOTCH SCENERY AS SEEN BY OUR ARTIST.

A PROTEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

DID you see the picture in last week's *Illustrated London News*, called "A Midsummer Night on the Terrace of the House of Commons"? Young and old Members enjoying themselves with ladies who, I am perfectly sure, are neither their wives nor their sisters—they may be convenient cousins—and only one elderly *Chaperone*, who ought to be ashamed of herself. Tumblers of iced drinks with straws in them—it's the last straw that shows which way the wind blows—coffee, cigars, and, *I think*, one of the cousins with a cigarette in her hand. I can't see it, but it is suggested by the attitude, and *I am sure it's there*. Pretty goings on, indeed! Is this what keeps them so late? Are these ladies the real obstructionists? I'm disgusted. Was it for this that my husband, M.P. for Stow-in-the-Hole, sent me down to our country house and regretted his inability to accompany me because he couldn't "*find a pair*"? But the *Illustrated* has done us poor wives good service. It ought to have called its picture "Pairs." "Pairs," indeed!—more like apples, I mean "The Forbidden Fruit." But not another day do I remain at The Moated Grange, Stow-in-the-Hole, as sure as my name's

MARIANA.

A PROMISING PLANT.

THE suggestion made by the *World*, that somebody should turn Baker Street into a Boulevard, is excellent. And in the recent hot weather no idea could have been happier. That a Londoner should be able to sit out and enjoy himself anywhere in the hot evening air, save on his own doorstep, seems to open up whole vistas of new social enjoyment. But why stop at Baker Street? Why indeed stop at a Boulevard? Why not let half-a-dozen military bands play every day in the Parks and Gardens of the Metropolis? Why not illuminate the "Zoo" and the "Horticultural," and give good music at cheap prices in the Continental style? So plant the trees in Baker Street as soon as possible. If in a day or two, as will probably be the case, it should be impossible to sit out after seven without a hot water bottle and an ulster, what of that? Let the wax figures from Madame Tussaud's have an airing. Anyhow, let the movement commence, and who knows but before long the note of the nightingale may not be heard in the Lowther Arcade, and even the City Griffin be mercifully covered up in ivy?

PREPARING TO RECEIVE BRADLAUGH.

(Extract from the Diary of the Sergeant-at-Arms.)

Monday.—Up early. Practised with dumb bells. Walked two miles. Had half-an-hour with the gloves and the Professor—an ex-member of the P.K. Missed my guard, and got a nasty one. The Professor doubts whether BR-DL-GH is up to the dodge. Hope he isn't. Rub down. Training-diet. Had a turn with Cornish Professional Wrestler. Threw me every time.

The Rest of the Week.—Improving. Biceps firmer and firmer. On Wednesday propped the Professor with an upper cut that made him see stars. Gave him another, just as he was recovering, that made him see comets. We shook hands. He says I'm his prize pupil. BR-DL-GH hasn't a chance with me. *Experientia Gossert*. Thursday afternoon threw the Cornishman twice, and gave my Westmoreland Professor much better than he gave me, with a curious back-fall over the left hip, which is an invention of my own. If BR-DL-GH tries this, he's nowhere.

Regret I can't teach my talented assistants in the House, but I'm afraid they're too old to learn. Gave 'em a set-to on Friday, just to see what they were made of, but they all fell about like ninepins. They'll do very well to pick up my man, when I drop him, and their united efforts may carry him down stairs (unless I've previously saved them the trouble by sending him down flying—to be left in Westminster Hall till called for), and convey him to the Clock Tower, where he might feel inclined for a "wind-up," which would finish him. Keep up my training and my pecker till BR-DL-GH appears, and then, like the two *gendarmes* in *Geneviève de Brabant*—

"I'll run him in,
I'll run him in,

For I am the Sergeant-at-Arms!

Sergeant! did I say? Why by this time, with my biceps as hard as steel, and in my splendid physical condition *plus* my professional knowledge, I'm the Ser-*g*éant-at-Arms, and I advise Daddy Long-legs who won't say his prayers to keep the Ser-*g*éant at arm's length, or I'll take him by both legs, and . . . but there—why boast?—he won't be "in it" with me.

After my easy victory I shall walk round and show my muscle. The Home-Rulers will tremble. Might exhibit Indian club-practice with the Mace. All in good time. At present I am prepared to receive BR-DL-GH.

MR. O'DONOVAN ROSSA'S MOTTO.—"Dyna-mite is Right."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

MONDAY, July 25.—Great Transvaal Debate to-night. MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH led off in speech of immense length and profound depth. The speech prepared some months ago, and not improved with keeping. It has lived night and day with MICHAEL, and, naturally, has had most depressing effect. He will be better to-morrow, as a man is after he has been cupped. But it has been a



Sheet Lightning.

terrible visitation, and shows the malignant lengths to which political animosity may be pushed. The House had the speech for only an hour and a half, and withered under it. Yet they permitted the Government to compel MICHAEL to go about with it for months, refusing him deliverance. No wonder his cheek has grown hollow, his eye glassy, and his step languid. Old Man of the Sea a trifle to it. But all over now; orator and speech doing well.

"Reminds me of childhood's happy hour," FORSTER said whilst the Right Hon. Baronet was droning along. "Had a wicked nurse who threw a sheet over her head, put a phosphorus match in her mouth, whitened her face, and coming into the nursery in the dim twilight, made fearful inarticulate sounds rather alarming than pleasing to the infant mind."

Really gives a very good idea of Sir MICHAEL's style. Quite reassuring to hear Alderman FOWLER cheer. Been rather quiet of late. Am told that Baron DE WORMS and one or two other Members sitting near have represented to him the necessity of moderating his transports. But to-night a great occasion, and the Alderman in full cry. Also Colonel MAKINS, who, as WILFRID LAWSON says, has in him "the makings" of a great orator, only he rarely gets beyond "Hear! hear!"

Mr. WARTON absent during the early part of the debate, but came in in time to settle the PREMIER. In fine form to-night. Full of exquisite humour. Joke is when GLADSTONE is making a point, to break in with cries of "Oh! Oh!" or with the loud laugh which Mr. GOLDSMITH says speaks the vacant mind. So successful to-night, that the baited PREMIER appealed to the SPEAKER. This looked serious; and Mr. WARTON was thenceforward dumb. But had done enough to establish his character as wit and humorist in the mind of Mr. WHITLEY, and one or two others, who sit near him.

Business done.—Vote of censure on Ministerial policy set aside by a majority of 109 in favour of vote of approval.

Tuesday.—"Come on, TOBY; there'll be wigs on the green presently." It was the voice of Mr. TREVELYAN, who passed on, hurrying into the House. I followed, marvelling. Lord EDMOND FITZMAURICE is what is called a Whig. But he was not on the green. Simply on his feet. I suppose it was a quotation. Wish I had laughed, instead of looking stupid. Always laugh, or smile knowingly, when literary men say anything you don't understand. Sure to be a quotation.

Lord EDMOND much moved by his own speech. House the same; only in this case the movement in direction of wondering when it is going to end. House very full. Evidently something up. Opposition look pleased, Irish Members openly scornful, Liberals distressed. GLADSTONE in a mighty fume. Lord EDMOND not at ease. Wants to limit main portion of the Land Bill to tenancies of £100 value. Thenceforth suspicious that he is playing into the hands of the Conservatives.

Mr. GLADSTONE up at last, firing 74 pounders all round. Thought we'd finished with the Land Bill, and the unrivalled series of speeches made by the PREMIER. But here's another. Supply inexhaustible, and PREMIER plainly unexhausted. Shrivels up his "noble friend" with pitying anger; pulverises W. H. SMITH who had ventured to offer a few mild remarks, and declaring that "here we firmly stand," incontinently sits down. Mr. BRAND tries to

soothe the indignant lion, protesting that no harm is meant, and if there is a true friend to the Land Bill it is your Whigling. But the lion only snorts impatiently, and presently comes the division, which shows, that by the alliance of Whigs and Tories, the Ministerial majority is reduced to 36. Suppose that's what TREVELYAN means by "Wigs on the green."

"You know ALLAN RAMSAY?" MUNDELLA said, when we met in the lobby.

"Oh! yes," I say, not going to be caught again. "He's Member for the Falkirk Burghs, humorist and distiller; makes jokes and Islay malt."

"No, I mean the other RAMSAY who made poetry, of this kind:—

"Whigs and Tories scratch and bite
Just as hungry dogs, we see.
Toss a bone 'twixt two, they fight;
Throw a couple they agree."



William bidding a temporary farewell to his little Bill, "just taken up."

Nothing personal you know, TOBY. Only it seems that sometimes one bone serves for both."

Business done.—Land Bill considered on Report.

Wednesday. RANDOLPH, whom HARCOURT calls "the Champagne CHARLIE of the House of Commons," has, after the manner of that eminent personage, "made up his mind for a spree." Land Bill slowly working through Report. Everyone sick to death of it. Was to have been finished ten days ago. Then the end was certain a week after. We were to have finished last Friday. We were to have ended on Monday. Yesterday was positively the last day. Here is to-day, and now to-morrow is fixed for the great event.

Seems actually so near at hand that arrangements are made in respect of the Third Reading. Everybody thinks there has been fight enough. No one going to take a division on Third Reading. RANDOLPH looks round, surveying the unsuspecting House. NORTHCOTE nobbled; PARNELL pacified; all going on smoothly. Happy thought strikes RANDOLPH. What a lark it would be to drop into the Assembly a bombshell in the shape of a notice of Amendment to the Third Reading! How GLADSTONE would fume, how NORTHCOTE would fret, how Mr. BIGGAR would grin, and how Mr. HEALY would once more be shaken in his allegiance, halting between his native chief and the kindred spirit on the bench below! No sooner said than done. RANDOLPH draws up an Amendment full of large words, and reads it out with great satisfaction to himself, and amid uproarious applause from Mr. WARTON.

Business done.—Land Bill further considered on Report.

Thursday Night.—ASHMEAD-BARTLETT nearly tumbled over me just now. Rushing about in most excited style, with his locks floating in the wind like the drapery of a seraph. Always like a chat with ASHMEAD. Wonderfully informing man. Knows the



Coming Events cast their Shadows by Elektrick Light.

secrets of every Court in Europe. Folds and refolds Eastern diplomacy as a man might roll a cigarette between finger and thumb.

"Nothing gone wrong at Berlin?" I inquired, anxiously. "Is all quiet in Schleswig-Holstein? Does order reign at Warsaw? Are our relations with Portugal strained? Has the Volga marched on the Danube; or is this true that Alderman FOWLER whispers to me about the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes?"

"No, no," said ASHMEAD, breathless, "it's India, TOBY, India—Afghanistan. AYOUB KHAN has beaten ABDUL RAHMAN. He's in full retreat, and Candahar is lost."

"Well, never mind; I daresay it will be found again."

"TOBY, I have always foretold this. I've warned GLADSTONE,

put questions to HARTINGTON, spoken as plainly as I could, but they wouldn't listen, and now all is over, and in a few weeks, perhaps days, the Russians will be selling sheepskins in the bazaars at Calcutta."

"Come, come, ASHMEAD, brush away that tear; I dare say nobody will buy them." But it was no use. He would not be comforted, and passed onward with the same long stride, and his locks floating in the ambient air of the lobby. Glad I know nothing of foreign politics. Only brings trouble on a man.

Business done.—Finished Report on Land Bill.

Friday Night.—Out of the troubled Commons into the peaceful Lords. There all glare and uproar and rancour and laughter and HEALY. Here dim lights, unbroken silence, empty galleries, six Peers, and no Lord Chancellor. Presently comes the noise of the tramp of many feet, and, jostling, pushing, and laughing, the Commons, surging at the bar, desecrate the silence and solemnity of the place. Lord MONSON suggests that Lord THURLOW should take the Woolsack, which he does, looking several sizes too small by reason of having neither wig nor gown. Then Lord MONSON moves that the Land Bill be read a First Time. There is no one to say "No," and the thing is done. Great chance of a *coup d'état*. Lord CORK saw it first, and thus began:—

"Say, MONSON, we're in a clear majority. Let's move to suspend the Standing Orders, read the Bill a Second Time, rush it through Committee, take the Report, and read it a Third Time. Finish by midnight, and save no end of trouble." Lord MONSON paused. "No," he said, "people would talk." So they read the Bill a First Time, and went home.

Business done.—Land Bill finally left the Commons. Read a First Time in the Lords.

THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

THE Belle of the Season! How weary

She must be of concert and ball,

Preserving an attitude cheery,

With chatter for each and for all.

For her is the night turned to day-time,

For her does the day become night,

From earliest dawn of the May-time,

Till heather in August blooms bright.

Some solace she finds in her dresses,

Dark-hued or with colours of flame,

Some glory when fashion professes,

A wish for her milliner's name.

But what are the frills and the flounces,

What charm lies in ten-buttoned glove,

When no suitor ever pronounces,

Those words full of magic, "I love!"

She lives with the upper ten thousand,

Society's highest trump cards,

She wins both their smiles and their bows, and

She conquers Her Majesty's Guards.

Like sheep through the hedgerow they follow

Wherever she chooses to lead;

But does the world never seem hollow,

And life but a shadow indeed?

She makes no mistakes and no *faux pas*,

Comports herself wondrously well,

Le jeu, does she fancy, *ne vaut pas*—

You know how it ends—*la chandelle*.

Far better the maddest love marriage

Which makes all society groan,

Than coronet, title, and carriage,

With never a heart for her own.

Adieu, then, O Belle of the Season,

Fair butterfly, flutter your day;

If haply our rhyme has a reason,

You'll smilingly laugh it away.

Yet this be the bard's *ultimatum*,

While passing your life in review,

You'll find *Vanitas vanitatum*

A motto too terribly true.

SUGGESTION.—Why not revive, at the Grand Opera, Paris, the celebrated *Italiano in Algeria*? Just the time for it.



Dear Deaf Old Lady (to Young Swell). "AND WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH YOURSELF?"

Young Swell (off-handedly). "I?—OH, I'M ON THE STOCK EXCHANGE."

D. D. O. L. "AH! THE STOCKING TRADE! AND A VERY GOOD TRADE TOO!"

OFFICIAL PROGRAMME OF THE INTERNATIONAL MEDICAL CONGRESS.

First Day.—Grand Banquet. Interesting experiments with various wines. Confidential exchange of experiences after the third bottle.

Second Day.—Grand *Déjeuner*. Surgical operations on cold fowls and raised pies. General investigation of "mixing." Valuable results obtained by taking a combination of champagne, sherry, port, claret, pale ale and chartreuse vert.

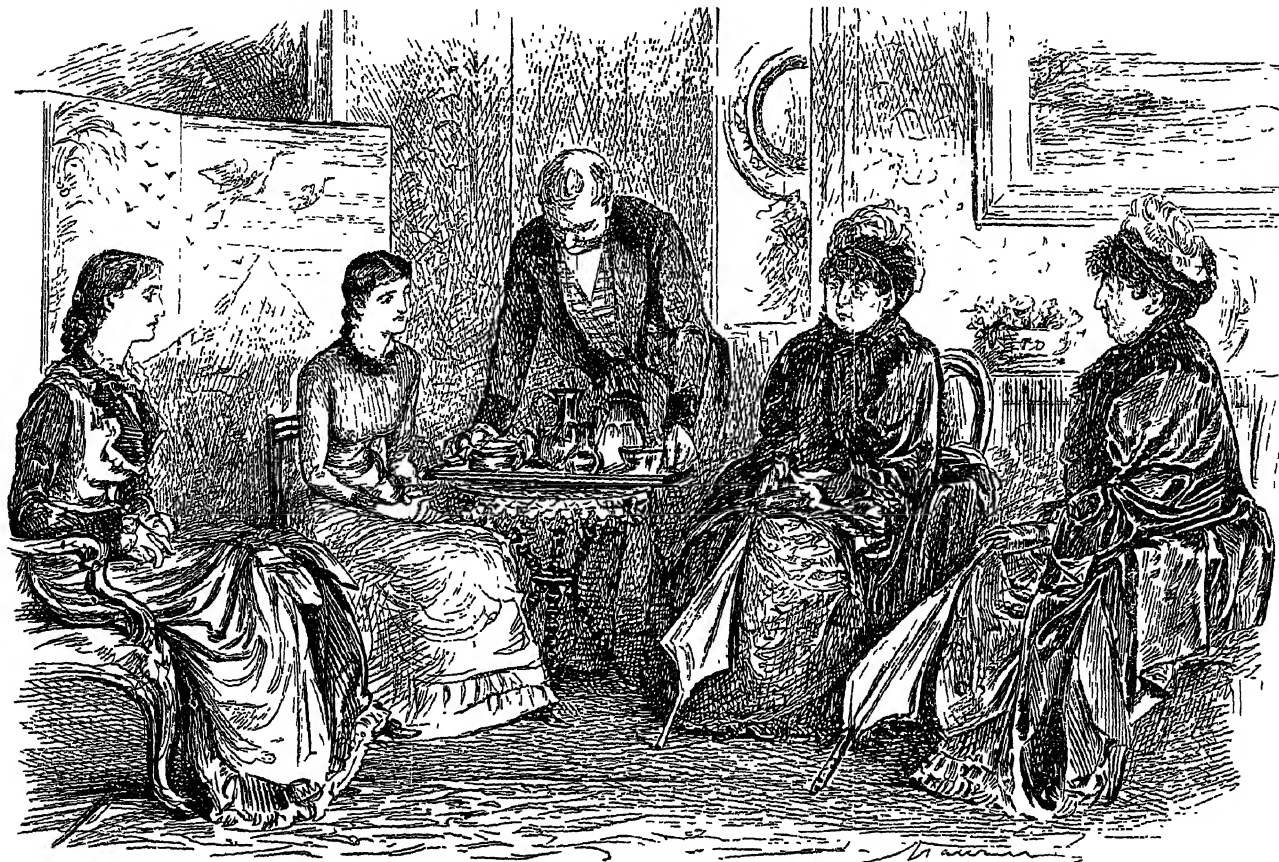
Third Day.—Garden Party. Examination of the action of the muscles in the game of Lawn Tennis. Close study of strawberries and cream and champagne cup. Supper experiment at the Albion. Extempore lecture upon the benefits to be derived by taking whiskey and water internally before retiring to bed.

Fourth Day.—Select Dinner Party of *savants* interested in Food. Careful consideration of the effect upon the system of turtle soup, curried whitebait, canvas-backed ducks, and an entirely new and original with-your-cheese pick-me-up made of sardines, olives, truffles, cayenne pepper, tomatoes, capers, herring-roses, fowls' livers, and tarragon vinegar. Human capacity for absorbing champagne in extra large doses practically tested. After the termination of the experiments, a long consultation with the Police.

Fifth Day.—Psychological Pic-nic. Exercise of the nerve power of the lower limbs to the sounds of a Military band. Interesting operation of a quadrille, a polka, and a waltz. Day finished with a scientific supper. Preparations of different kinds of meat. Practical lectures upon the anatomy of the fowl, the duck, and the turkey. Experiments in wine temperature. Claret seventy, and champagne four degrees below zero. Perambulating difficulties, and optical delusions. Exercise of the vocal chords:—Subject—"We will not go home till morning."

Sixth and last Day.—All the foreign doctors ill in bed, sending for all the English doctors. General prescription—Large doses of soda-water!

DANGEROUS BARREL ORGANS.—The Dynamite came over from America in barrels labelled "Cement." The skirmishing Irish Nihilists have a playful idea of cementing the friendship between the two countries. We should like to pile Pelion on Rossa, and shut him up effectually, if it be true that it is he who has set in motion this infernal machinery.



COMPARING NOTES.

"A DULL SEASON? I THINK NOT! SO MANY PEOPLE HAVE GIVEN DANCES, YOU KNOW!"
 "NOT IN OUR SET, AT ALL EVENTS—FOR WE'VE NOT BEEN ASKED TO ANY!"

THE UNFORSAKEN.

AIR—"The Forsaken."

He stood beside St. Stephen's gate,
 His feet were near the portal's sill,
 And much he mused upon the fate
 Like to befall his cherished Bill.
 It entered. Mellow as a bell,
 His sweet voice followed in a song;
 "He will return, I know him well;
 He will not leave me here for long!"

And there he stood as hours on rolled,
 Mindful of every groan and cheer;
 He heeded, *not* the heat, the cold,
 But CAIRNS's wrath and SALISBURY's jeer.
 He heard the boom of the big bell,
 And still he piped the same sweet song—
 "He will return, I know him well;
 He will not leave me here for long!"

"He'll never stay. In vain the hope
 They'll let him pass unchallenged there.
 Amendments—changes—will he cope
 With all, in CARLINGFORD's fond care?
 Would I were there, his foes to fell!
 But, weakened, or still stout and strong,
 He will return, I know him well,
 He will not leave me here for long!"

Another Eastern Question.

WE have received a prospectus of the New Mustapha Hotel in Algiers. "The necessity for such a place," says 'ARRY in Algiers, "is quite evident from the name, 'Must'ave a 'Otel.'" We haven't any interest in the "spec," but we hope shareholders will.

NOTES FOR RIVER CURRENCY.

DRAMATIC Authors find it difficult to invent a good title for a piece, and more difficult to get a good tag. Try Tagg's Island on a beautiful Sunday afternoon in summer-time. Sure to have an Inn-spiration, and plenty of it. Select company here: only the Tagg, very few of the Rag, and no Bobtail.

In CHARLES DICKENS's (CHARLES the Second's) generally excellent *Guide to the Thames* he, though a close observer, has not hit on the following remarkable fact:—When the weary and parched rower wants to find out that third-o'-the-way house where he may slake his thirst ("Slake" is a nice word—slaking with cider cup is an *icerer*) he has only to look out for somebody on the bank fishing, and behind that solitary fisherman is safe to be a public somewhere concealed. Land boldly, ask him, don't spare his blushes, and he'll tell you.

A Guide to the Thames.—Bravo, Mr. CHARLES DICKENS! But why should Old Father Thames want a Guide at all! Let us consider "why." Well, CHARLES my friend, perhaps it is because he wanders.

But he's not old—look at him now in this weather. Father Thames! Young Brother Thames! Sister Thames! See our "River Plate" this week. Who wouldn't like to be one of those Trespassers! As we look at them—and there are more where they came from, and a lot more hidden away on this Enchanted Isle—we feel—you feel—everyone feels—that he could go on trespassing until the shades of evening gather round, and we then cry out, "Beware! Trespassers beware—of Rheumatics!"

Afghanistan.

Latest News (by Russian wire).—Herat. Here-at-it again.

Question to be asked by Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett, M.P.—Can we apply to ABDURRAHMAN to return the guns and rifles we gave him, when we presented arms to him as AMEER, as he has no further use for them.

Question to be asked by anybody who has nothing better to do.—Is "A Durham Man" in England likely to sympathise with AB-DURRAHMAN, late of Candahar?



“AU REVOIR!”

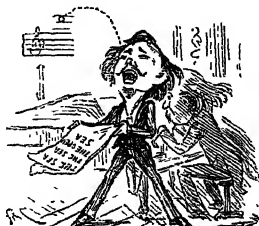
W. E. G. (*outside the House of Lords, sings confidently*). “HE WILL RETURN—I KNOW HIM WELL—”

[HE WILL—BUT HOW?—PUNCH.]

SEA-SIDE-SPLITTERS.



Taking a Dip, and getting a Blow.



A High Sea over the Bar.

A UNITED FAMILY.

(The Woburns talk over their Holiday.)

Mrs. Woburn. You have not forgotten what I was saying to you last night, HENRY?

Mr. Woburn (jocosely). I have tried to forget most of what you said to me last night, my dear, and on the whole with considerable success.

Mrs. Woburn (meaning business). The twenty-seventh of July is too late in the year for what you consider witticisms, which, as far as I can make out, are mainly repetitions of remarks made by omnibus-drivers to their conductors.

George Woburn (aged nineteen, starting a subject suddenly). Your ideas on the subject of breakfast, Mater, are limited in the extreme. You seem to think that with eggs, bacon, and ham you have exhausted the gamut.

Louise Woburn (aged twenty). And a very good breakfast, too. You might remember how many poor people there are who are starving.

George. Of all the senseless and idiotic reasons for giving a man bad food, that is the most senseless. How on earth should I do any harm to a starving man by having a outlet for breakfast!

Mr. Woburn. Don't wrangle, GEORGE. It is a bad habit, and the sooner you get out of it the better. Your sister was perfectly correct. We should think of those in poverty. I am delighted to see that *Punch* has got over two hundred pounds to take the poor children into the country; and I have not been so proud for a long time as I was yesterday when I received an acknowledgment from the Editor for my modest donation. Five pounds is not much, but it will make many a little one happy.

Louise. Five pounds! And I had to decline Mrs. RUSSELL's launch trip to Cliveden Woods, because I had got nothing to wear? Oh, Papa!

George. Oh, you are selfish! I say in this case, Bravo the Governor!

Louise. Perhaps you have given five pounds too?

George. I most certainly should have, had *Prudhomme* won the Goodwood Stakes.

Louise. Oh, spare us that horse-racing! Captain NORBANK was only saying the other night, that at no time was stable talk pleasant, but that when it came from the lips of innocent children like you, it was positively dreadful.

Mrs. Woburn. Of course, I am nobody in my own house, but when you two young people have quite finished shouting at each other across the table, perhaps you will let me ask when your father gave, what I must call for a man in his position, this munificent, this princely donation?

Mr. Woburn. Why at Lodge the other night we all made a subscription.

Mrs. Woburn. I thought so. You spent five pounds each on your dinner—

Mr. Woburn. Five pounds! The dinner cost five-and-twenty shillings a head, wine included.

Mrs. Woburn. And a nice dinner it would be for a price like that! I see: and after that you all got very . . . sentimental, and threw away your money. So what it comes to is, we shall not have that holiday.

Mr. Woburn. What holiday?

Mrs. Woburn. What holiday! As if at the end of July there was any use asking "What holiday?" Are we going to remain in London all August, like beggars?

Mr. Woburn. Beggars, my dear, is not exactly the term to apply to the Houses of Lords and Commons, who are most certainly going to remain in town all August.

Mrs. Woburn. That's so like a man's way of argument! But they're paid to do it.

Mr. Woburn (in a superior manner). Hired legislation is not yet a feature of English political life, I believe.

Mrs. Woburn. Oh, they will be given offices and made Post-Office clerks if they stop. Well, never mind. I thought we four were going to have a nice pleasant holiday together.

Mr. Woburn (dubiously). Certainly. *(Conciliatory.)* We all want rest and change.

George. I won't say anything about rest, though with Loo's tongue going all day the probabilities of that seem remote; but as for change, what change will there be in us four being together? As JIMMY FINCHLEY—

Louise. Is that the boy with the big feet, and with a perpetual cold in his head, who is always coming here with you?

George. When I was a child, it was considered rude to make personal remarks.

Louise. Ah, there have been lots of alterations in the last six weeks, the Comet's gone, and all sorts of things.

George. Well, JIMMY FINCHLEY says, that the great secret of a holiday is to get away from one's family. He has chucked over his people. I mean, they are going to the sea-side, and he's going to run over to Holland for a fortnight, and has asked me to go with him.

Mr. Woburn. If he can afford it you can't.

Louise. I forgot to tell you that I received a letter from CRISSE CURZON last night, asking me to stop with them in Norfolk for a month.

Mrs. Woburn. You will write this morning, LOUISE, and decline the invitation. I dislike Miss CURZON excessively. *(To her husband.)* Now, when shall we start, dear?

Mr. Woburn (hesitating). Ah, my darling, you will have to go before me. *(With a more decided air.)* You see business is so unsettled just now that I might be summoned at any moment to the Continent. *(Persuasively.)* If you were to run down first—

Mrs. Woburn (with determination). HENRY, out of this house neither I nor my children stir without you. You are the head of the family, and your proper position is at the head of the family. Are you anxious to get rid of us?

Mr. Woburn (much hurt—evidently). My dearest, how can you talk so? *(Pleasantly.)* When will you be ready to start?

Mrs. Woburn. This day week.

Mr. Woburn. That means in a fortnight.

Mrs. Woburn. It means this day week.

Mr. Woburn. And where are we going?

Mrs. Woburn. Where we have often talked of going—perhaps you can guess.

George. The Workhouse?

Mrs. Woburn. How can you be so silly! North Wales.

Mr. Woburn. A very good idea, indeed. *(Aside.)* It is a deuced out-of-the-way place, but there must be some route from there to Paris. I must see old DRUX GORDON about it.

George. We ought to have some very good fun there. *(Aside.)* I can lose my way and get over to Holland with JIMMY somehow. I'll look him up to-night.

Louise. It ought to be very jolly, Mamma, and I can have such capital sketching from nature. *(Aside.)* I'll write to Cris and tell her I will manage to come down to Norfolk.

[Exeunt severally to make their own separate arrangements.]

CARICATURISTS DUELLING.

M. ALFRED LE PETIT, the French caricaturist, having drawn Italy *pour rire*, has had to draw swords and encounter Signor MANFREDO BASSETTI and other enraged Italians in a series of duels. M. LE PETIT remains, up to our latest information, victorious—quite a *Petit Maître-d'armes*. In view of this fashion, of the caricatured challenging the caricaturist, reaching England, *Mr. Punch* has insisted on all his Artists at once taking lessons with various kinds of weapons, rapiers, broadswords, bayonets, quarter-staves, (to "crack knaves' costards withal") pistols and bowie-knives.

Mr. J-H-N T-NN-EL, our eminent Cartoonist, can already snuff a candle at ten paces, and pink his man so as to leave him quivering on a daisy in something less than five seconds, the salute included. He has also a special weapon for making a big cut. Mr. E. L. S-M-B-RNE, is gradually acquiring proficiency in the use of the battle-axe, in case he should be challenged by the Right Honourable W. E. GL-DST-NE, who will be touched by the courtesy that selects his own favourite weapon. It is a pretty sight to see Mr. E. L. S-M-B-RNE's experiment with an axe on a wood-block. Mr. G. DU M-R-E has selected a blunderbuss of ancient pattern; his idea being to scatter his enemies and make them fall. Mr. C. K-NE is in the country, exercising a chariot with scythes attached to the wheels: this will be really formidable. The rest are employed practising cuts—the unkindest cuts of all—in every direction. Motto for the Artists generally, "Draw—and defend yourselves!"

RAMSBOTHAMIANA.—MRS. RAMSBOTHAM told her Niece that she had heard there was to be "An Exhibition of Eccentricity" in Paris this month. It's not improbable, in view of the French Elections; but the excellent Mrs. R. meant "Electricity." Dangerous place, Paris, though, for this sort of thing.

AN ILL-USED INVENTOR.

AN ingenious Austrian recently invented a new soporific which he appropriately called the *Bändiger* or "tamer," as a few drops sprinkled on a man's head completely stupefied him. But instead of being hailed as a benefactor of his species, this unfortunate chemist was warned that if he did not give up his experiments, and if he communicated his secret to a living soul he would be treated as a criminal. Why doesn't this ill-used genius come here and bring the *Bändiger* along with him? It must be a sublime invention! Think of the glorious effect it would have on Messrs. HEALY and BIGGAR, on Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, and Sir H. D. WOLFF, on certain members of the Corporation of London, on London and Provincial Vestrymen, on Beadles of all kinds, and even on private bores, who meet us in Society and at Clubs. Let this Austrian bring the *Bändiger* here as soon as he likes, it is much wanted in this country.

Topical Heat.

THE weather lately has been more Topical than Tropical. The excessive heat has exceeded anything ever registered in Iceland, and has necessitated extra furs and warm under-clothing. Provision merchants and cooling drink manufacturers have not been the only sufferers. Several thousand magazine and newspaper articles and jokes, to say nothing of illustrations, have been thrown on the hands of the producers.

INDUCEMENT TO PURCHASERS.

THE Index to TREVELYAN'S *Life of Lord Macaulay* is published, and the price is a little more than the cheap edition of the entire work!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 43.



MR. W. S. GILBERT.

BUT IN SPITE OF SOME TEMPTATIONS
TO TRANSLATIONS AND SENSATIONS,
HE REMAINS—

A SORCERER YOUNG MAN,
A PINAFORE PIRATES MAN,
A BRILLIANT WHAT I CALL QUITE IDI-YACHT-ICAL
BALLADY BAB YOUNG MAN.

MARKETS AND MUSEUMS.

It matters little what conclusion the City Corporation may arrive at with regard to Billingsgate and the Fish Supply. London has determined to have more markets better distributed; and as everything goes to South Kensington, the first effort in this direction will be made in the kingdom of King COLE. It is only the other day, when the New Central College for Technical Education was founded, that the City Guilds were charmed out of something like £80,000 for this favoured neighbourhood, and the first rival of any importance to Billingsgate will probably be an artistic structure, standing not far from the so-called Haughty-cultural Gardens, where the somewhat rough persons engaged in the purchase and sale of fish, will be brought within the range of the most refined and refining educational influences.

A New Hide-a.

THE Serpentine—so called, because it is about as straight a river or pond as anyone can find with a COOK'S Universal Excursion Ticket—is the great washing-tub of Whitechapel during the Summer months. Bathing, before an uncertain hour in the morning, and after an uncertain hour in the evening, is there conducted with such primitive simplicity, that the place must in future be called Hide Park.

RECENT A-R-M-Y CLASSIFICATION.—MR. CHILDERS' revised scheme is published, and it involves a free use of the Alphabet. There are the I.O.U. South-West Infantry, the R.S.V.P. Eastern Artillery, and the P.P.C. North-Eastern Light Cavalry. Let us hope that they will all turn out XXX.

RULES OF THE RIVER.

(As they Are, and ought Not to be.)

ROW-BOATS (concluded).

BOTH OUIDA and OSCAR WILDE are agreed that "the world is very old and sad and sick, and there is no laughter left upon it," save what may be derived from the perusal of the pathetic portions of the works of the above talented authors, therefore do your little best to add to its mirth. Relate loudly and affably how you were having "gins and bitters all over the shop" yesterday afternoon, and you were wholesomely "screwed" when you dined at the Criterion, and had no end of "lush" over at the Pavilion, where you heard MACDERMOTT and ARTHUR ROBERTS—give imitations of both—and then had a jolly row, and nearly got "run in," at the top of Waterloo Place; and that after that you are hanged if you know how you got home. It is almost a proverb that the faithfully kept diary of the dullest man's life will be found full of interest and amusement; and despite Sir GEORGE DASENT's attempt to falsify this aphorism by the publication of *Annals of an Uneventful Life*, lots of people still believe in it, and will gather from your fragments of autobiography much to cheer what might otherwise have been long and dreary hours.

When camping out or pic-nicking, always choose the best kept grounds for landing on. This will show you appreciate their

owner's taste and his gardener's labour. And the latter's little boy will thoroughly enjoy clearing away the empty bottles, greasy bits of paper, meat-bones, legs of fowls and fragments of straw, which you will of course leave behind you.

Be affable in your intercourse with strangers. Anything is fun in the country, and a great fund of amusement will be imparted to a pic-nic party, by your informing the oldest and staidest member of it that his gas has been cut off in his absence. Narrating to a Gentleman who is accompanied by a Lady that his wife is coming up after him in a steam launch, or that her big brother is waiting for him at the next lock with a thick stick, will throw a fresh sensation into their probably jaded careers. And it is a positive sin to leave the poor solitary angler alone. Both he that throws the fly, and he who watches the float, will be enlivened by such remarks as "Hullo, ISAAC WALTON Junior, you are making a mess of it," or "How much a pound for salmon?" or "My eye, old cove, you just missed that whale."

Rowing is a sport which costs money, but the poor man can enjoy it equally with the *millionnaire*. Say you are a poor man; you hire a boat at Shepperton or Halliford, and pull down to Tagg's Island; there you land, go away, and say no more about it. This saves a lot of nasty disagreeable wrangling as to how long you have been out on the water. Should any proprietor of boats want money in advance, immediately withdraw your patronage from him. *Verb. sup. pro tem.*



' SUPPLY.'

Parish Clerk (at Vestry Meeting on the Question of Organ-Blower's Salary—the Rector in the Chair). "YOU SEE, SIR, IT ISN'T AS IF THERE WAS ONLY THE HYMNS, BUT THERE'S THE COMIN' IN, AND THE GOIN' OUT, AND THE 'SPONSSES, AND THE PRAYERS, AND THEY PSALMS TAKE A WON'ERFUL DEAL O' WIND!"

SOMETHING LIKE A (BANK) HOLIDAY.

Model Dwelling Houses, August 1st, 1881.

DEAR MOLLY,

You know as how I don't like to break a promise when I have once made it, though I *am* a bit done up. So here goes to tell you how I've been enjoying of myself these twenty hours and more. Relaxation—that's what I've been having—genuine relaxation! And welcome too after the out-of-doors knocking about me and my mates have to get through every day of the blessed year—barring Sundays and these here Bank Holidays. I am sure we are very much obliged to Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, and we only wish the other "barts" were more like him!

You may bet that I was up betimes this morning. As I was out of bed a good while before the excursion started for Brighton, I thought I would do a little bit of digging in my garden plot—which is likely to get forgotten when I have other jobs on hand. So I turned the ground about before breakfast. But that didn't prevent me cleaning up and being down at London Bridge just before they closed the barriers. If I didn't get a seat in the train what was the odds? There was a lot of chaps that had to stand too, as the train was a bit crowded. But the hours passed as quick as thought, what with the songs, and the jokes, and the laughter. When we got to the coast, as a matter of course, I took a stroll into the Aquarium, and the Pavilion, over the Downs, and to the Devil's Dyke and back. Then, after walking on the two Piers, I thought it was about time to have a dip in the sea. I had a good swim! But I was soon out of the water and on it, a pulling a select party of twenty for half an hour or so. When we landed, who should I see but cousin JIM, who, although he's settled at Brighton, still keeps his hand in at cricket. Thinking I shouldn't mind a game myself, I stood for a chap who didn't turn up as Square Leg, and the balls being lively, did a good deal of running before it was dinner-time. When I got to JIM's I found I had lost the half of my return ticket! Here was a pretty to-do! But it didn't matter much, as JIM had a bicycle

which he said I could take back to London, to wait for him there until he had time to ride it back. So up I got as fresh as paint, and spent the next five hours a going up hill and down dale, and through a lot of villages. When I got home, who should I find waiting for me but BOB, who belongs to our Volunteer Corps. "JACK," says he, "you ain't turned up these three weeks—come and do a bit of Battalion Drill to please our blessed Adjutant." "Anything for a quiet life," says I, and I puts on my uniform, and joins BOB in a regular field-day! By this time I was a trifle done up. So I tells BOB that I wouldn't go to the Music Hall *this* time, for I remembers too that I had promised to write to you. So here I am with the blessed paper before me a telling you all about it!

So as I am a bit tired, no more for the present from

Your Affectionate Cousin,

JACK.

P.S. I only hope *you* have enjoyed your Bank Holiday as much as I have. I don't know what we labouring folk would do with our every-day hard work, if we didn't have a little real rest sometimes!

CONVERSATION-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS FROM NEW YORK TO LIVERPOOL.

WHAT is that peculiar fizzing sound going on inside that barrel labelled "Cement"?

Our Captain has only found seventeen Infernal machines to-day, stowed away among the luggage.

Why have they placed that large box containing "Best American Granite—with care," so close to those fires in the engine-room?

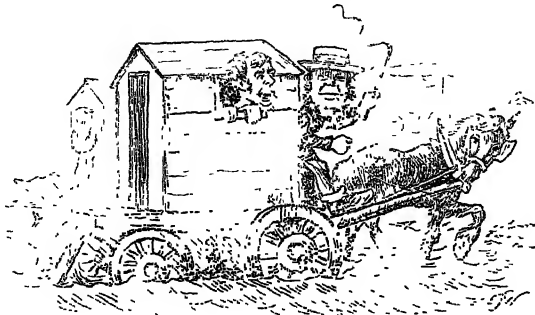
My new anti-dynamite fire-and-water-proof suit of protective armour seems just a trifle heavy on deck in a broiling sun.

Next time I shall certainly go to Europe *via* San Francisco, India, and the Suez Canal.

I should feel much safer if Mr. O'DONOVAN ROSSA were on board. Now that we have got to the Liverpool Landing Stage, why are five policemen and a detective from Scotland Yard examining the inside of the baby's perambulator?

THE DEFECTIVE POLICE.

THE seizure of infernal machines at Liverpool has been so clumsily and openly effected, that all traces of the ruffians who would doubtless have claimed them are probably lost. It is one thing



Our Artist's Idea of Infernal Machines.

to receive information, but another thing to know how to use it. A little less undisciplined energy, and a little more caution, would have done the State more service. The one ruffian, who, being beyond the reach of English law, avows with true Irish courage his connection, more or less, with these sneaking attempts at wholesale murder, has been promptly "interviewed" in New York. How any respectable reporter can sink to the level of questioning such a creature, and how any respectable journals can sink to the lower level of publishing his answers, is one of the mysteries of newspaper competition.

THE TOURIST'S ALPHABET.

(Railway Edition.)

A is the affable guard whom you square :
 B is the *Bradshaw* which leads you to swear :
 C is the corner you fight to obtain :
 D is the draught of which others complain :
 E are the enemies made for the day :
 F is the frown that you wear all the way :
 G is the guilt that you feel going third :
 H is the humbug by which you're deterred :
 I is the insult you'll get down the line :
 J is the junction where you'll try to dine :
 K is the kettle of tea three weeks old :
 L are the lemon drops better unsold :
 M is the maiden who says there's no meat :
 N is the nothing you thus get to eat :
 O is the oath that you use—and do right :
 P is the paper to which you *don't* write :
 Q are the qualms to Directors unknown :
 R is the row which you'll find all your own :
 S is the smash that is "nobody's fault." :
 T is the truth, that will come to a halt :
 U is the pointsman—who's up the whole night :
 V is the verdict that says it's "all right." :
 W stands for wheels flying off curves :
 X for Express that half shatters your nerves :
 Y for the Yoke from your neck that you fling,
 and Z for your Zest as you cut the whole thing!

Culinary Martyrs.

"In order to relieve the funds of the Land League, the 'suspects' imprisoned in Ireland have determined in future to accept the prison fare at all meals except dinner."—*Times*, July 29.

WE'RE not as we should like to be, each day becoming thinner,
 And so we'll take the prison tea, and give up eggs and toast;
 The breakfasts and the suppers here shall serve us, but for dinner
 The League must still supply the funds,—for soup, and fish, and
 roast;
 With just a little *entrée*, then a salad and cheese fritter.
 The courage of a martyr must be kept up to the point;
 To noble souls imprisonment is always very bitter,
 But think of dining every day, and always having joint!

HOE DEAR!—"Shall DRAKE have a statue?" Yes, if we hoe him one, at the Hoe, Plymouth. Its in the very fitness of names. The hoe and rake, and the debt's paid!—Yours, BARON D'HANWELL.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

THE LETTER.

DEAR PUNCHY,*

My boy, are you crazy?
 Why write in these bright Summer
 days,
 And reproach me for being so lazy?
 You pay me on purpose to laze!
 My Pegasus won't bear a bridle,
 A bit, or a saddle, or shoe.
 I'm doing my best to be idle,
 And sing from my bass-wood
 canoe!



THE LAY.

Oh Summer is sweet, and its skies are so blue—
 The days are so long, and my heart is so light,
 When drifting about in my bass-wood canoe!

I'm skipper, and pilot, and cargo, and crew.
 The breeze is so pleasant, the sun is so bright—
 Oh Summer is sweet, and its skies are so blue!

I glory in thinking there's nothing to do.
 I moon and I ponder from morn until night,
 When drifting about in my bass-wood canoe!

My face and my hands are of tropical hue.
 In spotless white flannel my limbs are bedight.
 Oh Summer is sweet, and its skies are so blue!

But oh it is pleasant to dream the day through,
 Half-hidden by rushes, and well out of sight,
 When drifting about in my bass-wood canoe!

I crush the white lilies, 'tis almost "too too;"
 I dream to the song of the dragon-flies' flight—
 Oh Summer is sweet, and its skies are so blue!

I know that my "copy" is long overdue;
 But who but a tyrant expects me to write?
 When drifting about in my bass-wood canoe!

So, if you want verses, send quick, I pray you,
 An iced short-hand writer, and bid him indite.
 Oh Summer is sweet and its skies are so blue!

Somewhere on the Thames, I can't give you a clue,
 Be able to find me, he possibly might,
 When drifting about in my bass-wood canoe!

And if he is pleasant, and I'm in the cue,
 Through azurine smoke he may hear me recite—
 Oh Summer is sweet, and its skies are so blue,
 When drifting about in my bass-wood canoe!

THE LIBATION.

Your health, dear old PUNCHY, I heartily quaff
 In bountiful beakers of shandean-gaff!

* This is familiar. We only wrote to the Minstrel Buoy at the Nore, or wherever he was, saying, "Now, Lazy Bones, wake up!" We called him "Bones," though we admit "Guitar" would have been more elegant. Being evidently a wanderer, or a Bohemian Boy, there is something of the "*Guitar*" about him.—ED.

Naturalistic Information.

"The Worm will turn." So will milk, if it's only kept long enough. A Correspondent, signing himself "THE LITTLE NATURALIST," writes to say, *à propos* of this proverb, that "he has never yet seen a Worm turning, though he has a lathe on the premises." On the strength of this proverbial authority, we firmly believe that Worms will turn if they've only got the chance. But we can positively swear to having seen one "join;" and all by itself, too!

Gas and Water.

WHEN the weather is exceptionally foggy and dark, there is always a cry of "No Gas!" and when the weather is exceptionally hot, there is a cry of "No Water!" The only cry we miss in exceptionally dark or exceptionally hot weather, is the cry of "No Dividends!" However much the poor, ill-treated, under-paid, and much-abused Gas and Water Companies may suffer, they never complain.



SHOOTYNGE YE GROUSE. A.D. MDCCCLXXXI.

(From a Rare Print of the Period.)

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

ROBERT AT GREENWICH.

I've bin a spending just a week or 2 at Grinnidge for a change of hair and a change of the Scenes, and its wunderfool what a difference one finds there tho' its only 10 miles from Gildhall.

In the City there's a good deal of sameness, the dinners is the same, and the Toastes is the same, and the speeches is the same, and we werry seldom sees no Ladies, but at Grinnidge the variety as I finds in the same Tavern in a weak or too is somethink estonishing. Why some of my best and sollemest patrons will do that sort of thing at Grinnidge or Richmond on the sly, as werry few dares to do, except of coarse at Parris, where I'm told as how they all indulges in a style of High Life and freedom from everythink, as would make there pore wives stare if they was there, which luckily they never ain't.

For instance now, on Monday I waited on a little party of 4, what one of the Gents called a Party Carry, tho' I'm sure I don't know why, for I heard 'em call the Ladies Rosr and Topsy.

Ah, they was a nice jolly party, they was! Everythink of the best and plenty of it. Plenty of fun and plenty of larfter, and no black looks when I took 'em the Bill, as there would ha' been if they'd ha had their poor Mother in laws with 'em.

I suppose the Ladies was their Neeces. If I was to say as I'd seen the Gents afore, under werry difrent circumstances, at the Ladies dinner of the Grocers' Company for instance, where they was as sollem as Judges, I should be behaving in a way as I shoold be ashamed of, espeshally as they gave me 5s. when they paid the Bill, and one of 'em ashallly winkt at me with one of his eyes.

Winks is rum things, winks is. I wunder who inwented 'em. The rule seems to be that if you winks with both your 2 eyes at wunce, it's only a tempory weakness of natur, and you does it and there's an end.

But if you winks with only one eye! Ah! what does that mean? In the case I've just eluded to, what did it mean? Why this is what it meant:—

"ROBERT," it said, as distinkly as if it could have spoken, "ROBERT, we are old friends, so I can trust you to keep it dark. So keep it dark, ROBERT, keep it dark!" And all this said with just one wink of one eye!

What a pity we can't inwent a langwidge of eye winks, what a lot of talk it would save to be sure.

Well, on Wensday we had the Society for prewenting somethink right or encouridging somethink wrong, or wisey wursey, for somehow, after dinner the speeches got a little mixt, and were so awful long, that I couldn't make tales nor heads of 'em.

Well, at starting they were about as sollem a set as I ever seed, outside the Manshun House, and looked about as convivial as so many Cemetery Parsons, but by the time they had finisht dinner, the ices seemed to thaw 'em, and their tungs went like one a clock wen they got their deserts, and such was the grand effect of our werry

Nutty Old Sherry, and our fine old Fruity Port, that before breaking up they all stood up and took hands and sang "*Old Lang Sign!*"

On Thursday we had a Cricket Club, and awerry different set they was. Full of fun and full of go, and with as fine a set of appetites as I ever stood and wundered at. But what strange notions they seemed to have of the importance of Cricket! I werryly believes as they thinks more of Docter GRACE and his Brother than they does of the LORD MARE, and his Sherryiffs!

Why to hear these jolly fellows talk, one would think that not only was hard hitting the one grate dooty of a Christian Gentleman, and good bowling the great aim of egistence, but that the highest object of any man's ambishun should be to run up a good score. That wouldn't do for the Trafalgar, 'cos we never gives no credit.

And yet they seemed as modest as they were jolly, and wen one Gent's helth was drank because he made the great catch of the season, he ashallly blusht. Of course I thort at fust he had married a naireess with lots of money, 'till BROWN set me right.

Another on 'em was spoken of as being the best long stopper of the Club, and he proved the fact by seeing them all out and going away last. They called their Chairman a Capting, but he didn't seem to know much about the Army and Navy when he gave their Toast, so praps, as BROWN said, he only belonged to the Horse Marines.

Cricket must be a fine noble game to produce such a jolly set of fine noble looking fellows, true Gentlemen too, every one of 'em, and all werry libral to the poor Waiter, as all true Gentlemen always is. (Signed) ROBERT.

DUNRAVEN.

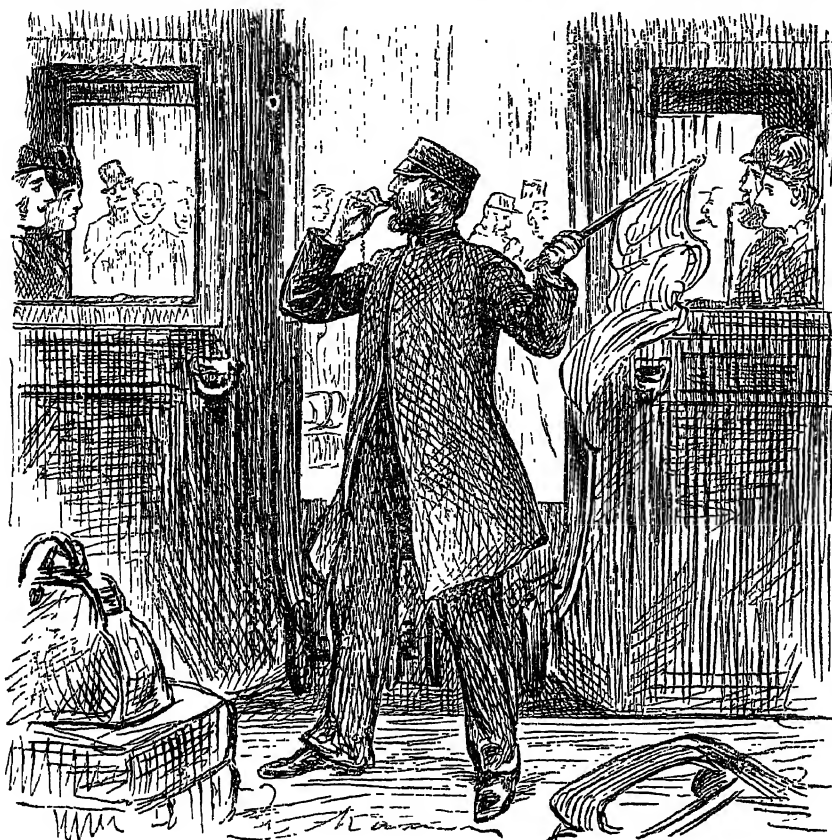
[The Earl of DUNRAVEN, in protesting against the short time allowed for the consideration of the Irish Land Bill, said "he was not a strict Sabbatarian, and had even advocated in that House the desirability of enjoying reasonable recreation on the Sunday, but it was impossible that racking one's brains over the tangled intricacies of that Bill could be considered wholesome recreation for anyone."]

AND DUNRAVEN, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting O'er that blessed Bill of BILLY's, puzzling at it o'er and o'er; And his eyes have all the seeming of a child's that hath been screaming, And the gaslight o'er him streaming shows them heavy, red, and sore; And his voice from out its pages rises in a muffled roar:—

"Hang the Bill! it is a bore!"

THEATRICAL.

VARNEY was far better as a villain in *Kenilworth* than as a composer of *Opéras Bouffes*. *La Reine des Halles* was the most idiotic, wearisome, tuneless piece we ever remember seeing in Paris. It doesn't seem to have gained much by being called *Gibraltar*, and gibr-tered (as its adapter, Mr. MURRAY, would say) for the Hay-market. "Gib" doesn't mean "going." MURRAY come up! it this is the un-varney-ish'd truth.



DISAPPOINTED TURTLE-DOVES.

CHARLES AND EMILY, WHO HAVE JUST BEEN MARRIED, MANAGE TO SECURE A RAILWAY COUPÉ TO THEMSELVES FOR THE WEDDING TRIP. SO DO EDWIN AND ANGELINA, WHO HAVE JUST BEEN MARRIED ALSO!

SONG OF THE IRISH LAND.

(After Longfellow and Salis)

Into the Irish Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the Western sky less darkly
gather,
And household wrecks less thickly dot
the strand.
Who leads us with a friendly hand
Thither, oh thither,
Into the Irish Land?

O Land! O Land!
For which poor PAT hath plotted,
GLADSTONE, mild herald by kind fate
allotted,
Beckons, and with his blessed Bill doth
stand,
To lead us with a friendly hand
Into the Land whence we've long been
parted,
Into the Irish Land!

"GOING NAP."

PRINCE NAPOLEON, during his Cousin the Emperor's lifetime, was a professed Republican. Now, in a published letter, he "appeals to the glorious recollections of the First NAPOLEON, and to the prosperity which France enjoyed during the reign of NAPOLEON THE THIRD." He declares that the mere title of a Government—whether Republican or Imperial—is altogether unimportant. He denounces the present Government of France for sundry shortcomings and misdeeds, and, finally, "demands such a revision of the Constitution as will permit the Chief of the State to be elected by the direct voice of the nation." In some cases, said a great man, "Egotism is the Truest Modesty." And so there is to be a Napoleon the Fourth, is there? Yes—if France is caught napping.

THE MEDICAL CONGRESS.

THE Medical Congress is o'er, and for certain
Our friends from afar should some pleasure evince.
At first we full royally rung up the curtain,
And opened the play with kind words from the Prince;
While PAGER delivered a graceful oration—
No Surgeon had ever a more honoured name—
And welcomed the Doctors of every nation,
With praise of the Art that has won them such fame.

Came ESMARCH from Kiel, and from Rome BUSINELLI;
Illustrious VIRCHOW was there from Berlin;
With CHARCOT from Paris, and KRAUS and CASELLI,
While JENNER came forward to welcome them in.
And LISTER, and ACLAND, and THOMPSON, and TYNDALL,
GULL, QUAIN, CRICHTON BROWNE, RISON BENNETT, and
BEALE,
With HEWITT and CORMACK, were there to enkindle
The ardour for Science such Doctors reveal.

The German attire, methinks, Mrs. GRUNDY
Had sneered at,—they spurned the white tie of to-day:
Let's hope they prescribe "*Tute, cito, jucunde*,"
As authors of old were accustomed to say.
Madrid's representative, fresh from the Prado,
Hobnobbed with Italians, wot ye the while,
Some slight reminiscence of Doctor Sangrado
Might cause just the ghost of a cynical smile.

Yet one word be said for a noble profession;
Right well might our Prince such a gathering grace;
The art of the healer shows no retrogression,
He works for the good of the whole human race.
And Nature to guide him shows all her *arcana*,
The lore that lies hid in the storehouse of Time;
In *corpore sano* he keeps the *mens sana*—
A health then to Doctors of every clime!

THE NATIONAL SLOW-COACH LEAGUE.

UNDER this title a body, independent of party politics (and of common sense), has just been formed. "Convinced," the promoters say, "of the practical failure of the Progress (so called), which consists in the ready adoption in the United Kingdom of all Improvements (also so-called), Political, Social, or Scientific, notwithstanding the extremely limited extent to which other countries (such as Lapland and Honolulu) follow our lead, this League is formed for the purpose of preventing, by any means at its command, all advance in Civilisation in this country, which is not on the true principle of fair-play, shared to its fullest extent by all other countries in the world. The policy advocated is thus explained:—

1. Careful adjustment of the rate of progress amongst the nations to the pace of the slowest, it being unfair that a Hottentot should be able to take things more slowly than an Englishman.
2. Free adoption of all unprogressive or reactionary schemes and practices, in order that we may successfully compete (on the principle of a donkey race in which the last ass wins) with Slow-Coaches, Drowsyheads, and King Logs everywhere.
3. Adequate, that is to say prohibitory, duties to be levied on all improvements (so-called) to be removed only in the case of *all* nations, from China to Peru, simultaneously agreeing to adopt them.
4. A *very* moderate duty to be levied upon all schemes for clogging the wheels of the Juggernaut of Progress which may emanate from foreign countries, the same being admitted free from all parts of our own Empire prepared themselves to adopt them.

This League is to be affiliated with the National Fair Trade League, an Association formed on similar principles but with more limited scope. A donation fund of £10,000 a-year is to be raised for five years, so as adequately to fight the battle of Anti-Progress. A large portion of this is to be in the hands of a Special Partington-Committee, to be expended in the purchase of mops and brooms for sweeping back the tide of Improvement. Among the larger subscriptions to the fund are £2000 from Mr. S. TICKINTHURD, Hanwell, £1000 from Mr. E. C. CRAWLE, the Treasurer, and £500 each from Sir TIMOTHY STOPPEM, Bart., and Mr. BLOCKER, M.P.

"THE LITTLE VULGAR (SCOTCH) BOY."



It was a little vulgar boy, exceeding sharp, and Scotch,
At Westminster Aquarium he stood the fish to watch.
He willingly had got at them, but, helpless so to do,
Indulged, like little vulgar boys in general, in "Yah-boo!"
He was a very cock-nosed boy, which tempted him, no doubt,
"To put his thumb unto that nose, and spread his fingers out."

Says he, "O yus, you *look* O. K." (the boy meant "Orl Korrect")
"You fancy you're big whales and things with backbones, I expect.
Yah-boo! you flabby, flopping, floundering flats, as limp as small,
You're only helpless jelly-fish, with not no spines at all!"
The creatures in the Tank appeared his cheek to quite enjoy,
But took no other notice of that little vulgar boy.

A REVISED VERSION.

"APPROBATION from Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT is praise indeed."
Quotation from an adaptation of *A Cure for the Heartache*, to be
called *A Cure for the Harcourt*, by the Right Hon. W. E. G.

ONE OF BEN TROVATO'S.

"AFTER the Session," said the D-ke of ARG-LL, "I shall stay at
the sea-side." "Another Sea-session!" exclaimed Prof. TH-R-LL
R-g-rs. The D-ke smiled, and went jelly-fishing at a pastry-cook's.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM

THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

MONDAY, August 1.—House of Lords full to-night, but chiefly of words. Wonderful what tremendous long speeches noble Lords make when they get a chance.

"Don't often get one," Lord CRANBROOK says; "only about once in three years, when something's going to be destroyed. Then have the privilege of the Dying Gladiator, and are permitted to salute CÆSAR in a few words before finally caving in."

The few words grow into many. Doesn't seem to be the thing in the Lords to speak under an hour. Lord DENMAN and Lord STRATHEDEN and CAMPBELL look on, and shake their heads mournfully whilst the Marquis of WATERFORD pours forth a level torrent of illimitable speech.

"They never listen to me like that," Lord STRATHEDEN says, "although I changed the cut of my coat to meet their prejudices, and though the topics I deal with are much more important."

"And once they counted me out," says Lord DENMAN, with a tear in his voice. "And when I do speak, the newspapers never say anything more than 'After a few words from Lord DENMAN.'"

Lord WATERFORD certainly is making the most of his innings. Seems that somebody is going to give somebody else "a lease for ever;" but that's no reason why his Lordship should go on for ever. Benches rapidly thinning. Lord SALISBURY solitary on the front bench, and beginning to wish he had let the Duke of RICHMOND take the place of Leader. A garland of Ladies runs round the sombre House.

"They sit there like Patience in the Gallery yawning at WATERFORD," Lord DUNRAVEN says.

Comicallest effect on the steps by the Throne where sit STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, W. H. SMITH, and Lord JOHN MANNERS. NORTHCOTE in the middle. Steps are low, and the three sit motionless with their knees curiously huddled up, staring vacantly into space. Fancy they're asleep. Very pleasing at first to ears weary with the eloquence of GLADSTONE, and affronted by the constant cheering of the majority, to come into this place and hear without contradiction, how bad is the Bill, and how black the outlook. For first hour or two enjoyed themselves thoroughly. Then a sense of peace and rest stole over them, and like three storm-tossed mariners wrecked on Lotos Land, they wrapped them round with the poppy and the mandragora distilled from speeches two hours long, and sleeping, dream that Mr. BRADLAUGH is running off with Mr. GLADSTONE on his back, that RANDOLPH and Mr. HEALY have gone on a provincial tour with a cheap-jack establishment, and that the Irish Land Bill has been withdrawn.

Business done.—Second Reading of Land Bill in the Lords.

Wednesday.—Came down a little early to-day, thinking to bring up my correspondence with my constituents before SPEAKER took the

Chair. Curious coincidence; same idea occurred to everybody else. The lobby, which at this hour on ordinary Wednesdays, is a wilderness, crowded with Members; all standing about chatting and thinking that, well now, they'll go into the Library and bring up their correspondence with their constituents.

Just as I was going, who should enter but Mr. BRADLAUGH! Haven't seen him lately. Walked in with hasty step towards the door. Oddly enough here was Mr. ERSKINE, Deputy-Sergeant-at-Arms, on his way to his room, I suppose, to write up his correspondence. Also half-a-dozen messengers, and as many Police wrapped in silent meditation, wondering why,

Mr. Snodgrass Bradlaugh "about to begin."
(*Vide Pickwick*, Ch. xxiv.)

amid all this bringing in of Bills, no one introduced a measure permitting Police in uniform to buy postage-stamps at the rate of thirteen for a shilling. Mr. BRADLAUGH stood stock still in the middle of the Lobby, folded his arms, threw back his head slightly on one side, as if he were about to have his likeness taken.

"Looks like NAPOLEON crossing the Alps," said Mr. MONTAGUE SCOTT, who, after looking all about the Lobby for a sycamore tree, had climbed up one of the pillars and surveyed the scene at his ease.

No use going to write letters now. SPEAKER be here in a minute. Everybody waited. Presently came the SPEAKER, bowing right and left to the parted throng. Captain GOSSET carrying the Mace with one eye shrewdly fixed on BRADLAUGH, who may have called for it. But Mr. BRADLAUGH smiles with friendly recognition on the Sergeant with whom he has had many a pleasant promenade up and down the floor of the House. Looks as if he would shake hands with the SPEAKER, and finishes by bowing bareheaded like the rest. SPEAKER gone in; prayers going on. But congregation remain outside. Perhaps we'll go and write our letters yet, and it's no use disturbing the House by entering and leaving.

"Mr. SPEAKER in the Chair!" Then Mr. BRADLAUGH makes a forward movement. Mr. MONTAGUE SCOTT begins to wish he hadn't got on the pillar. He has cried "Oh! Oh!" against Mr. BRADLAUGH; he has voted against him, and has consorted with RANDOLPH and WATSON, and other eminent devotees. What if BRADLAUGH is now going for him with intent to lift him off the pedestal and peradventure walk off with him? Much relieved to see him make for the door and the Deputy-Sergeant-at-Arms. "ERSKINE's paid for it, dontcha," as MONTAGUE said, when subsequently relating his personal experiences.

The door closed and barred. Mr. ERSKINE stands squarely up, and Mr. BRADLAUGH continues his advance. Whereupon the messengers, roused from their meditation, fall upon him. The policemen, forgetful of their unfinished correspondence, close in upon him, and before Mr. SCOTT could scramble off the pedestal, Mr. BRADLAUGH was hustled towards the door, through which he disappeared, the centre of a mass of flushed faces, clenched hands, disordered neckcloths, and stumbling feet.



"Such a gettin' down-stairs!"—Alas! poor Messenger!

No use now to go and write letters. Members stream into the House, others go pell-mell down the staircase after the intermingled mass of limbs, above which the red face of Mr. BRADLAUGH burns like a beacon. In the House matters go on with a pretty affectation of there being nothing the matter outside. Someone asks a question about the Transvaal. The PREMIER replies amid a murmur of voices. Then Mr. BRADLAUGH's faithful colleague brings forward the matter on a question of privilege; and whilst the SPEAKER is delivering his judgment on the case submitted, we can hear the sullen roar of the multitude outside who have just caught sight of their hero panting, hatless, dishevelled, with his coat torn, and his stylographic pen broken.

Mr. BIGGAR's prophetic eye looking into the future, beholds the possibility of an undesirable precedent being established. All Mr. BIGGAR's social and religious principles are hostile to Mr. BRADLAUGH. But statesmen must take a broad view of questions, and Mr. BIGGAR, with his thumb in the arm-hole of his waistcoat and his right hand extended to command attention, speculates on the probability of this hustling of an obnoxious Member becoming "a precedent." The House placing itself with its accustomed quickness at Mr. BIGGAR's point of view, beholds in the dim future that estimable Gentleman borne shoulder high down the staircase by four messengers and a fringe of policemen. A hearty and prolonged burst of laughter breaks in upon the proceedings which, to tell the truth, had been a trifle tragic and a little sombre.

Business done.—Mr. SPEAKER's action *re* BRADLAUGH approved. House in Committee on Supply.

Thursday Night.—The Lords have got the Land Bill all to themselves now, and are gnawing it as if it were a toothsome bone. After weeks of anguished watching from the gallery in the other House, after seeing without power of protest all sorts of restrictions on

the right of a man to do as he pleases with his own, the landlords have a fierce joy in playing with the Bill, and making it dance to their piping. Earl GRANVILLE brought in a chair, and dropped on the Ministerial Bench; where he sits, genially smiling as if there were no such things as gout or Tory majorities.

"The dear boys!" he said to Lord CARLINGFORD, who was getting uneasy at the wreckage made of the Bill, "don't disturb them with regrets. It amuses them, and it won't permanently hurt the Bill."

Business done.—Land Bill in Committee.



His "deadly feint"—a Bright Idea.

Friday.—House of Lords gone through Land Bill like a Malay goes through a crowd of his wife's relations. Lord GRANVILLE still sits smiling on the Ministerial Bench, with his legs bound in swaddling clothes and laid on a leg-rest. Curiously irritating effect this facial arrangement has upon Lord SALISBURY.

"What's GRANVILLE always grinning at?" the Marquis said gloomily to Lord CAIRNS. "Doesn't seem to me that there's anything to laugh at in the way we've chopped up the Land Bill. Looks as if he knew some joke that we should hear of presently. Hate a man who smiles when he ought to look cut up."

Business done.—Land Bill passed through Committee.

HISTRIONIC HOLIDAYS.

THEY have given us cause for laughter and for tears that follow after,
They have raised supreme emotion by their histrionic art;
So, the London Season over, many an actor is a rover,
And for Continent or sea-side they are blithe to make a start.

BANCROFT goes to Pontresina with his wife, who oft has been a
Star when acting there for Charity, and IRVING sails away;
ELLEN TERRY, rest much needing, to some quiet nook is speeding,
Till the provinces will welcome them in many a famous play.

HARE and KENDAL too have left us, and the holidays bereft us
Of bright Mrs. KENDAL's presence; BOOTH has crossed Atlantic
wave;

But it seems as if *The Colonel* were to have a run eternal,*
And CHARLES COGHILAN still delights us with his manner cool and
suave.

All the Meininger have vanished, SARAH BERNHARDT has been
banish'd.

To provincial towns astonished at her weird expressive face;
And there's TOOLE, that mighty mummer, rushed away to see if
Summer

Still exists in merry England in this present year of grace.

And right well they've earned their holidays—we trust they may be
jolly days,

They have given us hours of pleasure, may their days as pleasant be.
No rehearsals now can bore them, and no night-work loom before
them,

As they wander by the mountain or the ever-voiceful sea.

* "Why certainly." Charming lines. Nice man this poet. So sensible,
too.—ED.

Internationally Medicated Notes.

"THE Largest Circulation in the World" was discovered by HAR-
VEY. Dr. VIRCHOW defends vivisection as necessary to Science.
Bravo, Doctor! You need no praise from us, as "VIRCHOW is his
own reward." Says the same authority, "Every cell in the human
frame is a seat of life." Ergo, the sum of all little cells must be one
great cell. What is Life? One great "cell." *Nunc est bibendum.*

THE IRISH SOCIETY AGAIN.

MR. PUNCH a short fortnight ago descended from his high estate, and, thinking he saw a great probability of a great good being achieved by very simple means, condescended to address that very unimportant body named, somewhat doubtfully, the Honourable the Irish Society, and urged them to seize with avidity the opportunity the Court of Common Council had offered them, of at one and the same time assisting in the noble work now being done by a gracious Lady, in developing the Fisheries on the South-West Coast of Ireland, increasing the supply of Fish to this hungry Metropolis, and using for this purpose funds they are at present employing in a manner worse than useless.

It appears, however, by the accounts of the extraordinary proceedings at the Court of Common Council last Thursday week, that the members of the Irish Society, who are all members of the Corporation, mustered in great force, and, assisted by those Councilmen who hope to be members of the Society during the next year or two, practically rescinded the generous Resolution previously passed, and went home rejoicing in the prospect of still wasting their funds as before, and themselves sharing in the spoil.

As it seems from their published accounts that these very conscientious Trustees have what they call a Visitation to Londonderry every summer, on which is expended nearly £800 out of the Trust Funds they have to administer for the benefit of Ireland, and actually expend for their attendance, fees, &c., nearly £600 more—the &c. being understood to include the cost of banquets for themselves and their friends—the reasons for their otherwise inexplicable conduct are easily understood.

The money proposed to be dedicated to as noble a purpose as money can well be dedicated to, might have somewhat entrenched upon the funds used for summer excursions and winter banquets, and so, on re-consideration, the Committee's favourable Report was at once negatived.

At the same meeting, a resolution of thanks from the Grand Jury of the County of Galway, thanking the Corporation for their generous resolution of the previous week, was read, and the conscience-stricken Common Councilmen refused to allow it to be printed in their Minutes!

Mr. Punch feels that his disgust at these pitiable proceedings will be shared in by all his readers, and that they will with one voice agree to hold up to public contempt and derision this peculiarly Irish Society, seeing that it prefers pauperising a rich Irish City and a prosperous Irish Town by miserable doles that are as useless as they are degrading, and dealing with other portions of their Funds in the way above alluded to, rather than expend some part of them in a great and noble work, the memory of which would linger long long after they, and their now worse than useless Society, have for ever passed away.

"Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust!"

The following letter speaks for itself, and must prove rather disagreeable reading for those Members of the Corporation who, after raising the hopes of these poor fellows so high, have now so cruelly blighted them:—

To Mr. Punch.

SIR,—Our good Priest has told us all here of what the noble and generous Corporation of London has agreed to do for us poor Peasants of Baltimore.

Ah, Sir! if you could come among us, if it was only for a day or two, and see how easily hundreds of us poor fellows could be raised from what we are, to what our fellow countrymen have become in the Island of Cape Clear, close by, we are sure, Sir, you would join heartily with us in invoking blessings upon the noble heads, and peace and joy to the kindly hearts of those who have so generously resolved to come to our assistance.

With our little bits of land we can only just manage to keep body and soul together when God gives us a favourable harvest, but at other times our sufferings and those of our poor wives and little ones are so severe as to be almost past belief.

But if we were enabled to share in the golden fish harvest, that begins early in March, and lasts on to the end of June, we should be able to do as the fishermen of Cape Clear have been enabled to do, and that is, turn our poverty into plenty, and our miserable hovels into comfortable homes.

We hope—oh, so fervently!—that all will be ready by March, and then our first prayer will be for the noble Corporation who have so generously come to our assistance; and our best and heartiest wishes to you, Sir, for so powerfully helping the cause of your truly grateful friends,

THE POOR PRASANTRY OF BALTIMORE.

Baltimore, July 26, 1881.

BELLES WITHOUT RINGS.

It is proposed by a party in the States, says the *Standard*, to do away with the wedding-ring, substituting a bracelet with a clasp, which the Lady can snap as an occasional reminder for her husband. Snapping turtles, these! The whole idea is a Snappy Thought.



A PIOUS FRAUD.

Emily. "REALLY, JOHN, I DON'T THINK IT NICE, JUST AS THE PEOPLE ARE COMING OUT OF CHURCH, FOR YOU TO SIT LIKE THAT, WITH A PIPE IN YOUR MOUTH, AND YOUR HAT AT THE BACK OF YOUR HEAD, AND YOUR CLOTHES ANYHOW!"

John. "BOSH, EMILY! I AM DOING NO HARM, AND THEREFORE I DON'T CARE WHO SEES ME, OR WHAT ANYBODY THINKS!"

Emily. "WELL, JOHN, YOU KNOW BEST. BY THE BYE, WHO DO YOU THINK WERE IN CHURCH, OF ALL PEOPLE IN THE WORLD? THE DUCHESS OF STILTON AND LORD ARCHIBALD! HERE THEY COME!"

John (hastily getting off his perch, buttoning his Coat and Waistcoat, and thrusting his Pipe behind his back). "GOOD HEAVENS, EMILY! —WHERE—WHERE? I CAN'T SEE THEM!"

A CANTERBURY TALE.

(From the Notes of a Pilgrim Father.)

WENT to Canterbury. Came late on the ground. Crowd looking at a match. Couldn't see match on account of crowd. Believe it was cricket between the Gentlemen of Kent and the Gentlemen of England, who, I always thought up to now, lived at home at ease, and how little do they think upon the danger of M.C.C.'s. But this wasn't M.C.C. Never having been on this ground before, didn't know the ropes. Soon made their acquaintance, however, by tumbling over a perfect network of them attached to each tent. Never saw so many tents. Decidedly most Aesthetic People—all *in-tense*!—ahem!—but most intent on the cricketing. Unfortunately found I had arrived in a general way too late. Everything was finished except the match, and that was coming to a rapid conclusion. Hospitable people. The In-tents Ones, and in carriages too, deeply regretted my not having arrived in time for luncheon. So did I. Very hot: very dry work. "What, no soda-water? So he died, and she very imprudently," &c.

Saw the "Old Stagers." They appeared pre-occupied and troubled. One was learning an Epilogue; and his wife, deeply interested in its success, remarked that she was afraid of its being too long. That Old Stager was indignant: it was a libel on his memory, and—*Happy Thought*—fancy a wife libelling her husband's memory during his lifetime. Didn't say this, but thought it. "My dear!" exclaimed that Old Stager, indignantly, "it's not a bit too long for me." "No, dear," returned his wife innocently, with an idea of soothing him—"No, dear, I only meant it might be too long for the audience." Taking one consideration with another, that Old Stager's lot was not a happy one—happy one.

Dined at "The Rose." Rose, Brothers, Rose! Delightful scent of dinners. (*Happy Thought.*—With the same amount of cooking

going on, the Rose by any other name would smell as sweet.) Joined by three other Canterbury Pilgrims. Dined well and wisely: "passed the rosey": everything *coulour de rose*. Then we rose from table and left "The Rose" as crowds were entering the rows—of stalls at the theatre to see that latest theatrical novelty, *A Thumping Legacy*, played by the Old Stagers, with, I fancy, another equally new piece entitled *Tip for Tat* (I think—but at this distance of time—the morning after—I can't distinctly recollect—but—*Happy Thought*—What a good advertisement it would be if you recommended a Hotel on account of its excellent liquor, and headed it "Tip for Tap"!—well, as I was saying—in the still night while all was fevered excitement in Canterbury, four Pilgrims might have been observed in a trap—bat and ball being left to the Cricketers—pilgriming towards Ramsgate, and leaving Kent about 11.15, arrived in the Isle of Thanet 11.15½—a wonderfully quick passage.

Ten minutes or so allowed for refreshment at Sarre. *Tip for Tap*, the Crown, where Mr. PAX makes the Sarre Cakes, much patronised by the local superior clergy, who, kept in tin by their parishioners, and preserved in the sweet Isle of Thanet (easily obtainable here), are celebrated everywhere as the real Sarre Deans. To adopt the inimitable style of *Uncle Remus*, which everybody ought to read, "De cake good, so de wisky, which make Brer Fox, Brer Rabbit, Brer Possum, and Old Man Bear burst out a larfin, while Brer Fox he hab dry grins." Then the Pilgrims cigar'd, and Mr. PAX piped, and the piper being paid, the Pilgrims resumed their journey. The Pilgrims sought their couches—and luckily found them—and "the rest is silence"—at least, it would have been, but for the snoring of the Pilgrim Brothers. Song—"And the snoring on my own hearth was the only sound I heard." *Exit.*

SUGGESTION TO THE COWARDLY "SKIRMISHERS."—In future call the Dynamite for your Infernal Machines, "Demonite."



THE RIVALS.

WORK AT THE SEA-SIDE.

(A Holiday Task.)

"THE great wave of Democracy which—"

What on earth is that old man looking at through a telescope? Is it a wreck? No, it is too calm for that, and the Ladies don't bathe there. Wonder if he sees anything? Don't believe he does. Who was it used to collect crowds in Trafalgar Square—not BRADLAUGH, long before his time—by looking at the Lion on Northumberland House? That old man has heard of this, and is trying it on. Idiot! Still, I wish I knew what he was looking at.



Yachtman taking a Run from Cowes.

"The great wave of Democracy which came rolling over the Continent—"

Pretty from here. Wonder if it is worth while taking a turn on the Parade, where she probably isn't pretty from. Her voice settles her; it is not worth while. White dress, Gretna hat, dogskin gloves, flower; a man has to look twice at a girl in that rank of life before making out whether she is a lady or not. Wonder whether a woman is taken in the same way. Look at her companion. Decentish sort of fellow very likely—saves out of his wages, keeps sober, and is very fond of her; yet he wears a frock-coat and a pot-hat. What is there in the cad's composition which always prompts him to assume on a holiday a pot-hat and a frock-coat? He takes her arm—another peculiarity of the lower middle classes, the *great partially washed*. Good name that! These two fat women with bright blue sand-shoes ought to be given in charge of the police.

"The great wave of Democracy which came rolling over the Continent, arising in the far East, reaching its highest point—"

How children must hate the sea-side, that is children possessed of sanitary mothers. Look at that poor little brat. Of course he is frightened at the sea. That's right, dip him under it, he hasn't got his breath, dip him again, he howls and kicks, that's right, slap him, harder, harder, that's good, under again, more shrieks, more slaps. Other women look on more or less approvingly, other children are unfeignedly glad at one of their own order coming to condign grief. Ah! human nature!—but I must get on with this article:—

"The great wave of Democracy which came rolling over the Continent, arising in the far East, reaching its highest point midway between—"

What's that band playing in the next square? Lum, tum, tum, tum, tiddly tum, tum. What is it? La la tumty tumty la la la. Oh hang it, what is it? Curious I can always remember tunes, but never their names. Wonder if composers are ever like that. Suppose a composer were to write a dashing sparkling drinking chorus, and then forget its name and label it *Messe Solennelle*, and play it at the funeral of a very dear friend. What would the mourners say? Or rather, it would be of more importance to the composer to know what the mourners would do.

"The great wave of Democracy which came rolling over the Continent, arising in the far East, reaching its highest point midway between Berlin and Vienna—"

What was I saying? I shall miss the post. I won't look out of window again. Why will people come just opposite my rooms to talk? I don't want to hear the details of their squalid lives. What does that red-faced, bulbous-nosed, painfully habitual drunkard mean by bawling out to that emaciated ghoul on the seat? What does he say that *there is a great swell on the outside, and the people coming by the boat are certain to be very sick!* Why, there's the smoke from the funnel! I am off!!

[And so he was. And a despairing, mad, sad Editor, who had only that morning received a letter, "The sea is doing me no end of good; I can do twice the amount of work that I can in town," sat late that night, and tore what little hair a life of continual disappointments had left him, at the non-appearance of the promised article. And may the above lesson be taken to heart by all Contributors now taking, or about to take, holidays. Don't disappoint an Editor. Tell him fairly and honestly that while you are away from town you don't intend to do a stroke of work, and stick to your word even as this Contributor has said, and means sticking to it.]

A PRETTY GOT.

'ARRY was reading that M. Gor had been publicly decorated with the insignia of the Legion of Honour. "Ah!" cried the Irrepressible, "he's Got 'em on, eh?"

FISHY EVIDENCE.

I.—THE CONVENIENCES OF BILLINGSGATE.

Carriers. Vans are delayed on an average four hours! We get fish from Yarmouth in less time than it takes to get it into Billingsgate. Sometimes a van is delayed eight hours in getting from London Bridge Station into Billingsgate!

Costermongers. Sometimes we can't move, we are treading on the top of one another. If you want to get to where a bit of fish is being sold, you are tearing one another to get round to it. A decent coat would be torn off your back. You're shoved all over the place.

Fish Porter. The present system murders the trade. Everything is thrown on the top of each other, the fish lies out in the broiling sun, and the Public gets it half rotten! If Billingsgate remains where it is, you will never have cheap fish.

II.—THE PRICE OF FISH.

Sender. I sent last year about 340,000 packages of fish to Billingsgate, and the average price I receive all the year round for turbot, soles, haddocks, whiting, plaice, &c., is one penny and one third of a penny per pound!

Salesman. There is really no fault to be found. My income as a Fish Salesman and Ice Merchant is from £15,000 to £20,000 a year.

Consumer. A short time ago I obtained from Plymouth for one shilling and fourpence a small supply of different kinds of fish, turbot, whiting, &c., including carriage, of which I calculated the retail price would have been eight shillings.

Fishmonger. I am quite satisfied with things as they are!

III.—THE SYSTEM.

Fish Meter. Not more than one-third of the fish ever gets into the market at all! Not half pays toll.

Salesman. I believe Billingsgate and the parties who do business there to be almost immaculate!

Fishmonger. There is no Ring in Billingsgate, such a thing is unknown.

Sender. I believe there is a Ring, and a very substantial one too, and it contains the cleverest men in the fish trade. Their ordinary commission is five per cent., but they often take off twenty from the price they sell at. They so distrust each other that they exchange account sales in open envelopes, so that A. reads, seals, and posts B.'s sales, and *vice versa*! They would ruin an independent man, who acted honourably to his senders, in about six months!

CONVERSATION FOR THE MEDICAL CONGRESS.

(For the Use of Young Ladies—to be Translated into French, German, and Italian.)

AT A GARDEN PARTY.

ARE you quite certain that it is not dangerous to sit under the trees? . . . Tell me all you know about the affections. . . . You are sure that it is wise to stroll towards that shaded walk? . . . Why as a Doctor do you think it well to avoid a crowd? . . . Do you always speak to a Patient alone? . . . Is it necessary to subject my eyes to so much examination? . . . What you say has distinctly increased the pulsation of my heart! . . . Why do you want my hand? Is it to feel my pulse?

AT A DINNER.

It is so pleasant to have someone near me to advise me what to take! . . . No, I meant the dishes. Men can always take care of themselves. . . . I did not say I wanted an adviser always near me. . . . Don't you like an application of cold water to your ideas? Then you are not a Hydropathist. . . .

What an absurd idea! Love is a fever I do not understand in the least. . . . You have made it a special study. Your Patients must be very much obliged to you. . . . What?—only during the last half hour! Then your experience can be of little value. . . . What? a Patient suffering from it *yourself*! You will soon get over it; if you don't—consult a colleague.

AT A BALL.

From a medical point of view, is a "round" better than "a square"? . . . What do you want with a flower from my bouquet? To make an experiment? . . . No, I am not engaged to anyone. But surely that is scarcely a scientific question! . . . Oh, Doctor, it is for you to say whether I could live as happily abroad as in England! . . . If you really want to know anything more, ALPHONSE—well—yes—you may ask Papa!



A Royal Guardin' Party.



SUPPRESSIO VERI.

Small Boy (construing). "BUT THE CROCODILE——"

Schoolmaster. "I AM SURE YOU GOT 'CROCODILE' OUT OF A CRIB."

Small Boy. "NO, SIR! INDEED, SIR, I DIDN'T."

Schoolmaster (severely). "I KNOW YOU DID. AND AS YOU'VE TOLD A LIE ABOUT IT——"

[Prepares cane.]

Small Boy (terrified). "NO, SIR—INDEED I DIDN'T TELL A LIE, SIR! PLEASE, SIR—IT'S 'ALLIGATOR' IN THE CRIB!"

[Tableau. Cane comes down heavily.]

A WARNING TO SWEEPS.

THE death of GEORGE WETHERLY ought to be a warning to all those who follow dirty trades. He fell off a house-top in the middle of his work, and though his ribs were fractured, the Hospitals refused to take him in because he was so very black. No doubt, from the cleanly-godly point of view, the Hospitals were right, and when the present race of Sweeps dies out (and the Hospitals will, of course, help to exterminate them), let us hope that no degraded creatures will come forward to supply their place. Every householder ought to cleanse his own chimneys.

THE LORD OF BURLEIGH.

(Slightly altered from the Poet Laureate.)

To the Bill he whispers gaily,
"Land Bill, I the truth must tell—
You're a nuisance; but believe me
That I really love you well!"
She replies, that Irish Maiden,
"No one I respect like thee."
He is Lord of ancient Hatfield,
And a simple Land Bill she.
So most kindly he receives her
Merely with *two* hours' reproof,
Leads her to the Lords' Committee,
And she leaves her GLADSTONE'S roof.

"I will strive to guard and guide you,
And your beauty not impair;
Only add a few amendments,
Prune a section here and there.
Let us try these little clauses
Which the wealthy Lords suggest;
No connection with FITZMAURICE,
Or with HENEAGE and the rest!"
All he tells her makes her queerer,
Evermore she seems to yearn
For her Commons and her GLADSTONE,
And the moment of return.
And while now she wonders wildly
Why she feels inclined to sink,
Proudly turns the Lord of BURLEIGH,
"I have drawn your teeth, I think!"

Then her countenance all over
Pale and (emerald) green appears,
As he kicks her down the staircase,
'Mid their Lordships' wicked jeers.
But her GLADSTONE looked upon her,
Lying lifeless, worn, and spent,
And he said, "Your dress is ragged—
These must be arrears of rent."
Deeply mourns the Lord of BURLEIGH,
No one more distressed than he,
When the PREMIER moved the Commons
With the Peers to disagree.
And they gathered softly round her,
Did the Commons, and they said,
"Bring the dress we sent her forth in.
That will raise her from the dead!"

THE ADJUTANT'S HOSS.

(A Diary Picked Up in Militia Training Quarters.)

July.—Came off duty and went to the sea-side. Spent a pleasant month within the shafts of a bathing-machine.

August.—On duty at Blackheath. Rather hard work on Sundays and Bank Holidays, being let out at a penny a ride.

September.—Sent to work at a mill.

October.—Employed as an extra horse in cheap funerals. Made to wear a false tail on these melancholy occasions.

November.—Used as a leader in pleasure vans until sent home by an Officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

December.—Stealthily worked as a second horse for a night four-wheeler. Discovered and disallowed by the Police.

January.—Bought by a Costermonger.

February.—Tried in a Circus, but found unequal to learning how to take a glass of sherry with the Clown.

March.—Acquired by an Artist as model for the principal figure in a picture to be called "*Starved to Death in the Desert.*"

April.—Sent to knackers, but returned.

May.—Exhibited as a living skeleton.

June.—Hurrah! On active service again! Hired by Adjutant of 3rd Battalion Royal Blankshire Regiment (Militia), to carry him on parade during training!

ORGANISED ROBBERY.

THERE are many who hold that mad-houses contain all the really sensible people, and that the only lunatics are the crowd at large; and we might go farther and say that the prisons contain all the honest folk, while the thieves are left untouched. Those who regulate, manage and thrive on the food supply of London, are certainly not marvels of fair dealing, and the Fair-Trade League will do well to spend their Fifty Thousand Pounds in reforming these incorrigibles, before they even dream of touching foreign tariffs. Owing to our scanty and disgraceful markets, London pays nearly double what any other important town in England pays for its fish and vegetables. Between the City Corporation and the Duke of MUDFORD, the metropolis is made to suffer more heavily in health, patience, and pocket, than any other city in the civilised world.

The Best Club in London.

IF the House of Commons this Session has done little work for the English and Scottish public—the great taxpayers of the country—beyond the reform of Receipt Stamps, it has looked after its own comforts. It has overhauled its refreshment department, threatened to discharge its caterer, and proposed to install a new supplier of food with the appropriate name of TUCK! Fry-er TUCK?

A REPORTER on a very hot day, doing very hard work, says "There's many a cup 'twixt the lip and the slip"—before the slip appears in the journal.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 44.



RIGHT HON. G. JOACHIM GOSCHEN, M.P.

THIS IS A JOKE-IM GOSCHEN PICTURE OF A WISE MAN FROM THE EAST, AT PRESENT ASCERTAINING WHICH WAY THE WIND BLOWS.

AN OPENING FOR HIM.

MR. BRADLAUGH's recent performance in the Lobby will open up a new line to him, so that he will not have to come on his Constituents or Mr. NEWDEGATE for "Maintenance." The Managers of Melodramatic Theatres will be delighted to hear from him, and there will be a rush to offer him engagements for the Leading Heavy business. Mr. BRADLAUGH as *Ajax* defying the *Lightning* would bring the house down—though it didn't bring down the House of Commons, except as that other hero, SAMSON, brought down the house, i.e., on himself. By the way, was SAMSON an *Æsthete*—for he was most certainly anti-Philistine,—not that this has anything whatever to do with the eminent tragedian Mr. BRADLAUGH.

"Fair is Foul, and Foul is Fair."

A SO-CALLED "National Fair Trade League" has been founded, with a capital of Fifty Thousand Pounds, and a Committee including a Banker, a Manufacturer, and a Brewer. These capitalists coolly propose, amongst other things, to tax the food of the people, of course for the people's good, and the half-fed millions will equally of course appreciate the benevolence of these disinterested benefactors.

FEMALE SUFFRAGE IN FRANCE.—Is M. GAMBETTA an advocate of Woman's Rights? As the candidate for Belleville, he ought to be a Ladies' Man.

THE WISE MAN FROM THE EAST.

THERE was a Wary Man lately home from out the East,
Where high-jinks Ambassadorial he had led, led, led,
He'd a brain as broad and big
As you'd find in any Whig,
And a crisis never knocked him off his head, head, head.
And this Wise Man from the East, coming back to join the Crew
That on special secret service he had left, left, left,
Found the Vessel's courses set
On a tack untravelled yet,
And demanding novel trim and steering deft, deft, deft.
And this Wise Man from the East cast his weather-eye aloft,
And says he, "Now I should rather like to know, know, know,
If it's safe all sail to crack
On this same uncharted tack,
And which way the wind is likeliest to blow, blow, blow.
"As a 'candid friend' of G.'s, I'm disposed to think these seas
Are a little bit more risky than I like, like, like.
'Fore a favouring wind to run
Is, no doubt, exciting fun,
If on hidden rocks or quicksands you don't strike, strike, strike."
So this Wise Man from the East takes no hand at sail or rope,
But he gives his snowy slacks a hitch behind, 'hind, 'hind,
And in silence standing by,
Cocks aloft his weather-eye,
Like a wary salt a-watching for a wind, wind, wind.
Says the Skipper, "Dash my Whigs! I dislike these shirking rigs.
Shall he up and join the Scotchman? 'Twere a rise, rise, rise!
But he may doubt on promotion,
To the real Land of Goschen,
If the Wise Man from the East was quite so wise, wise, wise!"

A BAD BAR-GAIN.

Mr. Serjeant Wigley (finishing his story in Benchers' Room at dessert). Ha! ha! ha! And so of course I got my refreshers, when poor young PHUNXY had to whistle for his fees!

Chorus of Benchers. Capital! Profession too crowded!

Mr. Purple Bagge, Q.C. (helping himself to wine). By the way, I see Solicitors want to be called after a year's dinners.

Mr. Serjeant Wigley. Why not? Fact is, I've got a young nephew in my brother's firm, who's going to join us. Now it seems to me awful shame to make him go through three years of bad dinners for nothing, eh?

Mr. Purple Bagge, Q.C. Quite so. Can't see what the Junior Bar object to. Free trade—right principle. (Genially.) Pass the port.

Mr. Serjeant Wigley, (continuing his argument). And don't see how it can hurt us! We are safe enough. Public believe in us. Know our names, and the rest of it. So it won't hurt the Profession. We shan't lose prestige by it. Serious thing if it affected us!—serious thing I mean, of course, for the Profession.

Mr. Purple Bagge, Q.C. (examining wineglass before drinking). Exactly! Really think the more we throw open the door to Solicitors the better. Nothing like competition. Sound wine this.

Mr. Serjeant Wigley, (more argumentative than ever). Then the Junior Bar, if they have brothers and fathers in the other Branch of the Profession, will be looked after by—in point of fact—their brothers and fathers. And if Junior Bar haven't brothers and fathers in the other Branch of the Profession—they had better marry into the other Branch of the Profession or—try something else!

Mr. Purple Bagge, Q.C. Exactly! Nonsense for young men without fees to make a fuss. Confoundedly unprofessional! By all means admit everybody anyhow!

Chorus of Benchers. By all means!

[Scene closes in—upon Mr. Briefless!



SOCIAL SUCCESSES.

Mrs. Ponsonby de Tomkyns at Home—Small and Early.

Brown (who is fighting his way in—to Friendly Party, who holds out his hand).
 "AH, HOW D'Y'DO, MR.—ER—I SEEM TO KNOW YOUR FACE. OFTEN MET YOU
 HERE BEFORE, I FANCY, HAV'N'T I?"

Friendly Party. "VERY LIKELY. MY NAME'S PONSONBY DE TOMKYNs!"

THE REWARD OF MERIT.

(An Imperial Tragi-Comedy—not adapted from the French.)

"The Civil List Pensions are a miserable recognition of the claims of Literature, Science, and Art on the part of the richest nation in the world."

ACT I.

SCENE—A Public Banquet. Distinguished Literary Celebrity discovered in Chair, supported by Highly Enlightened Minister, and surrounded by brilliant gathering of Social and Artistic Notabilities. Much enthusiasm.

Highly Enlightened Minister (concluding the speech of the evening).
 And now, as I am resuming my seat, let me make one brief but very sincere avowal. Flattered as I am by the generous welcome that you have accorded to my unambitious remarks, honoured as I feel by association at this banquet with the cultured, the learned—I may say the splendid—company I see around me, believe me, to me the great, the unique privilege of my present position is the distinction it confers on me in allowing me, in ever so humble a way, to support the illustrious philosopher, sage, and genius who, on this occasion, has condescended to adorn our Chair. *(Loud and prolonged cheers.)*
 Yes, my Lords and Gentlemen—and that hearty expression of sympathy gives me the courage to confess it—whatever may be my ultimate bourn in the Walks of official renown, no event of my public career will impress me with a deeper sense of dignity unworthily conferred, than the proud, the supreme moment in which I had the honour of shaking hands with the great President around whom we are assembled to-night.

[Tremendous cheering, during which the toast is drunk "three times three," amidst indescribable enthusiasm.]

FRAGMENT OF A BRADLAUGHABLE BALLAD.

AIR—"Lord Lovel."

HE strode and he strode till he reached the landing,
 And then he couldn't "strode" any higher,
 And there he saw Mister Inspector DENNING,
 Who asked him at once to retire—"ire—"ire.
 Suggesting that he should retire.

He tackled the Sergeant and his depute,
 A Messenger too in the Lobby,
 When in came a lot of Constabulace,—
 Mister BRADLAUGH he collared a Bobby—"obhy—"obby;
 But was collared too by that Bobby.

They fought and they tussled away down the stairs,
 With many a gasp and a guggle,
 And poor Daddy Longlegs, who won't say his prayers,
 Lost his collar and tails in the struggle—"uggle—"uggle.
 Lost his temper and tails in the struggle.

Who profits by this? The reply's not remote,
 Not the Rough, nor the Bobby, nor Gaoler,
 But as Mister BRADLAUGH must have a new coat,
 'Tis a capital thing for his tailor—"ailor—"ailor,
 A very good thing for the tailor.

Two Words about Wages.

By accounts from Ireland we learn that, at a meeting of Irish Labourers lately held at Drogheda, a resolution was "adopted declaring that a fair day's wage should be given for a fair day's work." It was natural of Irish Labourers to adopt that resolution, which, however, to improve their condition at all, obviously requires to be adopted also by Irish farmers.

Query for the next Social Science Congress:—In a climate like that of Ireland, or England either, are a fair day's wages sufficient remuneration for a wet day's work?

Revival of the Unfittest.

THE custom of having a prize-fight as a supplementary amusement to horse-racing, which originated this year at Epsom, has been continued at Goodwood. The patrons of this entertainment were all "well-known to the police," but were too distinguished to be prosecuted. There is all the difference in the world between those who fill the *Court Guide* and those who live in Alleys. Interesting publication an *Alley Guide* would be. Many of the residents would prefer an *Alley-bi*.

ACT II.

SCENE—An official room. Highly Enlightened Minister, discovered looking over papers, and giving general instructions to Well-informed Private Secretary. An interval of twelve months has been supposed to elapse between Acts I. and II., during which Distinguished Literary Celebrity has been carried with much honour to a suburban cemetery.

Highly Enlightened Minister (concluding morning's social gossip).
 Yes, and the Old Earl behaved handsomely all round. The butler has been pensioned off; and all the old dependants have been generously treated. And quite right, too. Good service should have its meet reward,—eh? *(turning over several documents).* Talking of service, I hear that that capital cook at DINOVER's only gets a hundred a year.

Well-informed Private Secretary. Dear me; and he's worth five!
Highly Enlightened Minister. Quite! *(Selecting a paper).* Ha! Here we are. Old What's-his-name's daughter: why, it's only a year ago I met the old fellow somewhere—some public dinner *(turning paper over).* Hum!—the claim is backed strongly—so, I suppose she must have a slice *(refers to note).* Ah? I see it's settled; so you may as well write and let 'em know. I dare say somebody's anxious.

Well-informed Private Secretary (taking papers). Thanks. *(Looks at them.)* You didn't mention the figure.

Highly Enlightened Minister (already deep in something else).
Fifty. (Still reflecting.) Fancy DINOVER's cook only a hundred! Why, it isn't the salary of a crossing-sweeper! Ha! ha! That it isn't!
[Goes on with his business, while Well-informed Secretary officially removes "somebody's anxiety" as Curtain falls.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.Lord Ch-n-o-l-l-r. Earl Gr-nv-ll-e.
Marquis of S-l-sb-ry.Duke of Arg-ll.
Lord Sh-rbr-ke.

Lord C-rns.

Duke of R-ehm-nd.

The Bishops.

Earl of D-rby.

MORE "FORMS OF THE HOUSES."

(By Electric Light.)

MONDAY Night, August 8.—Great thing to have in the House a Member with a good voice, an impressive delivery, and an orderly mind. For the large class of Members who do not follow up all questions, a plain statement from a man of this kind is of inestimable value. Here's the GOFFIN case, for example. Been before the House on and off for some Sessions. Confess that up to to-night, having on hand much business for my constituency, didn't know what it was all about. Had a notion that Mr. GOFFIN was the gentleman who kept a dust-heap and Mr. Silas Wegg. But Mr. RAMSAY, who knows Sir WALTER SCOTT'S romances by heart, tells me that was Boffin. Gave GOFFIN up with the unredeemed sorrows of SECOCENT, the unmitigated labours of L'LANGABELLE, and the story of the wrongs of Mr. JOHN CLARE, who invented several things, amongst others, various opportunities for Mr. BIGGAR to occupy the time of the House.

Now know all about Mr. GOFFIN and his case. Sir JAMES CLARK LAWRENCE, standing well out on the Bench behind Ministers, and lifting up his full voice, has put the whole matter in a nutshell. It seems that Mr. GOFFIN was formerly employed at the Home Office; fell sick; took leave of absence; Doctor saw him, and reported that he was malingering; consequence was, discharged, losing his position and chance of pension. On what ground did the Doctor attribute malingering? Ha! here's where the story begins to get exciting. He had, states the Doctor, prescribed for Mr. GOFFIN, who, at this stage of the story it turns out, had something the matter with his foot. On examining the foot one morning, found traces of iodine. Doctor *knew he had not ordered iodine*, therefore, clear case of malingering. Hence report and dismissal of Mr. GOFFIN.

"Years roll on." (Wish I could enter in my diary Sir JAMES'S voice and his impressive gesture.) Some papers disturbed. Whether they were Mr. GOFFIN'S, or the Doctor's, not quite sure. But there hidden away, not a will, but the original prescription; and what do you think was found? Why, a direction to apply iodine, which the Doctor had ordered and forgotten! This proved no malingering, just as the iodine had proved the offence. Mr. GOFFIN made application to the Home Office to be reinstated. They replied—and here again the diary loses the advantage of Sir JAMES'S flexible voice—"We never undo what we have done."

This is the case of Mr. GOFFIN, who very naturally objects to being charged with malingering, since it is now proved that the Doctor prescribed iodine.

Am so pleased at having fathomed this case, that I go about asking Members if they understand the case of Mr. GOFFIN; and when they say "No" (as most do), I tell them. Told MUNDELLA, who says I have made a mistake, and that this thrilling story related by Sir JAMES, has nothing to do with Mr. GOFFIN, who is a schoolmaster, and is charged with too great anxiety to get his pupils on. Sir JAMES, MUNDELLA explains, just remembered it in the middle of his speech, and thought he would tell the House. But I know better. I listened to every word of this beautiful speech, and this is what I make of the case of Mr. GOFFIN.

Business done.—Talked till two o'clock to-morrow morning; then began to deal with the votes.

Tuesday.—Don't think I ever saw a lot of men so completely knocked over as the crowd in the Smoking-Room, when at half-past ten to-night someone came in and announced "The Black Beetle on the floor of the House is killed!" The notion that our own good

GOSSET was no more, that we should never look on his cheery face again, or watch the graceful twinkle of his manly legs as he bore the Mace to and fro, or danced the stately minuet with Mr. BRADLAUGH, was overpowering. Members sat dumb for a moment, and then, out of the turmoil of troubled thoughts, broke exclamations of, "When?" "Where?" "How?" Had there been an *émeute* in the Irish quarter? Had Mr. HEALY "gone for" the Sergeant? or had BIGGAR pinked him from behind as he sat slumberous in his Chair? Or was Mr. BRADLAUGH'S bad arm a ruse designed to draw off attention, and whilst the Police thought he lay sick at home, had he covertly entered the House, treacherously seized the companion of his saltatory exercises, and slain him before the Mace?

Immense relief to find it was not our own Black Beetle, the lineaments of whose figure Mr. Punch has distributed over the civilised world. It was a Cockroach of ordinary and exceedingly ignorant kind. Often heard its old father say that Parliament prorogued in the first week in August. Of Conservative tendencies; thought what had been still was. Like Mr. LEFFROY'S landlady at Stepney, didn't take in the daily papers. Knew nothing of the Lords' Amendments;

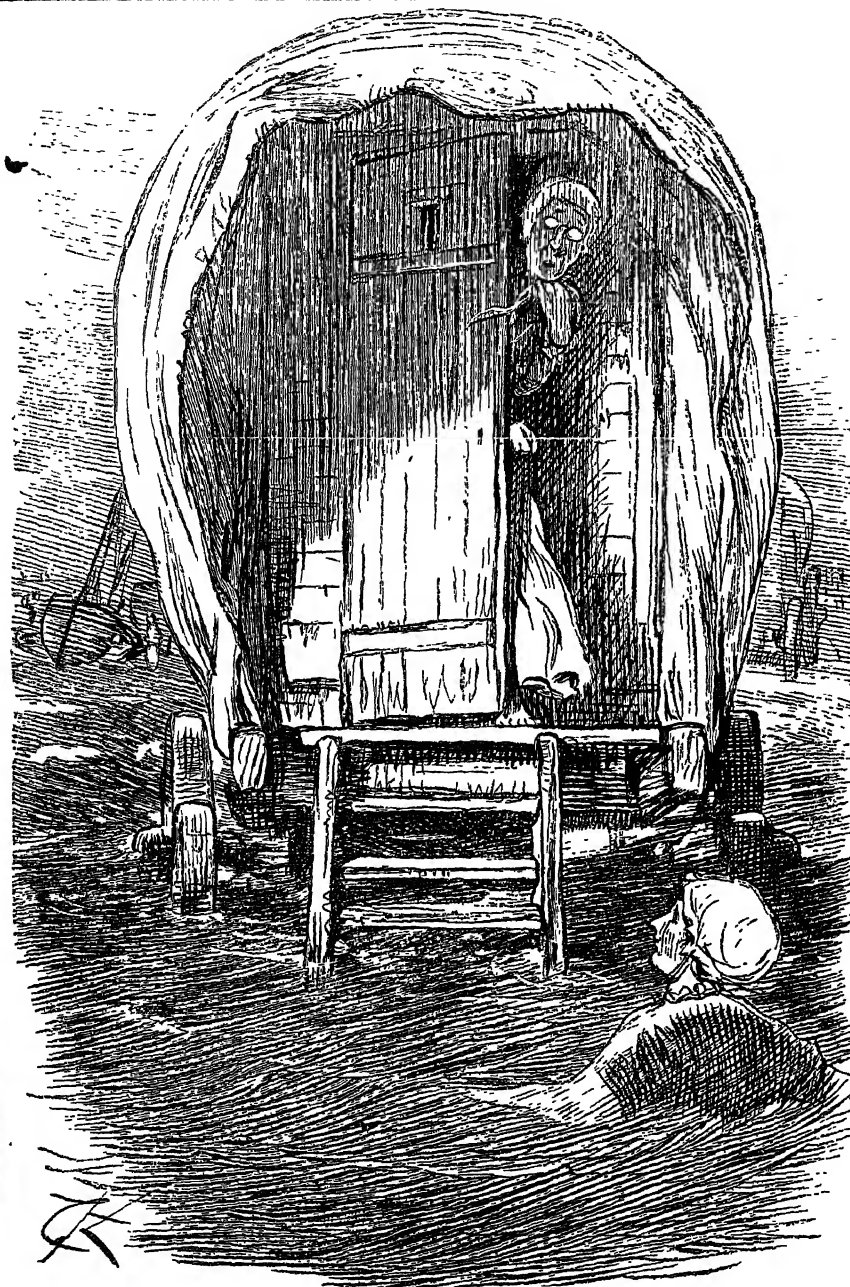


"When Greek meets Greek!"

was not aware House was sitting. So strolled upstairs, meaning to have a snooze in Speaker's Chair. Instead of retiring as soon as it found out its mistake, walked up the floor of the House as if it were about to take the oath. Outraged all the Orders of procedure; crossed between Mr. PARNELL and the Chair, when the former was on his legs; stood about on the middle of the floor after the division when order had been called; behaved in the most insulting manner to the Leader of the Fourth Party; ostentatiously strolled in the direction of the seats below the Gangway, on the Conservative side amid immense excitement: Land Bill forgotten; Lords' Amendments as nothing. Was the Fourth Party about to receive a recruit, even so late in the Session? Dreadful moment of suspense for RANDOLPH, who sat nervously stroking his moustache, and looking as if one more or less were nothing to him. Black Beetle stopped and surveyed the Party; looked scornfully at RANDOLPH; winked at WOLFF; turned up its nose at Mr. GORST, and then, before the watching Senate, turned its back, and made straight for the rising hope of the State, the compact party sitting below the Gangway opposite, in company with Wisdom, several of the Talents, and all the Virtues. Here it was slain by the ruthless foot of a passing Member, having created more visible excitement in the crowded Senate, than did the introduction of Mr. HENEAGE'S Amendment.

Business done.—Black Beetle Slain. Lords' Amendments considered.

Wednesday.—CAVENDISH BENTINCK in great form to-day. When I say "to-day" I mean this morning towards cock-crow. House discussing Lords' Amendments dealing with restrictions on game. Attorney-General for Ireland a little mixed; shows a disposition to



"DENUATION."

Niece (after a header). "OH, AUNT, YOU'RE NOT COMING IN WITH YOUR SPECTACLES ON!"

Aunt Clarissa (who is not used to bathe in the "open.") "MY DEAR, I POSITIVELY WON'T TAKE OFF ANYTHING MORE, I'M DETERMINED!!"

regard hares as wild fowl. CAVENDISH bursts into the controversy, and is received with prolonged and hilarious cheers. CAVENDISH seems to think the PREMIER (who hasn't spoken since C. B. came in) has been saying something, and turns upon him, with lofty assumption of superiority in all that relates to wild fowl. But C. B. is generous, even among his political animosities. PREMIER knows nothing about wild fowl; why shouldn't he learn? C. B. holds out the wing of friendship, and suggests that under its cover he should run down and see a little wild-fowl shooting. As in his mind's eye he beholds the picture of himself and the PREMIER out on the lonely moor or adrift on the sedgy stream duck-shooting, with only stars for companions, he grows positively enthusiastic, and his words tumble out over each other in the haste of their hospitable intent.

Happy thought this. GLADSTONE wisely varies the labours of the week by spending Saturday to Monday in some rural spot. He has been to The Durdans, and must be getting tired of Mill Hill. Why not go out for a quiet Sunday with CAVENDISH, hunting the snark and other wild fowl dealt with in the Act 27 & 28 Vict. c. 27? Wandering arm-in-arm over the moist land of Hampshire and Dorsetshire, these two eminent men might become better acquainted.

Business done.—Lords' Amendments further considered.

Friday Night.—Great excitement in the lobby of the House of Commons, and in the corridors joining the two Houses. Houses themselves pretty placid. In the Commons Mr. RITCHIE and Lord SANDON talking Protection and Water. In the Lords, to all outward appearance, equal placidity reigns. Couple of hundred gentlemen engaged in scratching out the Commons' Amendments to the Land Bill. Quite a game of ninepins. The Lords, in their playful way, knock over three-fifths of the Bill as it left the Commons. The Commons painfully re-instate them. To-night, the Lords, more than ever playfully, knocking them all over again.

"I'll show 'em how to steer and sail a ship!" says my Lord Marquis. "Stir up the fire, pile on the wood, get up the steam, and I'll sit on the safety valve."

Business done.—The Lords' "guttled" the Irish Land Bill.

DEMORALISING EFFECTS OF THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

Most of *Mr. Punch's Young Men* are "on the wing." Our Bilious Contributor declares that he is on the (liver) wing, having a *bake-on* the sands. A *rasher* attempt at a pun we do not remember being made, even by him. Another writes to say that he is down by the Dee-side, and Dee-sidedly means staying there for some time. This is how he puts it:—

I live, a Mill-er hale and strong,
Beside the river Dee,
I lounge and smoke from morn till night.
(What a lark to be sure, dear P!)
And this the burden of my song
For a month I mean to be:—
I care for nobody, no not I,
And the public may go to—the Dee!

(He adds, incidentally, that the Public couldn't do better.) A third Y. M. informs us that he finds Dawlish so *Dawlishous* that—but here we tore up his missive in disgust. Three or four of our younger Young Men (whom the gods evidently do not love) are "gone yachting," which apparently is the nautical equivalent for "away in the *ewigkeit*." One sends us (from nowhere in particular that we can see) the following unintelligible (but we suspect impertinent) piece of doggerel:—

SAMMY would a yotting go,
Whether his PUNCHY would let him or no.
With his Rowley—bowl-along bowsprit and
Spinnaker,
Yeo-ho! says ROWLEY!

Another informs us that he is as sick of hearing Mynheer Van Dunk cited as a type of bibulousness, as ever the Athenians were of hearing ARISTIDES called "Just so." (Here he gets a little unhistorical.) He is therefore off to the neighbourhood of the Zuyder-zee to take the shine out of the Dutchmen at deep-draught potatoes.

The few Contributors who do remain in town are sulky, and as crabbed in their "copy" as in their tempers.

When our Poet is not venting bilious strictures, He's as busy with his *Bradshaw* as can be. When our Artist isn't adjectivising pictures, He is brooding glumly o'er his *A. B. C.* They swear that town's all swelter, smoke and smother,

They vow the rambling chaps have all the fun.
No: take one consideration with another,
The Sage's life is *not* a happy one!

During the Holiday Season at least, and the sooner it's over the better, both for *Mr. Punch* and his beloved—though bothersome—Public.

THE SWEETS OF LEARNING.



Punch to the Vice-President.

"PROGRESS unbroken, continuous, steady"!
 Bravo, MUNDELLA! Our praises are ready.
 "Per-centage of passes is 81'2," Sir?
 Well, that, for the present, will probably do, Sir.
 "Four millions now on the rolls." 'Tis a number
 Which shows that the Lord of "Three R's" does not slumber.

True "sweets of learning." JOHN BULL will "stand Sam," Sir.
 With pleasure, all round, only *don't over-cram*, Sir.
 This "fight for the Standards" is gallant as any,
 And wiser than most, but—well, don't raise *too many*.
Verb. sap., modern guard of the spring called Pierian:
 And here's to your health, Sir; long life, and a merry 'un!

A Timely Warning.

THESE are the days in which the advertisements of house-agents, house-proprietors and house-letters are rampant, and it may be well to warn the too trusting Cockney of one or two signs by which he may infallibly detect the hidden trap. Advertisements beginning "To lovers of fruit," "A perfect paradise," "Opening of the plum season," &c., are to be carefully avoided, and any advertisement beginning with *Rus in Urbe* should be classed with the "Confidence Trick," or the "Three Card Trick" in the railway carriage.

Absolutely Perfect!

THE Criminal In(ve)stigation Department has issued its annual report, and the Defective Police is declared to be absolutely perfect. No allusion is made to the undiscovered murders in Bloomsbury, Cannon Street, Coram Street, Hoxton, Easton Square, Burton Crescent, Harley Street, &c. &c. The Chief of this Department, like the rest of the world, is doubtless bent upon holiday-making. Let us suggest Chatham. The murderer of Lieutenant ROPER is still at large, and a thousand pounds is offered for his discovery.

THE PLEASURES OF "YOUTH."

DRURY LANE has got a hit that will last as long as *The World*—even with two comets about. Messrs HARRIS and MERITT are to be congratulated, especially HARRIS. The piece is of the *Formosa* type, only without the *Formosa* epigrams. It depends upon its action rather than on its dialogue, on good situations, striking *tableaux*—they're always "striking" the *tableaux*—and, above all, strict and careful drill, and intelligent rehearsal.

Act. I.—Exterior of Beechley Church—not at all a beechly church to look at. Service with organ of course (never without an organ in stage-worship) going on within. Mr. RYDER appears as the Vicar. The last time we saw him was as a Mendicant Friar, but he has now settled down as a prosperous Anglican Vicar, with, we should say, judging from the cut of his coat, decidedly High Church views. Were the height of his views to be measured by that of his hat, they would be beyond anything at present known to Ultra-Ritualists, but the notorious fact that these latter religionists never wear tall hats, but have a weakness for black wide-awakes and a clerical pot hat with very broad brim, which might be worn by a cardinal in mourning, saves him from such an imputation. Unlike Mr. W. S. GILBERT's Vicar in the *Sorcerer*, who sings of old Loves—"Ah me, I was a pale young Curate then," the Rev. Mr. Darlington has only to look back to his pre-ordination days, when, from his own showing, he did go it rather, and knew his way about slightly.

It is rather hard on him twenty-three years after he has given up his wicked ways, and become a Vicar'd old man with a wife and one son, that he should be suddenly confronted by Mrs. Walsingham (Miss LOUISE WILLES), whom, in his pre-clerical days (we hope it did happen before he was a pale young Curate, though he never distinctly states the fact) he had—not to put too fine a point upon it—ruined and deserted.

Mrs. Walsingham starts, and calls him "JOSEPH!"

—he starts, exclaiming

"HESTER!"—whereupon she becomes Hester-ical, but soon pulling herself together, asks him very practically to let her the cottage she was born in, in this very village of Beechley. Just think of that;—and Mrs. Darlington—whom, probably the schoolboys (capital schoolboys they are in Act. I., and quite capable of any lark of the sort) call "Old Mother Darlington,"—within a stone's throw! And what stones! what throwing there would be! The Rev. Joseph foresees it at a glance, and thinks to himself "Not for Joe!" Mrs. Walsingham's request being refused, she, true to her name, vows that she'll lead him a pretty dance. Alas! poor Joe! Then she leaves him—"old Joe kicking up and afore, and the yellow gal a kicking up behind old Joe!" But the Rev. Joe has brought it on himself, and the audience to a woman are down on



Tableau 1.—The Vigorous Vicar and the Vicar'd old Woman. "After many changing years, how sweet it is to come," &c.

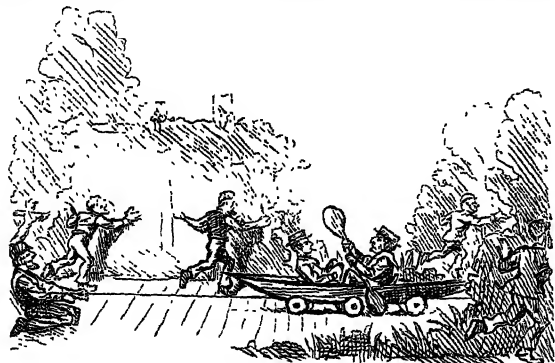


Tableau 2.—Very Moving. A Change of Scene strongly recommended by the Faculty. "Striking" effect.

him from the first, have no sympathy for him from this time forth, think him a jolly old humbug, deride his excuses, and howl at his sentiments. No matter what he says, religious, moral, or purely sentimental, the audience "Joey" him, and form themselves into an anti-humbug society on the spot. If the Rev. Joseph had only

behaved handsomely—if he had been "handsome Joe" in that early *amour*—all might have been well; but he was "stingy Joe," and by his own confession as mean a cuss as ever stopped, and so down comes Mrs. Walsingham as his Nemesis. Poor Joe! he can only look back and say, "She was werry good to me, she was;" but he was werry bad to her, he was.

So his son Frank (Mr. AUGUSTUS HARRIS) goes wrong with *Eve de Malvoisie* (Miss MARIE LITTON)—some relation perhaps of the *Sieur de Framboisie* so celebrated under the Empire—and after a scene in a canoe, and a good deal of canoodling in the Boat-Cottage Garden, he marries her. But *Eve* is an adventuress, and really in love with a Major Randal Reckley (Mr. W. H. VERNON), who is a thorough-paced villain, and can't act cor-rectly on any occasion. At any moment we were prepared for this nefarious person's being killed by some one (probably the comic convict, Mr. NICHOLLS), who would exclaim, "Die-rectley!" and would then and there shoot him.

But no, he lived to the end, to be duly punished with the other wicked people. Poor Frank is run into fearful extravagance by *Eve*—they live in what the Authors modestly term "Rooms," which show us what, in the opinion of Messrs. GILLOW & Co., who designed and furnished them, a young man's "Rooms" should be. We question the policy of this advertisement on the part of this eminent Firm. "Heavens!" any parent will exclaim on seeing this small portion of a palatial Japanese residence situated somewhere overlooking the Serpentine—though we never remember to have noticed it—"My boy mustn't go to GILLOW for his rooms and furniture if this is the sort of thing! Why, the lad's only got a hundred-and-fifty a year; and if this is the eminent Firm's idea of Apartments Furnished in a Model Lodging-House, why I shall be a Flat myself to let him go there!"

The Rev. Darlington visits Frank, gives him coin, confides to him that he has been a young dog himself once on a time, and boasts that in those dog-days he had never trained a young gazelle to glad him with her bright blue eye, but what, when she came to love him well, he could always leave her at a moment's notice without the slightest compunction. Heartless old Joe! His morality receives a severe shock when he hears that his son has actually married *Eve*. Then Frank is condemned for a forgery which the Reckless Reckley had committed, serves his time as a convict, where we see him in prison condemned to the hard labour of, apparently, making mud-pies on a tray, the proceedings being varied by a great deal of conversation and a murderous assault on a warder—which involves one of the

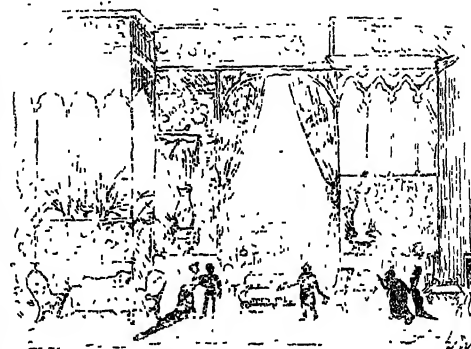


Tableau 3.—Frank's Rooms—perhaps in Buckingham Palace. Figures to Scale. A Black Business.

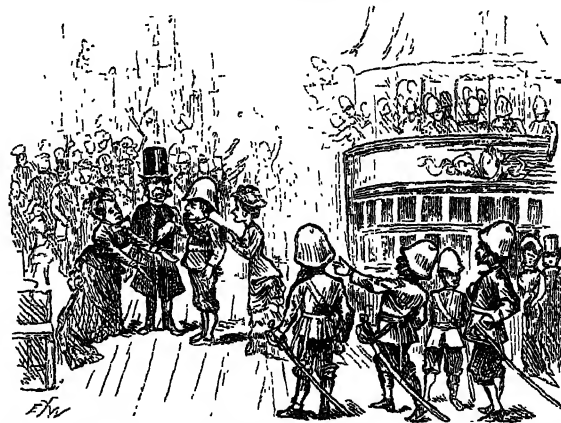


Tableau 4.—Mr. Harris embarks on his successful Stage-Manager-Ship.

best hand-to-hand realistic struggles between Mr. HARRIS and Mr. ESCROUAT that we've seen for a long time. Frank gets a ticket-of-leave, enlists, goes off to India—in spite of Reckley, who Indi-rectley tries to stop him.

The Embarkation Scene is excellent—that's where the Stage-Manager-Ship of Mr. HARRIS comes in—and goes out; and the Lessee of Drury Lane may pride himself on possessing not only the largest share in the Theatre and the Piece, but the Biggest Property in the world—and yet the Public will see this "Vast Property for Sail" for many a night to come.

We were glad to recognise our old musical friend and Composer, Mr. ARTHUR MATTHISON, as the Colonel—no, not at the Prince of Wales's—but as *Colonel Dalton*, and we fully expected a song. But he didn't. Once there was just a chance of it—during the Embarkation Scene, at a very critical moment, when that villainous *Major Reckley* wanted to overhear what *Mrs. Darlington* was saying to her son *Frank*. Mr. ARTHUR MATTHISON took him aside, and at that moment the band struck up a plaintive melody, so that it seemed as if the military musician, out of consideration for the *Darlingtons*, had just said to the Major, "I'll hum over a little thing—air and words all my own—while the band does the accompaniment." The Major perhaps objected to the Minor, and the



Tableau 5.—Hawk's Point. Daring Bravery of British Troops. Extraordinary Escape of an Artful Afghan.

subject was dropped. At Hawk's Point Colonel MATTHISON again distinguished himself, by making a splendid declaration about the "sacred flag," and then, as far as we could make out, he got carefully behind everybody well out of danger, standard and all.

The Afghans may be a very artful people, deceiving us with false signals, but they are a feeble folk, and the first of them who entered while the British soldiers were firing away like mad, appeared to be simply a harmless deaf old gentleman bearing a strong resemblance to the venerable Indian who still sweeps a crossing in Regent Street, who, having somehow lost his way, was prepared to apologise for the intrusion, and was quite surprised, in fact, at there being anyone about at that time.

But this was, of course, only his artfulness, as in another second he was followed by a very stout Afghan, and several other Afghans vaguely waving their swords without any visible effect on anybody, and all, like the first, strongly resembling the aforesaid crossing-sweeper, so that they might have been an army of crossing-sweepers. Who was victorious we couldn't quite ascertain; but the Comic Convict had his sins forgiven him by Colonel MATTHISON, without which ceremony, he averred, he couldn't die comfortably, and Mr. HARRIS was wounded while gallantly doing something or other which, in the last Act, was the cause of his appearing decorated with the Victoria Cross, or, as it may appositely be termed on behalf of his *collaborateur*, the Order of Meritt. Anyone applying for another Order of

Meritt, must be informed of the necessary conditions on which alone it can be held:—"Evening dress indispensable, and Not admitted after seven."

Of course all the bad 'uns are punished, the good rewarded, and the last Act is short, for everyone wants to get out, quaff the "flowing bowl," wash the gunpowder of Hawk's Point out of their throbbles, drink success to the Play, and, if there are any faults, put them down to the follies of Messrs. HARRIS and MERITT's *Youth*. And may it be *Youth*-full for months!

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

I WAS a setting on the Sands the other evening a watching the waves bobbing up and down, and thinking what a lot of useless trouble they was a taking, and how much they was like a man making a long speech when nobody wanted it, when a Gent and a remarkable pretty young Lady with very large blue eyes and a very pale face, came and sat near me, to have, as I heard 'em say, a good look at the sunset. What folks can find to admire in a sunset, I never could make out. However, there's no accounting for taste, as I often think when performing my perffessional dooties, and seeing what some people actually refuses. Well, my two young friends sat there a gazing and a gazing at the sun, and just saying a word now and then, as if they was in a perfect raphsur, when, just as the sun went down, she leant her head on his shoulder, and she said, "CHARLEY dear, it's so lovely it almost makes me cry. I wonder if I shall see many more as lovely as this?" And then he gives her a hug, and wraps her shawl round her, and says something that wasn't meant for me to hear, and so up I gets and goes home, like a sensible fellow as I hopes I am, and has my Tea.

Now, if that Gentleman should happen to cast his eye on this here page, and wouldn't dispise a kindly word from a umble Waiter, this is the advice I should give to him. Don't go a taking that butifal young thing on the damp sands of a evening, to see the sun set, and make her cry, but take her home, just before that time, and give her for her Tea just a small piece of nice juicy Rum Stake, a leetle underdone, and about half a dozen of oysters and half a pint of Stout, and then let him read his *Punch* to her, and he'd see such a diffirence in her in about a week that he'd hardly know her.

Sunset and sentiment and spooning is all very well in their way, but depend upon it, Young Ladies, the first thing a sensible young fellow looks for in a wife, is good health. No objection to beauty and good temper to follow, but good health indispenserble. So don't dispise a homely stake now and then. There's a wigour and a vitality and a sustaining power in it, that's somethink wonderful, and if anybody ought to know I ought.

The first requisite for a good appy life is a good appytite. It may be any man's fortune, who knows, to become a Alderman or a Master of a Gill, and then where is he without this greatest of human blessings? Literally Nowheres! Fancy a Great Corporation without a good appytite. How long could it last?

BROWN says, "it would get small by degrees and beautifully less," till it disappeared altogether, and then, what's left behind?

(Signed) ROBERT.

SUMMERY PUNISHMENT IN THE ARMY.

THE new rules for punishment in the Army are called summery, because they certainly do not err on the side of severity. A refractory soldier, duly convicted by a Court Martial, may be imprisoned in a field, but the field must not be planted with onions or anything else likely to cause annoyance to the prisoner. When the prisoner, through being lightly pinioned in fetters or handcuffs, or in both, is not able to cope successfully with wasps, cock-chafers, gnats, and bees, the raw recruits of the Army are to be in attendance with fans, or other implements. In brushing away the pests they are, on no account, to strike the prisoner, and a prisoner receiving a blow under these circumstances—however inadvertently—is entitled to claim his immediate discharge from custody. When in irons, the prisoner may be attached for a period or periods not exceeding two hours in each day to a fixed object, but care must be taken that this object is not one likely to cause useless irritation in the prisoner. If the object is artistic, it must be selected according to the prisoner's taste; if it is not artistic, it must be neutral in both form and colour. No part of a summery punishment shall be inflicted in such a way as to leave any mark on the offender that cannot be immediately removed by soap and water.

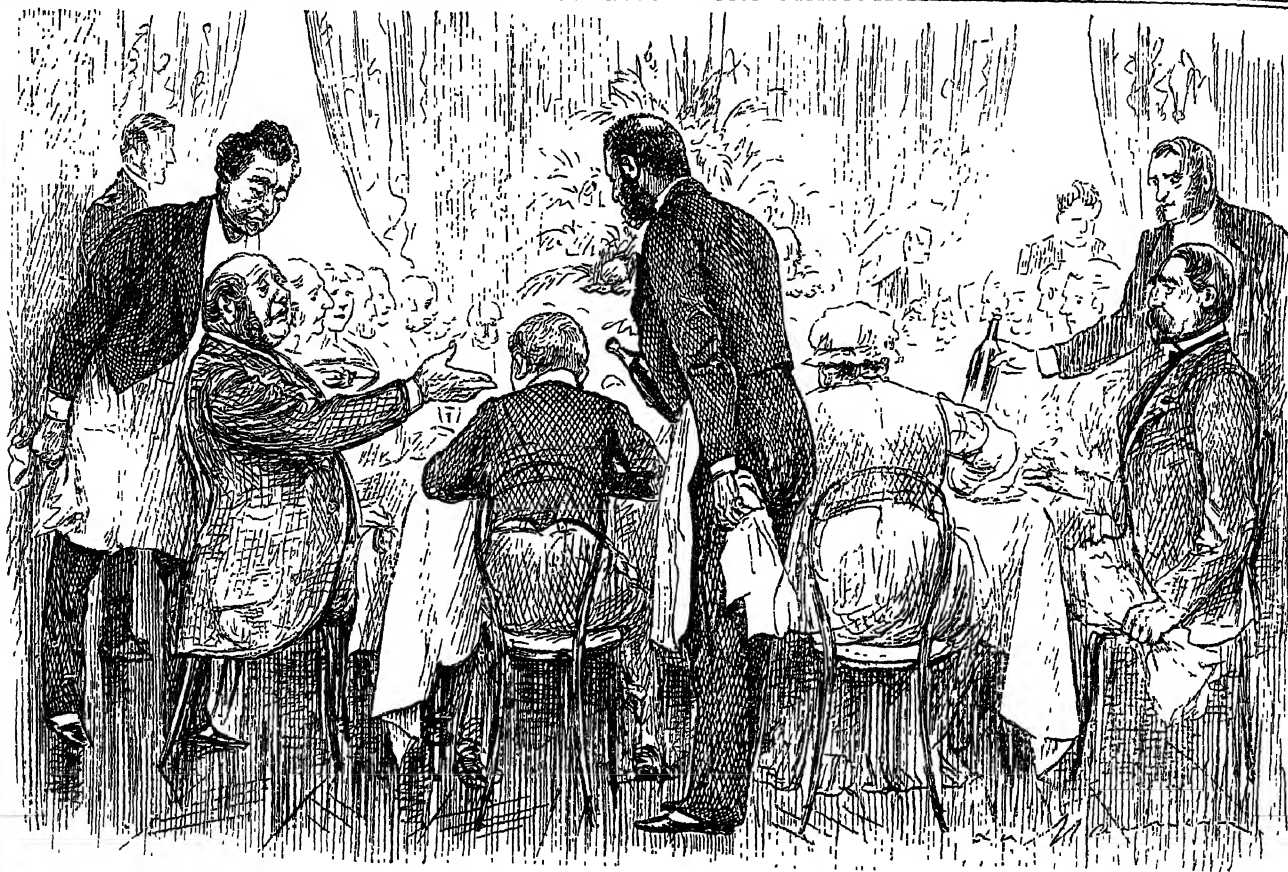


An Isle of Goats.

CYPRUS is reported to be overrun with goats, which, browsing upon the ligneous vegetation, devour the young plants and trees. Goats seem to have been troublesome in Cyprus long ago. *Othello* says to *Ludovico*—

"You are welcome, Sir, to Cyprus—Goats and monkeys!"

Nowadays, however, we hear no complaints of the monkeys, which, as well as the goats in Cyprus appear to have exasperated the jealous Moor, according to the divine WILLIAMS.



SIR GORGIUS ON THE "CONTINONG."

Sir G. Midas (to his Younger Son). "THERE'S A GLASS O' CHAMPAGNE FOR YER, 'ENRY! DOWN WITH IT, MY LAD—AND THANK 'EAVEN YOU'RE AN ENGLISHMAN, AND CAN AFFORD TO DRINK IT!"

THE INTERNATIONAL PLUNDER COMPANY UNLIMITED.

DIRECTORS.

SIGNOR FRA DIAVOLO.
STOPMAN PASHA.

M. CARTOUCHE.
JEREMY DIDDLEE, ESQ.*

Secretary.—JACQUES STROP (*pro tem.*).

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

Now that the British Government have notified to the Gentlemen Brigands of Europe and elsewhere, that the National Treasury will not be available for the payment of the ransoms of Englishmen captured in the ordinary way of business, it seems probable that the Bandit Profession on the Continent will gradually pass into decay, and perhaps altogether disappear. This being the case, it will be patent to the meanest comprehension that a great deal of first-rate talent will be available for developing other branches of the same industry.

It has occurred to a financier who has enjoyed a lifelong experience of swindling in all its ramifications, that the Gentlemen Brigands who have recently been so greatly successful in Italy, Greece, and Turkey, would be willing, nay anxious, to connect themselves with an undertaking kindred in character to that which has hitherto been their sole occupation. Fortunately a business is ready to hand, and only requires to be suggested to be immediately adopted with enthusiasm by those brave spirits who are ready not only to die but to "do." For many years the Hotels of Europe have worthily competed with the mountains for pre-eminence in the great science of extortion. Where the Brigand has demanded a traveller's money with a knife, the Inn-keeper has made the same request with a bill. On the whole (although both have been successful in obtaining the object of their mutual desires) the Inn-keeper has had the best of the bargain, as he has had nothing to fear from the *gens d'armes* and other unpleasant officials. He has had neither to fight nor to bribe. Of

late years, however, the Proprietors of Hotels have added in some cases physical to moral force, to obtain the accomplishment of their demands. An instance of this kind may be found in the treatment of some travellers a short time since in Switzerland, who had the audacity to ask more than once for a bed in a mountain hostelry. In the case referred to, although the waiters acted with admirable promptitude, the assistance of a Professional Brigand would have been simply invaluable.

It is believed that the present Hotel Proprietors will welcome the new blood with the utmost heartiness, and make common cause with their more unconventional colleagues.

The object of this Company will be to acquire the goodwill, &c., of the highest-priced establishments in Europe, with a view to strengthening their management with the above specified recruits. Mr. JEREMY DIDDLEE has kindly consented to act as Managing Director when he shall have joined the Board.

The only agreement that has at present been made is one between Signor FRA DIAVOLO, on the part of the Company, and Mr. DIDDLEE on behalf of himself. The paper (provided by Mr. DIDDLEE) bears a sixpenny stamp, and the signatures have been written in blood at the instigation of Signor FRA DIAVOLO. Copies may be seen, (personally,) in Deadman's Cave, Southern Italy, and (on epistolary application) to A.Z., Post-Office, Seven Dials, London, England.

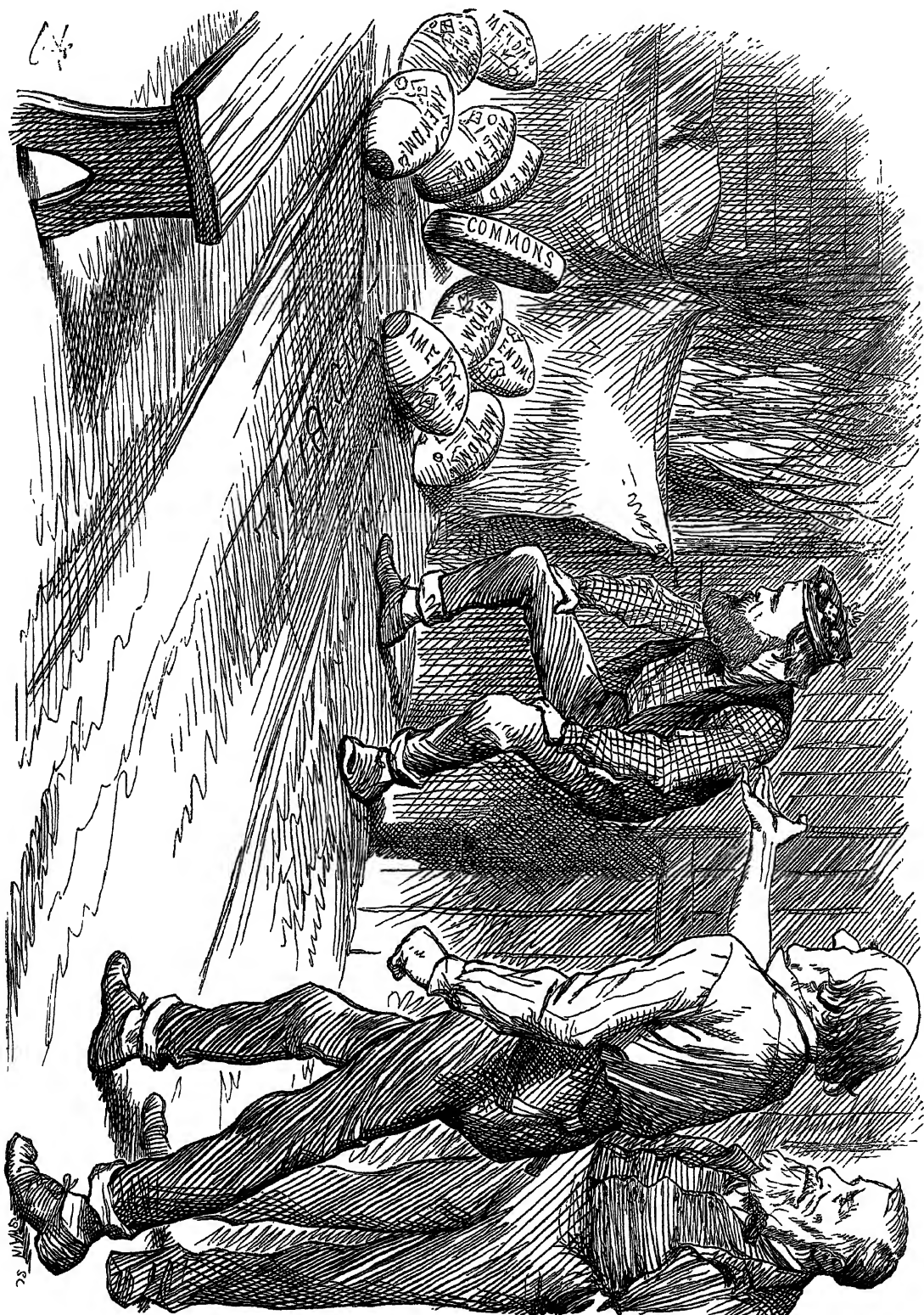
Lamb's Fry.

Said rash Miss LAMB to Parson FRYER,
"To marry you is my desire."

Said Parson FRYER unto Miss LAMB,
"Not much in love with you I am."

Thereafter he reflected, "Zounds!
That's cost me just a Thousand Pounds!"

* Who will join the Board after the shares have been allotted.



SKITTTLES!

NOBLE BARMAN ("boldly and manfully;"). "I CAN PUT 'EM UP AGAIN!"



QUALIFIED APPRECIATION.

Sculptor. "I DELIGHT IN MODELLING YOUR FACE, BROWN! THERE'S SUCH IMMENSE VARIETY IN IT"—(*Brown begins to smile pleasantly*)—"ONE SIDE OF THE FACE IS SO UTTERLY UNLIKE THE OTHER, YOU KNOW."
[*Brown's smile extends to the wrong side of his mouth.*]

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

(From the "Willustrated London News.")

THE will of the late Mr. PROMETHEUS, C.E., of Vulture Chambers, Beak Street, was proved on the 1st instant by the executors, Messrs. MAGGOT and BRAINWORM. Some difficulty was experienced in obtaining probate, owing to the circumstance of one of the executors being temporarily resident in Colney Hatch Lunatic Asylum, and the other an inmate of St. Pancras Workhouse. The testator leaves his once valuable but long since expired pawnbrokers' duplicates of his Cross of the Legion of Honour and numerous other foreign decorations, his deceased wife's wedding-ring, his theodolite, mathematical instruments, and aluminium watch to a Grateful Country. To Sir PLUTUS POTBOILER, Bart., of the firm of POTBOILER, GRINDNOSE, and KILLROBIN, of Leadenhall Street, E.C., who purchased from the testator for six hundred pounds all his patent rights in a machine for darning silk stockings, from which the Leadenhall Street firm are now making fifty thousand a year, he leaves a letter from the Secretary of the Charity Organisation Society, to whom Sir PLUTUS POTBOILER had referred the testator's application for a loan of five pounds, stating that, under the circumstances, the Society could not recommend that such loan should be granted. To any ingenious Americans who may like to take them up, and claim them for their own, he bequeaths his perfected inventions and models for Aerial Navigation, the Prevention of Shipwrecks, the Abrogation of Railway Accidents, the Storage of Sunshine, the Transmutation of Metals, the Manufacture of Diamonds, and the Production of Leading Articles from Mealy Potatoes. His heart (broken) he bequeaths to the Society of Hearts, and as much as is left of his liver to the Royal College of Surgeons. He commends his orphan daughter (a cripple) to the kind care of the Relieving Officer.

The will, with thirty-five codicils, of the late FIREBRASS NETHERBY MILLSTONE, Esq., of Old Broad Street, E.C., and Portland Place, was proved on the 3rd instant by the executors, the Earl of FLINT and

the Master of the Skinners' Company. The personal property was sworn under one million sterling. To each of his executors he leaves twenty pounds; to the Society for the Propagation of Epidemic Diseases, £5,000; to the Society for Promoting the Vivisection of Art-Critics, £5,000; to the Society for the Suppression of Sunday Bands, £2,500; to the Society for the Persecution of the Jews, £1000; to the Society for the Encouragement of Corporal Punishment, £1000; to the Society for Putting Down the Poor, £10,000; to the Asylum for Decayed Bill-Discounters, £500; to the Association for Promoting Rheumatism among Night Cabmen, £500; to the Associate Institute for Preventing Discharged Criminals from obtaining Employment, £500; to the Scottish Widows' Snuff-Denial Corporation, £100; to the Anti-Vaccination Society, £100; to the Trustees of the Ugly Club, £1000. There are numerous other bequests to uncharitable institutions. To his only sister, TABITHA, he bequeaths £100 in Turkish Bonds, £100 in Mexican do., £100 in Spanish do., also his Portrait by MARCUS STONE, A.R.A., and his copy of GIBBORNE'S *Duties of Women*. To his only son, THOMAS (who married without the testator's consent), he leaves the sum of one shilling sterling. The residue of his property, both real and personal, he leaves to the Provost and Bailies for the time being of the royal burgh of Butter Scotch, N.B., in trust and for the endowment of Almshouses for Superannuated Directors of Bankrupt Banks and Penitent Writers to the Signet.

The will of Major TIMOTHY O'DEAR of Ballyshindy Castle, County Cork, sometime M.P. for County Smithereen, was offered for probate on the 10th instant by The O'DUNBILK, M.P., and Captain the Hon. LOONEY MACFWOLTER. The property, for reasons subsequently to be mentioned, was not sworn under any specific sum; but it was understood to be Immense. The testator bequeathed £10,000 to the Royal Humane Society, and legacies of the same amount (all free of legacy duty) to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, to the Ladies' Work Society, to the Royal Hospital for Women, to the Hospital for Sick Children, to the London School of Medicine for Women, to the Asylum for Idiots, and to the Cabmen's Benevolent Institution. Legacies of five hundred pounds were bequeathed to the Royal Literary Fund, to the Freemasons' Girls' School, to the British Orphan Asylum, to the Home for Jolly Old Boys, and to the Trustees of the Whiskey Drinking League. All the testator's numerous nephews and nieces (he died a bachelor) were handsomely provided for. The diamond-hilted rapier presented to him by the late King of AURUCANIA he bequeathed to Mr. HENRY IRVING; his unrivalled collection of four-leaved Shamrocks to Miss ELLEN TERRY; his gold snuff-box, studded with emeralds (the gift of Prince SNEZOFF) to the Committee of the Beefsteak Club; and the whole of his valuable stock of DUNVILLE'S Whiskey, with a silver flask bearing the touching inscription, "It is never too late to mend," was bequeathed to Sir WILFRID LAWSON. The entire residue of his real and personal property, comprising estates in County Smithereen as aforesaid, New River Shares, Great-Nor-Nor-Western Debentures, Preference Shares in the London and Dondaniel Line, pictures by the Old Masters, portraits by Mr. J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., of the young Missuses, plate, jewels, horses, carriages, and a library of thirty thousand volumes, including ten first folios of the works of SHAKESPEARE, all with the poet's autograph, the first edition of DON QUIXOTE, in Spanish, with an autograph letter from CERVANTES to his washerwoman asking for time, he leaves to his old and beloved friend, Mr. Punch, of 85, Fleet Street, E.C., "as a slight recognition of the debt of gratitude owing by all Irish hearts, to the most beneficent, the most munificent, and the most unselfish Philanthropist of the Age." Unfortunately, on inquiries being made, it was discovered by the executors that Major O'DEAR had been thrice bankrupt, and that he departed this life in a condition of complete insolvency.

What He Meant.

"LADIES turned Bicyclists?" cried SMITH to JONES,
"The very notion chills me to an icicle!"
"Don't funk!" replied his friend, in airy tones,
"A 'round of shopping' is the Lady's Buy-cycle."

ON THE WRONG SCENT.

"A TRUE-BLUE Tory," seeing it announced that Lord MOUNT-TEMPLE presided at a meeting of "The Commons Preservation Society," thinks that in these revolutionary times, he would have been better fulfilling the maxim *Noblesse oblige* by starting a Society for the Preservation of the Lords.

GRATUITOUS INSULT.—Asking a bald-headed man to join the Society for the Preservation of Open Spaces.

THE PROPER THING FOR ABDUR-RAHMAN.—Abdur-cation.



"THE REINS OF GOVERNMENT."

Conductor. "ANY GEN'L EMBAN RIDE OUTSIDE TO OBLIGE A LADY?"

Stout Wife of small Methodist Parson (promptly). "I CERTAINLY WON'T ALLOW THIS GENTLEMAN TO GO OUTSIDE! THERE'S AN EAST WIND, AND HE'S VERY SUBJECT TO—"

[Conductor bangs door, and the other Passengers (Ladies) look quite gratified!]

"ALL A CROWE-ING, ALL A BLOWING!"

(At the Covent Garden Concerts.)

THE Classical and Miscellaneous Nights at Covent Garden offer great attractions to the "Contingent Remainers" in town during the Augustan era of the great grouse time, which to so many offers "metal moor attractive" than metropolitan amusements. The Floral Hall as a huge smoking-room is a first-rate notion; here the "Miscellaneous" can enjoy the fragrant weed while the "Classicals" are having it all to themselves in the Concert, and *vice versa*.

MISS ORRIDGE is as charming as ever, which we feel is an Orridge-inal observation. Her "*Star vicino al bel idol*," by SALVATOR ROSA—some relation, we were informed (not being well up in these things) of CARL ROSA'S—was deliciously given and enthusiastically encoered, as was also MISS ELLY WARNOTS in "*Crépuscule*." That funny man, JACK WAGGE, who was in the box—"Jack-in-the-box," as he said, which threw us into fits—said that he was absolutely nuts on MISS WARNOTS, and several other good things of the same kind which might have been expected from a recognised joke-cracker when he gets such a name as "WARNOTS" to crack.

The Overture to *Der Freyschütz* was an effective finish to the first part on Wednesday last; and in the Miscellaneous portion the solos by MR. RADCLIFF on the flute, by MR. HADFIELD on that elephantine instrument the trombone—(should like to hear a trio between trombone, banjo, and tambourine)—and by MR. EGBERTON on that melancholy Wandering Minstrel's instrument the clarionet, were warmly applauded. MR. A. GWILLYM CROWE go on Crowe-ing, by all means.

ARRIÈRE PENSÉE.

"I SAY," said 'ARRY, to a friend, "do you know what the idea of keepin' 'Ounds is in French?"

"No. What is it?"

"Why, a 'Harrier Ponsay,' of course."

THE BALLAD OF BACILLUS.

Dedicated to Professor Virchow.

"The same *Bacillus* as that found in hay was produced. On the other hand, the innocent organism found in hay might, by a different method of cultivation, be made to acquire virulent properties. Fed on a vegetable diet, it was tame and harmless; but, transplanted to another soil and given animal nourishment, it became savage (*verwildert*) and virulent."—VIRCHOW'S Address.

Oh, merry *Bacillus*, no wonder you lay
Quiescent and calm when at home in your hay;
You never meant evil in hayfields, no doubt,
Till cruel experiments worried you out.
An innocent germ on a sort of probation,
Oh, why did pathologists try cultivation?

We hear you were harmless and charmingly tame,
So why did our VIRCHOW besmirch your fair fame;
Why should he transplant you, with infinite toil,
To new and to wholly unnatural soil;
When food vegetarian kept you so quiet,
Why tempt you to fury on animal diet?

"*Verwildert!*" says VIRCHOW, who surely must know,
You are, when transplanted, and cause us much woe;
So prithee, *Bacillus*, don't travel so far
As us, but stay peacefully just where you are.
You're innocent now, and have no wish to ravage,
And we've no desire, dear, to render you savage.

FICTILE AFFAIRS.—Another "Movement" is announced, and another "Pan;" the former under the name of the latter—an united effort at the regeneration of the Ottoman Empire, entitled "Panislamism." Opinions may differ as to Pananglicanism; and Pan-slavism may or may not prosper; but there can be little question that Panislamism is a pan pretty sure of going to pot!

CRUMBS OF COMFORT.

A GREAT many people have left town, and many more are preparing to take holiday. In a great majority of cases, too, arrangements have been made for repairs, papering and the like to be executed during the vacation. How sweet a thought then for the holidays is suggested by the evidence given in a burglary case the other day. It appears that the chief accomplice of a gang of burglars was a carpenter, whose share of the swag was earned by the information he gave as to the fastenings of the doors and windows on premises where he had been employed. "He also kept a general look-out," it was said, "as to where the valuable property was kept." We should be curious to know whether there are many men of this stamp keeping a "general look-out" on plate-boxes and jewel cases, and with an eagle eye to the spoons. How pleasant for Paterfamilias when taking his ease by the sea to reflect that the British workman at home is picking up information regarding the doors and fastenings, and keeping a "general look-out" as to the situation of the strong box! Such a case ought to make people quite comfortable when they go away from home, and leave the carpenters in possession.

A SHOOTING-BOX.—An Infernal Machine!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—NO. 45.



OUIDA.

"O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden."—*Hamlet*, Act I, Scene 2.

POLICEMEN AT PLAY.

LOCAL Hampshire papers record an event no less auspicious for all whom it concerns than a Police Cricket Match; a game recently played at the Southampton Cricket Ground between the members of the Borough Police force and those of the Metropolitan (Portsmouth Dockyard) Police. This, too, was a return match, the first having taken place at Haslar. Not only, therefore, on one day but on two days, and that during the present year, the Portsmouth Dockyard Police and the Southampton Borough Police have had sufficient leisure to admit of eleven of their number on either side being told off to exercise their muscular energies in manly sport. Happy Dockyard, and happy Borough, in which the dangerous classes require so little looking after that, at least on two distinct days, there was no occasion for anybody to cry "Where are the Police?" and receive for answer, including both sides, "Twenty-two of them gone to play Cricket!"

A SALLY BY A SCOT.—The Militia, as well as the Regular Army, said Lord MORLEY, in the House of Lords, will be subject to summary jurisdiction. Even, observes AULDJO, during the Autumn manoeuvres.

THE END OF THE SEAS-ON.—Getting to Calais!

HOW A BREACH OF PROMISE WAS AVERTED.

(A Story with a Moral to it.)

THE church was crowded with townsfolk eager to witness the ceremony. The bride looked sparkling and triumphant. And HOESBRIZZEL, the German animal-painter, who was then engaged on a series of scriptural frescoes for the ancestral home of Mr. LEWIS MOSS, the agreeable money-lender, declared that never until he saw the Rev. ADOLPHUS SPOONLEY's countenance at the altar, had he been exactly able to do justice to the face of a sheep, at the moment that that meek animal was being sacrificed. The happy pair departed for their honeymoon, and the honeymoon was eclipsed by their return home. With love on neither side, hilarious domestic happiness was scarcely to be hoped for. The Curate found himself growing younger, instead of older, every day. Seven-and-twenty when he married, he was four-and-twenty at the end of the honeymoon. When he endeavoured to become master in his own house, he sank back to the age of nineteen. When he would attempt to argue with his wife, he knew himself to be a schoolboy. Instead of a wife he had married a step-mother. He was afraid to ask twice for tart, lest it should look childish, and was more than once discovered by a churchwarden gazing in at a pastrycook's window. He had been noticed for playing a neat hand at whist, but he gave up that game. Not at the request of his wife solely, but because he felt that he would be more at home with marbles. The Sonatas, which had been his delight, he now found dry, and he would secretly whistle "*Billy Barlow*," and "*The Dark Girl Dressed in Blue*," melodies which had been popular in his youth. He suffered no more from his liver, and a weak heart gave him no concern, but he was nervous by apprehension of the measles, and painfully afraid of the mumps. The younger he grew, the older became his wife. The loss of spinsterhood had given her a good ten years increased age, the fact of her being mistress in somebody else's household another five. When they entered a friend's drawing-rooms together, the husband timidly followed behind. At the Rector's ADOLPHUS had nearly

told a new butler to announce them as "Mrs. and Master SPOONLEY." She took up fads. At one time it was ferns, which she dried in her husband's best folios of Divines, at which he felt that he had been painting the engravings in the choicest gems of his grandfather's library. Then it was dogs, and when her poodle bit him in the leg, he was as obsequious to the animal as he would be to a Bishop on whose toe he had trodden. Then it was photography, and he looked in the pulpit as if he had just rushed away from St. James's Hall to do a second "turn," without having the time to get all the black off. Then it was nerves, and he longed for a quiet pipe in the Powder Magazine. Then it was neuralgia, and he envied those of his parishioners who laid in a good headache on Saturday night at the "Bull and Bottle." Then it was sleeplessness, and he sat up all night, till he wished he was the parish doctor, administering soporifics. Then it was a wrong bottle, and then it was a coroner's inquest.

"Of course," said young FLASHLEY, in the billiard-room of the "Spotted Leopard," "the verdict was accidental death. He didn't mean to poison her, being a Clergyman, but if it had been one of us—"

"Wars and rumours of wars," said old BROWN, thinking that something biblical was demanded of him for the occasion.

Canon SPOONLEY is one of the most deservedly popular men in the Church. His wife, whom he married for money, is a charming companion, and a most able helpmate. He has risen high, the attention of a great personage having been called to him after the delivery of his touching sermon on the death of his first wife, and gossip points him out as the next likely Bishop. He is beloved by his flock, on whom he inculcates the beauties of youthful marriages, and he is never so severe, so caustic, as when a breach of promise case comes under his notice.

TOAST FOR IRELAND.—"May the Land Bill (when passed) supersede the principle of *laissez-faire* by the rule of fair rent."

"CROQUIS" BY DUMB-CRAMBO JUNIOR.



Hunting the Slipper.



A Too-tourist.



A Carry-Kate-tourist.



Moorings.



The Jetty.



Going to Margate (Market?).

TOO-TOO AWFUL!

A Sonnet of Sorrow. By Oscuro Willdgoose.

"According to the *Cape Argus*, the Town Council of Grahamstown lately had a serious discussion on the subject, 'What is a Dado?' and the Mayor vaguely conjectured that it was possibly 'an ecclesiastical term.'"

DARK Continent? Yea, truly dark as Styx,
And blind as bat noctivagant. It shocks
The soul to find this noodle rout of Nox
Floundering in such an ignominious fix.
Is life worth living? MALLOCK, no! Blank nix
Symbols its worth in nescience so complete,
Dull to high Light, unsapient of the Sweet.
Back to the days of lanthorns and rush-wicks
Prone plunges palsied fancy at the thought
Of that crepuscular Council. Life is nought
Till Culture's crescent grows full plenilune.
"What is a Dado?" Weep till all is blue,
Ye who had hoped to see our planet soon
Lapped in the Elysian Limbo of Too-Too!

Lord Rosebery.

Now that the Seldom-at-Home-Secretary has got a young, active, and reforming lieutenant, in the person of Lord ROSEBERY, there is some chance of a little parochial legislation. The Meddlex Magistrates, Mud-Salad Market, the Defective Police, and other subjects that are not grand or heroic, or within the domain of Universal Politics, may possibly get a little attention. Lord ROSEBERY has started well. He has resigned his connection with the Greeks.

FOR GAMBETTA OR WORSE?

(A few opportune hints to French candidates, picked up under the table of a Belleville Restaurant.)

BEFORE soliciting a suffrage or giving a vote, remember that the *élan* of yesterday may carry your programme of to-day much further than you expected to-morrow. If it does this, do not forget your duty to your unified country, which is your duty to yourself: *Go with it!*

If you are an elector, bear in mind that the platform shibboleth you least understand is that to which you should most devotedly pin your faith. If a great, illustrious, and singularly disinterested Statesman, who never passes a week without "saving the country," tells you to vote for the candidate who will ensure you the "solidarity and indivisibility of the Republic," go blindly to the ballot-box, and await the future with the calm confidence of an easily satisfied patriot. Do not forget the aphorism of your great countryman, "a Frenchman if you will,—but first a fool."

If you are a candidate for election, see that your qualifications are adequate. The authorship of a few scurrilous articles in an obscure provincial paper, should prove to you a valuable recommendation in the eyes of the electors. But be quite sure you have not studied politics for more than a fortnight, and keep before you continually the vital fact, that the less you are practically acquainted with them the better qualified you will be to direct, and possibly complicate, public affairs. If possible, be at the mercy of some wire-puller. This will make you even still more useful to the vast Genius that controls the destinies of your country. And above all, speak without reflection or reserve, remembering that the true, that is the successful politician, does not court the intelligence, but flatters the whims of his audience. If warmly cheered, speak in one sense: if faintly, in another: and impress yourself with the conviction that that policy alone is sound, which, promulgated by you with applause over the soup, you are prepared to execrate and to hoot with the dessert.

Finally, all of you, candidates and electors, remember your last duty to "*L'état*." *Need I remind you who personifies that?*

The Medical Congress.

THIS gathering of all the talents from all parts of the medical world, has probably not broken up a day too soon. The Doctors have enjoyed themselves immensely, but, in the meantime, what has become of the unfortunate patients? There are some patients who get better, and some worse, when their family Doctor leaves them. In the first place it is bad for the Doctors; in the second it is bad for the patients.

"A DAY IN THE COUNTRY."

(According to Mr. W. Fowler.)

OH, it was a dreadful sight!

Here was a noisy roysterer of some six summers (and as many winters), wickedly sucking a demoralising sugar-stick! There was another infant (equally reckless) deeply drinking a foaming goblet of maddening sherbet! Who could behold such things without a shudder!

And see, the Van approaches! It has stopped, before entering the forest, to—(oh, the shame of it!)—to water the horses! And the result? The abandoned children (abandoned in every sense) have actually been treated to corrupting buns and heart-destroying lemonade! Nay, more! Amongst that giddy, delirious throng there are those who have partaken freely of that malignant beverage, ginger-beer!

Oh dear! Shame! shame! shame!

As it has already been written (in a letter from the House of Commons to the *Times*), "it is shocking, even to the easy-going parent, to see children thus 'treated,' and that great 'reverence' which is due to the young, apparently forgotten by those who are for the time in the parents' place."

Oh yes! Shocking! shocking! shocking!

And it is far better to denounce these horrible things (even when the denunciation is printed in an obscure corner of a back column on "our outer sheet") than to send a contribution of a widely different kind to a Fund giving thousands of poor children one happy day a year in the country!

A Revelation.

I DOTTED, I'm free to confess, on her hair,
It was wondrously long and so charmingly fair;
And so when one evening we walked on the Pier,
I whispered the tenderest words in her ear.

Then a strong wind uprose, and she blushed rosy red—
As it blew all that beautiful hair off her head;
She was bald as an egg, and I blest that hard breeze,
For disclosing that fact by the shimmering seas.

EPISCOPAL METHODISM.

ON Wednesday, last week, the Bishop of ST. ALBAN's consecrated a new parish church, replacing an old one, at Wesley, near Colchester. Oysters! Fancy a Bishop consecrating a Wesleyan edifice!



"PLETHORA."

Coach. "DEAR, DEAR! HOW CAME YOU TO FAIL IN YOUR 'EXAM.'? I THOUGHT I HAD CRAMMED YOU SUFFICIENTLY!"

"Plucked." "AH—FACT IS—YOU CRAMMED ME SO TIGHT, THAT I COULDN'T GET IT OUT!"

BOUND IN RUSSIA.

(From a Correspondent who has got due North.)

WHEN you travel in Russia you are supposed to leave Western civilisation behind you, and so you do. You leave the Channel-boat, a vessel which a cynical writer said was constructed to diminish the distance between pitch-and-toss and manslaughter; you leave such a triumph of French ingenuity as Calais Station, which is like a railway terminus of the Middle Ages; you leave such a German Bedlam of lost, stolen, mislaid, Custom-House-worried, and useless travelling lumber-luggage as Cologne; and you leave the ill-paved, overgrown village of Berlin, across which for several miles you have to be bumped in a hack-cab in order to catch your northern train by the skin of your teeth. For two days and a night after leaving Cologne you pass through a country that is like slices of swampy Essex laid between slices of smoky Lancashire, until you reach the frontier of Russia, or rather another part of the stolen and divided kingdom of Poland. Here the passport and Custom-House system is a reality and not a sham, and you feel like a criminal as you stand at a bar and watch a small army of inquisitors examining your "papers." A member of the Secret Police probably walks round you on the platform, or accompanies you in the train to St. Petersburg. There are few or no newspapers on the bookstalls, as most of them have been suspended, but there are plenty of naughty French novels. The stalls, however, are open at all hours of the night, which is better than the nine to six arrangement in England.

When you leave Western civilisation behind you, you find other changes. The refreshment-stations are like good foreign hotels, and the waiters meet you in clean, full evening dress, and serve you in white gloves. There is no bustle and no hurry. The train travels at the express rate of from fifteen to twenty-five miles an hour. There are few junctions, and no cross traffic. You seem to pass no trains, and no trains seem to pass you. A child might toddle across the line in safety. No one perspires; no one seems flurried. The carriages are divided into little rooms for two or more persons, and there is every accommodation for sleeping. It is only incurably dirty travellers like myself, who go round the world with a woollen shirt and two paper collars, who are not as presentable on a platform after forty-eight hours in a train as they would be at a Flower Show. It is hardly fair, perhaps, to call it a train; it is more like

a travelling monastery. The bells at the Stations make the faintest sounds, being a combination of the English muffin-bell and the Belgian chimes. They seem to ring you drowsily to a meditative service, and not to a journey. You look calmly out of the window, and have ample time to study the country. You see the peasant proprietor tilling his ground, and raising patches of productive agriculture amidst acres of bog-land and fir-forest. Some of the low-roofed wooden villages are like collections of Indian wigwams. There is no excuse for dilapidated walls and roofs in a country where plenty of wood can be had for nothing; but, such as they are, they are not as bad as the turf huts in the West of Ireland. It is the old story—drink. A revenue as large as that of England is drawn even more largely from spirits. Russian financiers are not the wisest people in the world; they eat their candle at both ends.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

THE PINK OF PERFECTION.

WITH manly step and stalwart
stride,
The Minstrel paced the pier at
Ryde!
And as he shook those hoary locks,
He gazed upon the pink, pink
frocks!
And while his merry banjo rang,
'Twas thus the Lazy Minstrel sang!



I.

With frocks and their wearers to
dazzle my eyes
Their glories, I scarce dare to sing
'em:
I timidly gaze and I glance in surprise,
At beauties in cambric and gingham!
A Paris I feel in this Garden of Dress,
And, had I to make a selection—
The Apple of Gold, I most freely confess,
I'd give to the Pink of Perfection!

II.

It must not remind you of raspberry ice,
Nor cheek of a milkmaid or cotter;
A lobster-like redness is not at all nice,
Nor feverish glow of the blotter;
It should not recall a Bardolphian nose,
Nor yet a pomegranate bisection—
Throughout the whole garden you'll scarce find a
rose,
A match for the Pink of Perfection!

III.

A strawberry crushed, almost smothered in cream,
Nearly matches the colour it may be;
The Jungfrau just flushed with the earliest beam,
The hue of the palm of a baby:
The faint ruddy tone you may see in a shell,
The rose in a young girl's complexion—
All or any of these, it is easy to tell,
Will pass for the Pink of Perfection!

IV.

This frock when it's made with most exquisite taste,
And fits like a glove on the shoulder;
With yoke and full pleats and a band at the waist,
Will gladden the passing beholder!
With lace and with buttons of mother o' pearl—
You'll say, on maturest reflection,
The best of all garbs for a pretty young girl,
No doubt is the Pink of Perfection!

V.

Then if such a dress you meet down by the sea,
And find, when you've carefully eyed it,
In make and in fashion 'tis good as can be,
With a neat little figure inside it;
And a sweet little face peeping over a ruff,
Which laughs at your lengthy inspection,
I think you'll admit I have said quite enough—
You've found out the Pink of Perfection!



TO ARTISTS.

THE BEST KIND OF EASEL IN A HIGH WIND.

A LEAF FROM MR. BRIGHT'S DIARY.

Monday Morning.—I awake from a most pleasant dream. Thought I was in "Bonny Scotland" (which one of its own poets has felicitously described as "Land of Grandeur"), and that I was engaged in the seductive pastime of fly-fishing. When I awoke, found myself grasping towel-horse firmly in one hand, and—imagining it to be attached to a line—was endeavouring to throw into the centre of a delicious pool for trout! Consequence was, nearly threw it into washhandstand basin. This dream makes me long to be on my native heath. Why will PARNELL persist in troubling, and when will the Tories be at rest? If I wasn't a Minister and a Right Honourable—but there!

After reading one or two of CORDEN'S Free-Trade Speeches, a chapter from one of the Minor Prophets, and an oration of DEMOSTHENES (BOHN'S useful edition), go down to breakfast.

Letter from a foolish person who signs himself "AN INQUIRING YORKSHIRE YOUTH." Inquires about the "Fair-Trade League," and wants to know my opinion of it. A well-meaning and evidently nervous young man. Says "his mind is disturbed on the question." Allusion to his mind obviously absurd. Leave breakfast to write scathing answer *at once*. My family send in to beg me not to kick the furniture about quite so much. I explain that I am only giving arguments about Free Trade. Family retires, apparently satisfied with explanation. (Find afterwards that family conceal all letters addressed to me with post-mark from any Yorkshire or Lancashire town. Also find the most valuable articles of furniture removed from my study. Can only kick a second-hand sofa and iron-legged chairs now!)

Resume breakfast, and peruse my reply to the "INQUIRING YORKSHIRE YOUTH" with much satisfaction:—"Those dunderheaded and irreclaimable idiots who presume to talk on a subject which their feeble brains could never hope to comprehend"—*that* will show the Inquiring Youth the advantages of Free Trade, I fancy. Personally, I like this vigorous style of controversy. Produces same effect on my mind as mountain air—"Bonny Scotland" (again)—on my body. My friends think it a little violent. I call it simply bracing.

In the House.—Find that fifteen returned convicts are trying to break in down chimney in SPEAKER'S private apartments. Go and

look on. Observe that, as Inspector DENNING pulls them out one after another, they seem disappointed, and somewhat disarranged owing to the narrowness of the flue. It appears they wanted to steal the Mace! Go back to House and think about making impassioned speech—as matter of Privilege—on the "deathly pallor" of the fifteen returned convicts, and advisability of giving the Mace to the poor fellows, to be melted down, by way of compensation. Conclude not to do so, and go off home early instead.

Tuesday.—Examine my flies in bed before rising. The old red hackle the best after all for salmon. Read a bit of *Isaac Walton*, and to breakfast.

5 P.M.—House again. Very empty. Most of the Members have gone off to Scotland! They are not Right Honourables. Feel irritable, and am just rising to remark that I consider Lord SALISBURY a Demoniac Peer, when GLADSTONE pulls me down by the coat-tails, to remind me that I am a Right Honourable. Very provoking! A seat in the Cabinet has its disadvantages.

Fortunately have brought my fly-rod with me. Spend rest of evening in showing FORSTER how I hook a twenty-pound salmon, in quiet corner behind Speaker's Chair.

Wednesday.—Second and last letter from "INQUIRING YORKSHIRE YOUTH." Thinks my arguments exceedingly unsatisfactory, and has in consequence just joined "Executive Committee of National Fair-Trade League." What an idiot!

In House again.—Lords still amending Land Bill! CHAMBERLAIN tells me privately he feels very much harassed about French Treaty. French won't buy Bradford cotton. What would CORDEN say? POOR CHAMBERLAIN never knew CORDEN. Rather afraid CHAMBERLAIN has been got at by Sir EDWARD SULLIVAN, Mr. ECROYD, and perhaps—who knows?—by the Duke of MANCHESTER! Feel sure CHAMBERLAIN wouldn't yield to any Protectionist short of a Duke.

Midnight.—Owing to continued impossibility of getting off to "Bonny Scotland," nerves out of order. Make rather impetuous speech, GLADSTONE being temporarily absent. Don't remember any stronger expression in it than "feeble and futile opposition of a pampered aristocracy."

Thursday.—Hurrah! Letter from W. E. G. Says he feels sure I want change of air. Won't I go off to Scotland at once? I will!

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS.



FROM many a strath and moor they come, that's fanned by Norland breeze,
 From where the wild Atlantic breaks upon the Hebrides;
 From Fifeshire, where the golfers play beside the foaming Forth;
 From Sutherlandshire, where the winds come howling from the North;
 From Perthshire and from Lanarkshire the gallant troops will press,
 And Aberdeen will fraternise with lads from Inverness.

They gather at the QUEEN's command where Arthur's Seat looks down,
 A couchant lion keeping watch o'er all the ancient town;
 They show that Scottish faith is leal, and Scottish hearts as bold,
 As when, beneath Saint Andrew's Cross, they warred with us of old.
 But lo! the ancient feuds are o'er, and Scotch and English ride
 Together, 'neath one banner now, to battle side by side!

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

Prince of W-I-s. Earl of R-s-b-ry. Lord Cr-nbr-k. Bishop of P-t-ib-r-gh. Duke of Ab-r-c-m. Lord Ch-lust-rd.
Duke of C-mbr-dge. Earl Sp-no-r. Earl of K-mbr-r-y. Lord C-r-l-ngt-rd. Earl of Sh-ft-s-b-ry. Archbishop of Cant-rb-ry.

MORE "FORMS OF THE HOUSES."

(By Electric Light.)

MONDAY, August 15.—Mr. MACDONALD came down to-night determined to ride upon the whirlwind and direct the storm. "Toby," he said, turning back the skirts of his coat, and thrusting forward his swelling chest just as I have seen a pigeon do, "this is a case where the people's moving, and I'm *Vox populus*. Burt's too quiet, and that there BROADHURST's trying to cut me out. But I'll show 'em to-night who's who."

So he did; only House seems to have known it before. Fine opportunity for a modest man to come out. Great heart of the country raging because my Lords have been coming the Marquis over the Land Bill. Great heart even now beating against the railings of Palace Yard, or as near to them as a vigorous police, in good practice, will allow it to come. House crowded; expectancy written on every face, and a copy of the Lords' Amendments in every hand. Presently hear a sound like the beating of the sea on a distant shingly shore.

"They're cheering GLADSTONE," HARCOURT says, comforting himself under this misappropriation of popular esteem by softly stroking the swelling of his chin.

Presently GLADSTONE comes in, looking a little flushed. Cheer taken up from Ministerial Benches, and rings out again. Lord LANSDOWNE, seated in the gallery over the clock, looks down, marvelling. Had no idea of this sort of thing. Marquis of WATERFORD, who had recently occasion to believe accepted view of his career a mistake, and that he really is a statesman, begins to doubt. "Thank heaven," said Lord BRABOURNE, who has studied all Mr. DISRAELI's sayings, "that there's twenty feet between us and the Commons!"

All the while MACDONALD "wisibly swellin." Excited with the cheers outside, demented by the cheering within, gets a curious notion that it is himself all the enthusiasm wells up around. Now is the time to strike. The Hour demands the Man. Perhaps if he doesn't make haste, GLADSTONE will be up claiming to have something to do with the matter. So MACDONALD rises, and standing well out on the floor, so that he may be seen of men, "wants to know whether it is comp'tent to any Hon'ble Member to move the rejection of the Lords' Amendments as a whole at once."

Why this ribald laughter? Wherefore this snub from the SPEAKER? and why this hearty reception of GLADSTONE, when they had only laughed at him?

"Henvy, Toby, henvy," said Mr. MACDONALD, with a sigh. "It's all very well them sayin' they like the workin' man. But let a workin' man's Member show that he can dress as well as them, wear watches and chains and rings like them, use words even bigger than them, talk about his 'noble friends' like some of them, and show hisself ready at any moment to lead the House, and then you'll see where they'll be. As SHAKESPEARE says, Scratch a Corsack and you'll find a Tartar."

Business done.—Lords' Amendments to Land Bill knocked over again.

Tuesday.—Quite an affecting parting with Mr. RYLANDS just now. PETER has gone home a sadder and a wiser man. Not even the excitement of pairing for the rest of the Session with RANDOLPH has raised his spirits. The Session has been a blank to him, broken at the last by two acute disappointments following sharp on each other's heels. When the Liberals were in opposition, PETER had rather a good time of it. No week passed but he had some

tremendous Resolution on the Orders, and frequently made a speech. Now, with his party in power, he is evilly entreated when he would table a Resolution, and howled at by his neighbours when he would make a speech.

All this he bore with great patience, though he tells me, with tears in his eyes, no one knows what he has suffered. But he saw reward almost within reach. When GRANT DUFF went to India, PETER felt that the only uncertainty was whether GLADSTONE would offer him the Under-Secretaryship at the Colonies or in the Home Department. PETER rather fancied the Colonies, as offering a wider field for an Imperial mind. Went and looked over the Colonial Office in a casual manner to make some inquiry, and thought GRANT DUFF's room very pleasant.

Dreadful blow when a faithless and forgetful Minister passed him by. Fresh gleam of hope when crisis arose with Land Bill. Rumoured that if the Lords stuck out, GLADSTONE would make a fresh batch of Peers.

"How would 'Lord BURNLEY' look?" PETER said to me only last Friday night. "Or do you like 'Baron THELWALL' better?"

Didn't know what was in his mind at the moment. Thought they were alternative titles for a novel. But all clear now. The Under-Secretaryships are filled; there are to be no more Peers; and PETER wearily wends his way homeward meditating on man's ingratitude. It was in this humour that RANDOLPH, who knows about *Mephistopheles* and *Faust*, got hold of him and opened friendly negotiations by proposing to pair. Fancy from something PETER said we shall hear more of this next Session when the Fourth Party may appear with a notable recruit.

Business done.—Lords accepted Commons' Amendments to Land Bill.

Wednesday.—Singularly pleasant man, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, when he is pleased with himself, a thing which often happens in spite of ill-natured remarks to the contrary. Came upon him this afternoon with a piece of paper before him, softly smiling to himself, and gently caressing his chin.

"What do you think of that, Toby?" he said, showing me the paper.

I thought a great deal of it. Really a capital idea. Sir WILLIAM at the Lord Mayor's banquet made some beautiful remarks about Mr. GLADSTONE, full of tender feeling, high appreciation, and enthusiastic personal devotion. Am told several Aldermen wept when they heard it. Some discriminating person has had the passage reprinted in letters of gold, and sends Sir WILLIAM a few spare copies.

"Beautiful!" I said, "admirable! touching! But don't you think it would be nice and appropriate to add, perhaps in letters of silver, the few remarks you offered about Mr. GLADSTONE in the early months of the Session of 1875, when he appeared to be in such low water that there seemed never a chance of his holding his head up again? Don't you remember how you turned upon him as he sat by your side on the front Opposition bench, and how the Tories cheered, and how—"

But he was gone, after giving me a look as black as thunder. Suppose I must have said something. Always putting my foot in it.

Business done.—Mr. PARNELL moves Vote of Censure on Mr. FORSTER.



“OUT OF THE WOOD!”

Thursday Night.—Always have thought it would be a delightful thing if the Irish Members would make their speeches in their native language. They could say what they liked, and no one could call them to order. T. P. O'CONNOR's got hold of my idea, and partially worked it to-night. Talking about Mr. FORSTER's rule in Ireland, he said, "it was, without *sahn-frars*, tyranny." Don't know what this means. But it sounds picturesque. Asked Sir CHARLES DILKE. Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs must know foreign languages, including Irish. Sir CHARLES evidently tickled at something, but too polite to laugh.

"It's not Irish, *mon ami*," he said, "though it would be too much to say it's French. T. P. has read in OUIDA's novels, or perhaps in the *London Journal*, about something being said '*sans phrase*.' The 'without' is tautological; but the intention was good."

I suppose this is all right. But I believe it *was* Irish.

Business done.—Mr. PARNELL's vote of censure negatived by 83 votes against 30.

Saturday.—Irish Members had their last entertainment to-day. Opened last night; kept at it from five in the afternoon till close upon four this morning, and began again at noon. Grows a trifle dull, and a little monotonous. Find it possible to have too much of HEALY, and a great deal too much of T. P. O'CONNOR.

Rumoured in the House to-day that A. M. SULLIVAN is worse. Everyone, that is the dozen or score here, unaffectedly sorry to hear this. The death of A. M. SULLIVAN would be a loss equally divided between Ireland and England. Has shown through his too brief Parliamentary career, how an Irishman may be unflinchingly true to his national politics, and yet preserve the courtesy of a gentleman. Inflexibly honourable, stubbornly honest in his political relations, witty, humorous, eloquent, and skilled in fence, SULLIVAN, with one or two others, has succeeded in keeping the intellectual fame of Ireland from being swamped by the stagnant waters of clownish mediocrity, which for seven long years have sapped its foundations in the House of Commons.

Business done.—Irish Votes in Supply.

"OUT OF THE WOOD."

At last! Long hid from heaven's free light,
Fared stoutly on the adventurous Knight,
With firmly-poised lance.
Through gloomy glade, through tangled fret
Of thorn and bramble closely set
To stay his bold advance.

Nor these alone, but shapes of fear
Peopled the vistas dim and drear
Of that enchanted wood;
Ear-vexing voices boding ill,
And spectral sprites of wicked will,
And ghouls, a gibbering brood.

Yet on fared he, though checked, unstayed;
Though shocked, unshaken; all arrayed
In proof from heel to crest:
And now, though pale from perils past,
Victor the Knight comes forth at last
From that amazing quest.

With lifted hand, with eyes aglow,
And, seated at his saddle-bow,
Safe and unshackled, she,
The leaguered Lady whom to aid
He braved that black wood's boding shade
And baneful mystery.

Good Knight! Though grey, of strength and truth
Which shame the force and faith of youth,
A triumph won right well!
Oh, may it bring long peace and rest
To her for whom thine arduous quest
Was urged 'gainst dread and spell!

THE PEERS ON THE LAND BILL.

English Noble Lord. Think it's all right.

Irish Noble Lord. Not all right, but a good deal better than if it had been any worse!



A CRITERION INDEED!

Brown. "HAMPSTEAD SALUBRIOUS? I BELIEVE YOU, MY BOY! WHY, I CAME HERE THREE MONTHS AGO A PERFECT WRECK FROM DYSPEPSIA, AND NOW, I'M BLESSED IF I CAN'T EAT THE WHOLE OF A THREE-AND-SIXPENNY LOBSTER FOR SUPPER, AND WAKE UP NEXT DAY WITHOUT THINKING UNKIND THINGS OF ANYONE, NOT EVEN MY WIFE'S RELATIONS!!!"

"INFORMATION RECEIVED."

PROFESSOR MUDDLEHEAD says he has discovered a small planet *b 41*, which no one else can see, and don't want to, in the latitude of Jupiter, not far from the perihelion of Saturn, and outside the apogee of Urania.

Mr. SELFE PUFFE, the Author of *Dialogues of Dustmen*, the racy style of which was apparent to no one save the Author and a few friends whom he asked to dinner, will shortly bring out a companion volume, *Conversations of Costermongers*.

Mr. MAHLSTICK, who painted a portrait of Mr. BRIGHT last year, though we think he called it GLADSTONE, but it was as like one as the other, is engaged on a portrait of Mr. BUMPTIOUS, a leading member of the St. Pancras Vestry. The paupers are at last avenged.

Mr. METEOROLOGICAL OFFICIOUS writes to us to say that last Tuesday was the hottest day he has known since 1839. As Mr. METEOROLOGICAL OFFICIOUS was born in 1841, this information is of great value.

Mrs. MARY BOODLES, the eminent Lady Doctor, is bringing out another edition of her work, *Juvenile Diseases and How to Cure Them*. We regret to learn that all her children are down with whooping cough.

Mr. LYCURGUS DRACO, Q.C., whose book on *The Practice of the Divorce Court*, is a standard one, and a manual for all law students, will shortly appear, we hear, as a co-respondent.

We understand that the MS. of Mr. WEIGHTY's *Epic on the Seventeenth Century*, in twenty-four books, has been totally destroyed by fire. If his publishers are half as glad as we are, they'll ask us to dinner.

A Liberal Interpretation.

"Now, you surprise me!" says Mrs. MUDDLEMARCH, listening to the newspaper account of the latest extensive discoveries just made in Upper Thebes. "What, in the very self-same tomb, along with all them Royal Mummies, no less than *fifteen Whigs*? And you call Egypt a first-class Conservative Power after that? Go along with you!"

THE STOPPER TO IRELAND'S IMPROVEMENT.—Cork.

THE NEW ARM-CHAIR.

AIR—"The Old Arm-Chair."

Pleased Premier sings:—

I LOVE it, I love it; will WORMS,
now, dare
To nag me for loving my new
Arm-chair?
I shall treasure it long, 'tis a
genuine prize,
Of cosy make, of convenient
size.
'Twill be bound to my heart
by a thousand links,
By memories pleasant of
"forty winks."
Thanks, men of Greenwich,
whose thoughtful care
Supplies me this capital new
Arm-chair.

I have sat in the Commons
this many a day,
Till my eyes are dimmish, my
looks gone grey:
Oh, the hours I have lounged,
and—with trouble—smiled
Whilst CHURCHILL cheeked
or the Pats ran wild;
Till the Treasury cushions
seemed cold as lead,
And hard as a prisoner's timber
bed.
By Jove, how I wish I could
wheel you there
And lounge on your cushions,
my new Arm-chair!

But HARCOURT's waiting, and
I must go;
He can't stand his Whitebait
cold, you know.
Were it not for the feed and
these swells at my side,
My talk might flow on in a
lava-like tide.
Ah! excuse this tear that
bedews my cheek,
I should very much like to
talk on for a week.
Now myself from your pre-
sence I really must tear,
But I thank you once more
for my new Arm-chair!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No 46.



GEORGE AUGUSTUS SALA.

(Design for a Stained Glass Window illuminated by GAS.)

"AND STILL THEY GAZED, AND STILL THE WONDER GREW
THAT ONE SMALL HEAD COULD CARRY ALL HE KNEW."

Goldsmith's "Deserted Village."

À PROPOS DE POISSON.

As Mr. TOOLE and the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster were lounging listlessly on one of the recess benches on Waterloo Bridge, one showery afternoon last week, the latter, looking towards Charing Cross, asked the great comedian whether it wasn't a very lucrative thing to be a theatrical Manager.

"I would sooner manage *there*," replied the hero of *Artful Cards*, giving a wink in the direction of Billingsgate.

The Chancellor looked puzzled. "Ha!" he said, after a moment's reflection. "I see. The *net* receipts, eh?"

"No," was the quick and witty rejoinder, "my idea, JOHN, is to make my fortune as *sole Lessee*!"

Naval Intelligence.

OFF Yarmouth (Isle of Wight) on the 11th inst., H.M.S. *Hercules*, in bringing up, parted her anchor. On Monday last week the anchor, after a strenuous spell of diving in search of it, was recovered; when the *Hercules* got up steam, and went on her way westward galumphing. Thus ended another labour of *Hercules*.

SPORT IN ALL SEASONS.—Amongst the Amendments to the Wild Birds Protection Act lately passed by Parliament, there is not one that can be expected to have the slightest effect in preventing a Wild Goose Chase.

MUSICAL INFORMATION.—The Bag-pipe is no relation of the ancient Sackbutt.

ON BOARD THE "AMARINTHA."

(Extracts from a short Holiday Log.)

Down to Stranraer — (can't master this name, but my friend CULLINS the Composer does) — by night-train from Euston. Long journey. No refreshments *en route*. *Happy Thought*.—Got 'em with us.

Morning.—Forced gaiety. Dismal failure. Bad preparation for a voyage, as a journey like this must upset anyone, no matter how good a sailor he may be. CULLINS does not profess to be a good sailor, and the nearer we approach the sea the worse sailor he acknowledges himself to be. I comfort him—and myself—with the assurance that everything—or, as a saving clause, "nearly everything"—depends on your state of health at starting.

Arrived. HALLSHER and crew in view on the landing-place. Wind decidedly fresh. Sea decidedly *not* smooth. Small boat—the dingy—(why "dingy"?—takes the luggage aboard, and we embark in the gig—(again, why "gig"? Must get a nautical phrase-book, not to learn the terms, with which I am partly acquainted, but to learn their origin)—the crew have "*Amarintha*" on their jerseys—consequently, the name of HALLSHER's (our host's) yacht is *Amarintha*.

She is a handsome schooner of 150 tons. *Note*.—Never have yet had it clearly explained to me why yachts are weighed, like coals, by the ton. Now is my time to have it clearly explained. No; on second thoughts, *now* is not my time, as HALLSHER, the only person of whom I could ask the question, is intent on steering—being very short-sighted, he is earnestly intent on his steering—and of course I can't ask the men who are rowing. I reserve my question for a time when HALLSHER is not, so to speak, "the man at the wheel."

I wish he would put up his glasses—even one eye-glass would be better than nothing—as, in a crowded thoroughfare, I mean where there are lots of small boats, and yachts, and fishing-smacks, either rowing about or wagging at anchor, it does not convey to the passenger a feeling of absolute security to hear your steerer say, "Hullo! we were nearly into that thing, whatever it was. I didn't see her," or "Hullo! we just shaved that cutter's bows!" or watch the anxious expression of the weather-beaten stroke, evidently an experienced old salt, as he says to our host, "Helm down, Sir!"—then, as we nearly run into a herring-boat, in consequence of his not being quite clear as to its meaning—"No, Sir, t'other rope!" Whereupon HALLSHER (who is the politest man in the world, and who is always the same, no matter what society he may be in) apologises, and replies, with truth, that "he had always thought 'helm down' meant something quite different," and that on this belief he had acted. "Starboard!" says the stroke, and immediately afterwards HALLSHER again apologises to the crew generally, for having taken them in exactly the contrary direction.

After escaping three collisions, I can't help, though it's my first visit, and I am a comparative stranger, certainly knowing less about nautical matters than HALLSHER, yet I can't help saying, "My dear fellow!" this persuasively, so as not to give offence to the politest man in the world; "my dear fellow, why don't you put on your glasses?" And then add, encouraging him with a possible example, "I should, if I were you!"

But, staring straight ahead of him, with an evident intensity of purpose that speaks volumes for his will to do the right thing, he replies, "Ah! I can't see so well with my glasses," which is an explanation.



"SPORTING."

Cabby (on the Rank at the top of our Square.) "BEG YOUR PARDON, MISS!—'TAKIN' THE LIBERTY—BUT—'OW DOES THE GAME STAND NOW, MISS? 'CAUSE ME AND THIS 'ERE 'ANSOM'S GOT A DOLLAR ON IT!"

At last we draw near the *Amarintha*. A tall man, chiefly in flannels, and with a decidedly un-nautical hat—(by the way, HAILSHER is the only really correctly nautically-attired of the party—and, to any one unaccustomed to naval costume, he might be anything from an admiral in undress to an elderly midshipman. N.B.—Are there elderly midshipmen? or are they really mis-called, and remain only boys, midship boys, but "men" by courtesy?)—is shooting on board. Is he near-sighted too? Because he doesn't seem to see us approaching, but continues shooting until the nautical men, whom I subsequently find are the Captain and the Mate, come up to him, and I suppose point out to him the danger of shooting at a boat approaching with people in it. What is he shooting at? It suddenly occurs to me that to-day is August 12th, the festival of St. Grouse, in the North, and we are in Scotland—that is, off the coast of Scotland. Still, grouse don't fly over the sea like gulls, and I don't as yet observe anything flying away from him, or tumbling dead into the water. We find that he is shooting at a bottle in the sea, and I point out to him before being introduced, that he should never fire at a bottle in the sea, as, in case of hitting it, which in his particular case seems a remote chance, it might contain despatches of importance, or letters from shipwrecked mariners, or, perhaps worse, fatally-lost mariners, who at the last moment have found time and opportunity to write letters home to their friends, and then got a bottle to post them to the nearest shore.

The shooter, affably and with the utmost good-humour, explains that he has himself chuckled the bottle in, and he adds, with a hearty laugh—I have seldom heard so hearty a laugh at the best joke ever made—that he intends to "crack a bottle or two before breakfast." At this, having, I feel, rather interfered where I had no sort of business to say anything, I also go into a hearty laugh—a friendly, peace-making laugh—and so does HAILSHER, who, I fancy, has been a little nervous at my venturing on giving the shooter a lecture before being introduced to him. CULLINS the Composer also laughs, but not loudly nor heartily, nor, as it seems to me, intelligently. Indeed, I am sure, were I to ask CULLINS, in the words of a well-known song, "At what is the old man laughing?" he would be unable to give a satisfactory account of it. Already the sea seems to have affected him. He tells us that he will be all right

"after a wash;" from which we conclude that he is all wrong before it—that is, at the present moment.

It turns out that, years ago, I have had the pleasure of being introduced to the tall shooter. He is a Dean of a College, and if build goes for anything, he is both a High and Broad Churchman, being at least six-feet-two in height, and of proportionate breadth and stoutness. We shake hands heartily, as if we'd been separated by a cruel fate for years, and had at last come together in spite of all difficulties. We are so glad to meet one another, it is perfectly delightful to witness. Our host asks us if we (CULLINS and myself) wouldn't like to go below, and take a bath before breakfast.

Happy Thought.—Bath. Accepted with thanks. We descend "the companion," which CULLINS, who seems depressed, insists on speaking of as "the stairs." I am rather proud of calling things by their right names on board the *Amarintha*. I don't know many things, but those I do I take every opportunity of speaking about. I recognise "the rattlins," the "shrouds," the "sheets," the "main sheet,"—but am a little uncertain as to the boom-sparker or the boom-spinnaker, or the spinnaker-boom—not being quite clear how to pronounce them, and being utterly vague as to the spelling, if required.

Delightful yacht! CULLINS and myself are to share the same cabin. HAILSHER announces this to us in his politest and kindest manner, so as to anticipate and do away with any sort of objection on our part to one another's company. We express our immense delight at the arrangement, and eye one another askance as the first thought occurs to each of us, "Does the other one snore?"

"I think you'll be good stable-companions," says HAILSHER, in the pleasantest possible manner, as he retires and leaves us to the Steward, only popping his head in again to observe that breakfast will be ready in half-an-hour.

Now for the bath. The Steward raises a trap-door in the floor—just like discovering a hidden treasure, or giving a hunted-down man in a melodrama the means of escape by a secret way leading down to the caves on the shore—and shows us something unpleasantly suggestive of a sort of amateur coffin on board, and which he points out to us with pride as

"The Bath!"

DUMB-CRAMBO DRAWINGS.



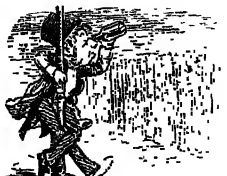
Hastings.



Ramsgate.



Margate.



Brighton.



Buckington.



Torquay (Talky).



Hilfracombe (Hil-for-a-comb).



Deal.



Blackpool.

DETUR DIGNIORI.

(A few more Presents to follow the Arm-chair.)

Lord Granville.—A gallon of Golden Syrup.
 Sir Stafford Northcote.—Old English Cabinet (key missing).
 Lord Kimberley.—A Dutch Oven (self-acting).
 Lord R. Churchill.—A Cuckoo Clock (quite out of order).
 Mr. Labouchere.—A Refrigerator.
 Sir W. Harcourt.—A set of Vinegar Cruets, and a Policeman's Rattle.
 Mr. Biggar and a few Friends.—A very pretty Kettle (with fish complete).
 Sir W. Lawson.—A mechanical Piano (playing one tune).
 The Speaker.—A Housekeeper's Apron and an Order-Book.
 Mr. Bradlaugh.—A Dumb Waiter and a packet of Beetle Poison.
 Lord Salisbury.—An Oriental Screen.
 Sir Drummond Wolff.—A Chinese Gong.
 The Duke of Argyll.—A Cab Whistle.
 Mr. Childers.—A new Broom.
 The Sergeant-at-Arms.—A front-door Key, with chain, catch, and alarm-signal, as advertised.
 Mr. Parnell.—An American Rocking-Chair (balance damaged).
 Mr. Fawcett.—A Four-Poster.
 Lord Carlisle.—A Lift (unexpected).
 Mr. Ashmead-Bartlett.—A set of Skewers. And—
 The Cabinet.—A Harlequin Tea Set.

THE END OF THE POLYTECHNIC.—“Instruction combined with amusement.”

LANDBILLIA.

(Fragments of a Lay sung in the Via Celera the week after the great Battle between the proud Patrician Furius Cecilius Salburinus, and the Tribune Billius Gladstonius, great Champion of the Commons and framer of Agrarian Laws.)

YE good men of the Commons, with sturdy souls and true,
 Who stood by brave GLADSTONIUS, as he had stood by you,
 Come make a circle round me, and mark my tale with care,
 A tale of what the Plebs have dared, and yet again may dare.

Of all the Upper Ten whose brows the Strawberry Leaves have prest,
 CECILIUS of the acid tongue was proudest, haughtiest.
 He stalked about the Senate like King TARQUIN in his pride,
 And most of the Patrician host were marshalled on his side.
 And the Plebs eyed askance with doubt, which well he hoped was fear,
 That swarthy brow, that curling mouth, that ever seemed to sneer.
 That brow of black, that mouth of scorn, looked signs of iron will,
 And none believed CECILIUS wished the Commons aught but ill.

Up from the Commons briskly the fair LANDBILLIA came,
 Offspring of great GLADSTONIUS, that Plebs-loved son of fame.
 And up the Senate stairs she passed, and, as she danced along,
 GLADSTONIUS warbled cheerily words of the good old song,
 “She will return, I know her well!” thus the fond Sire out-sang,
 And through the Senate's portals his mellow accents rang.
 CECILIUS heard that stout old voice, he saw that bright young face,
 And hated both with the fierce hate born of his race and place.
 Quoth he, “If I don't make him pipe another sort of song,
 And if, when she returns to him, he deems her not ‘gone wrong,’
 May I be —” Here he turned on heel, and up the stairway strode,
 Whilst rang a word upon the air which sounded much like “blowed.”

The fair LANDBILLIA back returned. Why doth her grey-lock'd Sire
 Look sadly on her? Why so shake the Commons all with ire?
 Limp, plume-lopped, drooped LANDBILLIA, sore shorn of half her
 charm,

So well CECILIUS kept his word who vowed to work her harm.
 “Back, Plebs-born chit! if we can't ban intruders such as you,
 What profits our Patrician blood, as hot as it is blue?”
 So spake the swart CECILIUS; and deep stern anger came
 On all the people, and they cried on the Gladstonian name.
 For he was the great Tribune, who spake with words of might
 Which make the rich man mind his eye, and guard the poor man's
 right.

Greater than SPURIUS CASSIUS who shaped th' Agrarian Law,
 VALERIUS and HORATIUS were far less stout of jaw.
 LICINIUS and PUBLILIUS, who the Patrician hand
 Slackened from its all-grasping grip upon the Public Land,
 Were not so Plebs-beloved as he, whose voice as strong as clear,
 Poured thick and fast the burning words the Parties quaked to hear.
 Straightway GLADSTONIUS took the maid a little way aside,
 And touched her up, and smoothed her down, and gazed on her with
 pride,
 And softly, blandly spake he, but they who knew his style,
 Could see the steel beneath the silk, the teeth behind the smile.
 “Go! and if sour CECILIUS again should prove unkind,
 I rather think CECILIUS will wish—well, never mind.”
 So he; the Commons heard him, and raised such thunderous cheer,
 That underneath his strawberry leaves CECILIUS quaked with fear.
 Then for a little moment the People held their breath:
 Should it be yielding here or there, or battle to the death?
 And in another twinkling forth brake a general grin,
 For out stepped sour CECILIUS and quietly—caved in!

So passed the fair LANDBILLIA to those high halls above,
 Where proud Patricians bowed to her they something less than loved.
 So triumphed great GLADSTONIUS, who rather grimly smiled,
 As sour CECILIUS once more led forth his cherished child,
 Uninjured from the ordeal stern; but, smiling, dropt his blade,
 And those two doughty champions, so late for fight arrayed,
 Like BOXUS and like COXUS each on other's shoulder fell,
 What time the Commons chuckled, and the Plebs cried “All is
 well!”

FAVOURITE QUOTATION FOR THE “FAIR-TRADE LEAGUE.”

“He that is taxed, not seeing how you tax him, let him not know it, and he's not taxed at all.”

Another for their Opponents.—“Customs more honoured in the breach than the observance.”

DEAR FOOD, AND WHY?

THE potato in Mud-Salad Market is from three to four times as dear as the same potato in Leeds, Manchester, and Sheffield. This is, of course, not the fault of the Duke of MUDFOOD and his tenants, but arises from the fact that the Lancashire and Yorkshire towns above-named are such essentially agricultural centres.



"IT ALL DEPENDS."

Customer. "I DON'T KNOW HOW IT IS, BUT MY CLOTHES NEVER FIT ME NICELY. NOW YOU ALWAYS MAKE MY FRIEND CAPTAIN STOLLETT'S COATS TO SIT BEAUTIFULLY!"

Tailor. "YES, SIR, BUT HE'S GOT SHOULDERS TO HANG 'EM ON! IF A GENTLEMAN'S MADE LIKE A CHAMPAGNE-BOTTLE, NO TAILOR CAN FIT HIM!"
[Exit Customer in dudgeon.]

FROM A COURT JOURNAL.

(Not published every Saturday.)

1st.—Back from Balmoral. What a relief! So pleasant to be near something civilised again. Dear L—— called early, and wanted me so much to make a pleasant day of it. It would have been so nice. Private view of some lovely frescoes to begin with. Then a quiet little luncheon together, and, after that, to Lady ——'s, delightful place, to have some lawn-tennis, perhaps a little boating, and then finish with a drive back to town in the cool of the evening. Of course, *I couldn't be spared*. So, rest of diurnal programme as usual. Walked with Mamma. Had luncheon with Mamma. Drove with Mamma. Dined with Mamma. On the whole, rather a monotonous day.

2nd to 9th inclusive.—Nothing particular. Walked daily with Mamma. Had luncheon daily with Mamma. Drove daily with Mamma. Dined daily with Mamma. So, the fifteen pressing invitations for various things this week, had, of course, to be declined. Never mind: I got on with my etchings; but the next book I illustrate shall be called *The New Cinderella*. Dear me! if I could only get somebody to write it, couldn't I make a capital picture of the young maid's delight at finding her wretched State-coach changed suddenly into a lovely pumpkin!

10th.—A very eventful day. Some Indian potentate, with a peculiar turban, was made, by Mamma, an honorary Member of Knights of the Third Class of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. I attended. As usual, it was all over in three minutes. I wonder whether he could have taken a walk with Mamma, stayed to luncheon with Mamma, had a drive with Mamma, and have dined with Mamma, if Mamma had thought of ordering him! But there was no opportunity. The gentleman, too, who brought him, seemed so very anxious to get him back to Claridge's Hotel as quickly as possible. Perhaps he feared the honour might be too much for the

SUMMER NUMBERS.

(A Song of Memories by an Elderly Singer.)

SURCEASE of toil, still solitude, soft sun,
Far from the motley mob's gregarious run,
The fogey seeks, whose care is Number *One*.

A solitude à deux, spooned softly through,
Leaf-screened beneath the unbetraying blue,
Is the elysium of the amorous *Two*.

A dancing boat and moonlight on the sea,
Taste-measured mirth, wave-mellowed melody,
And company may e'en be found in *Three*.

Clear Thames soft echoing to the pulsing oar,
The eddy's ripple and the weir's loud roar,
Gladden the ears of a hard-pulling *Four*.

Nor shall the sunniest, sweetest girl alive,
Prattling, as through the wave the blue blades drive,
Stern-seated, spoil the crew by making *Five*.

A woodland pic-nic! Could a COCKER fix
(Unless as dull as the dim shores of Styx)
Yon gleeful gathering at less than *Six*?

Or brand the odd less blissful than the even,
(Seeing her watchet eyes are so like heaven),
If one arch sylph should swell the band to *Seven*?

Nay, "stretch an octave." Who, with heart elate,
Beating the nut-hung woods, would joy abate
Because the scattered echoes numbered *Eight*?

Nay, skirting the green vineyards of the Rhine,
Four girls, four lovers, and a sleek divine,
Who'd murmur at the Muses' number, *Nine*?

Charmed numbers? Let dull seers stale fables tell,
Are not *all* numbers magic in their spell,
With Youth, Love, Joy, and Jest assorted well?

Yet *Two*, for choice! Some prejudice yet numbers
His soul in whose grey head Romance scarce slumbers,
The baldish Bard who lisps in (Summer) Numbers.

A LIBERAL APPOINTMENT.—MR. HERBERT GLADSTONE the other day took his seat as an extra Lord of the Treasury, appointed without salary. No charge for extras.

Asiatic mind. *N'importe!* Ah! happy Indian potentate, breathing the free air of Claridge's Hotel!

11th to 13th.—More walking with Mamma, taking luncheon with Mamma, driving with Mamma, and dining with Mamma. Some Germans to dinner once or twice. *I shall learn Chinese*. And that reminds me. I wonder whether *Aladdin's* Princess, with her tiny little feet, managed, after all, to get better about Peking than I can about London.

19th Osborne.—Dear A——, came with the children and pressed for me to be allowed to join them on the yacht, and see the regatta, and have a real sail, and spend a quite too lovely day! No use; so she went back, and I took a walk as usual with Mamma, had luncheon as usual with Mamma, and dined as usual with Mamma. Everything *very much* as usual. Stay, though; I am forgetting. I must add a two hours' steam up and down on the *Alberta*, a mile and a half away from everything, which the *Court Journal* will no doubt describe as "witnessing the regatta" with Mamma!

20th to 27th.—The usual Osborne routine. Of course, I am perfectly happy doing nothing else but walking, taking luncheon, driving and dining continually with Mamma; though I should like to be able to get away a *little* now and then. In one of our drives round the island, we passed several groups of happy girls enjoying themselves, in the society of their relatives and friends, in various healthful and innocent ways (with the permission of their *Mammas*). Yes, I must take in hand *The New Cinderella*!

28th to 29th.—Off again to Balmoral, without waiting for the State ball on the 30th. Journey full of novelty.

30th.—Once more in the bonnie Highlands! Attend the Servants' Ball, and wonder why, while they may enjoy a dance, I mayn't. Wonder how the State Ball is going on. Go to rest wondering, and finally dream that I am walking, taking luncheon, driving, dining and making immense progress in Chinese, simultaneously, with Mamma till further notice!



A MODERN TOURNAMENT.

A WEALTH-ENDOWED
WORKHOUSE.

DR. DIPLOCK has lately had, within a short space of time, to hold as many as three inquests on inmates of St. George's (Hanover Square) Workhouse Infirmary, who had jumped out of the windows of that benevolent institution. About twelve months ago a pauper leaped from a window of the workhouse itself. Fish kept in an aquarium of which the water is ill-aërated are apt at times to leap out of it; but that is because they feel themselves uncomfortable within it, which cannot be the case with the inmates of any department of St. George's Workhouse. That Charity being supported by a parish abounding in mansions of the most opulent Nobility and Gentry, its arrangements are all doubtless of the most agreeable description, far superior to those regulated by ordinary parochial economy. The substitute in its dietary for skilligolee may not perhaps be real turtle, but is very probably mock, as a rule, varied with mulligatawny, or macaroni, and occasionally Palestine and green-pea. It has been suggested that the windows of the workhouse and Infirmary of St. George's should be supplied with grates; which would be utterly unnecessary did not inmates, enjoying an enviable lot, unhappily include a number of insane or "wicious paupers."

ADAGE BY A YOUNG LADY.
—Man proposes, but Mamma disposes.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 47.



LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, M.P.

THERE IS A MIDGE AT WESTMINSTER,
A GNATTY LITTLE THING,
IT BITES AT NIGHT
THIS MIGHTY MITE,
BUT NO ONE FEELS ITS STING.
ITS NOISE PERSISTENT, SHRILL,—SO SOME
SAY THERE'S NO STING, BUT 'TIS ALL "HUM."

HOLIDAY TASKS FOR
THE CABINET.

Mr. Gladstone.—To sketch out Land Bills for England and Wales with Scotland to follow.

Lord Selborne.—To carry on an explanatory correspondence with the imprisoned Reverend GREEN.

Sir William Harcourt.—To rub up his law about the Bradlaugh case.

Earl Granville.—To enter into communication with the Turkish Bondholders, with a view to an arrangement of the SULTAN's debts.

Earl of Kimberley.—To settle outstanding matters at the Cape.

Mr. Childers.—To learn the names of the Territorial Regiments, and which is which.

Marquis of Hartington.—To solve the Afghan Succession riddle.

Earl of Northbrook.—To raise a phantom fleet, and tell stories to discontented Marines.

Mr. John Bright.—To master the principles of Fair Trade.

Mr. Chamberlain.—To distinguish the difference between the importance of Parliament and the dignity of a Vestry.

And Mr. W. E. Forster (pleasantest holiday task of all).—To spend his hard-earned vacation—in Ireland!

LET US ALL BE UNHAPPY ON SUNDAYS.—The Stagnant Sunday party may be mad, but there is some sort of Methodism in their madness.

"I CAN'T vouch for the story," said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM Junior, "but it's Ben Tomato, I believe."

NOTES FROM A BAGPIPE.

HER MAJESTY's new title must be *The Edinburgh Reviewer*. The Poet Laureate is of course at work on an epic to commemorate the occasion. It is to be called *English Bard and Scotch Reviewers*.

A *propos* of a title, has Queen's Weather ceased to be proverbial since Her Gracious MAJESTY became a Suze-rain? The Clan Mac-Intosh was in great force last Thursday. "The youngest soldiers," says our esteemed North British Correspondent, Sir JOSEPH McMILLER (not Sir A. MACMILLAN, by kind permission of W. E. G.), "couldn't have looked *wetter 'uns* in any other circumstances."

It was a wet day, but it was a wetter night. It ended in fireworks, but the whiskey-and-waterworks had the best of it, after all. However, the Highlanders had their fling, and many determined not to go home till morning—and then they couldn't. The Scotch reel was seen at an early hour in Princes' Street. It wasn't the Ideal, but the Reel.

The Royal Scottish Archers said it was the finest day they'd ever seen. This was a specimen of their unequalled skill in drawing the long-bow. FRED ARCHER wasn't there, but Lord ROSEBERY was. Arthur's Seat was retained for him throughout the day, but Lord Mayor McARTHUR didn't come. Was he asked?

The time of day was regulated by the Black Watch, which was wound up early and went well. The only sign of sunlight was when Lord REAY appeared.

The QUEEN, next day, accepted a Guide-Book to Edinbro' Castle from one of the Warders, and then, says *The Telegraph*, instructed that he should be paid for it. The price was one shilling. No one had less than half-a-crown, and the Warder, not having any change, agreed to a reduction on taking a quantity. The Royal Party took six for five shillings, and all parties were satisfied.

FROM OUR CITY WAITER AT THE SEA-SIDE.

THE SONG OF ROMANTIC "ROBERT."

O, I likes the Sea when there ain't no waves,
And there ain't no wind, and there ain't no sun;
For that's the time as I gos and bathes,
And then treats myself to a ha'penny bun.

I likes the time when it's muggy and close,
And the clouds look dull and all of a heap,
Then I sticks my old spees across my old nose,
And pretends to read, and then goes to sleep.

Yes, that's the jolly time for me,
When there's plenty to eat, and nothink to do,
When I'm always ready for dinner or tea,
And am satisfied quite with a Irish Stew.

There's sum as is allers a pining for gold,
And sum as is proud to be called M.P.,
But I'm quite content with my bag of shrimps,
As I sets and smiles at the quiet Sea!

Memoranda of Session.

THIS Single-Aot Session will become historical as the Double Comet Session, the Postage and Receipt Stamp Session, the Electric Light Session, the Bradlaugh Session. Lord R. CHURCHILL will remember it as the Poz-session; Ministerialists as the Pro-session; and the House of Lords as the Con-session. The PREMIER will note it in his diary as the second since his Axe-session.



FIRST OF SEPTEMBER—SOMETHING LIKE A BATTUE!

Or, The Result of High Farming and the Extermination of the Partridge.

ON BOARD THE "AMARINTHA."

(Extracts from a short Holiday Log.)

THE Bath in the cabin-floor. I take it in a sort of nervous, hasty way, not liking to lie down in it without, at all events, holding on to the sides, having a sort of nervous dread of the bottom suddenly coming out, and dropping me into the sea. Then what would happen? I couldn't call "Steward!" There's no bell, my shrieks would be stifled, and before anyone had time to ask, "Where is he? Why doesn't he come to breakfast?" the water, which I believe has a knack of always rising to its own level, would rush up, and, in fact, there'd be an end of the yacht—she'd disappear—scuttled. That's one idea of the Bath in the floor. Then there's another for a Sensation Scene in a Melodrama—something for Messrs. MERITT and HARRIS at Drury Lane. The stage could represent the cabin—(beautiful cabin Drury Lane stage could make!)—trap-door in Centre—villain, disguised as Steward, turns on the tap of sea-water, and allures Victim into Bath—music *pianissimo* and *tremolo* as Victim descends—Steward shuts down the lid quickly, drags portmanteau over it, and stands on it, breathing heavily, when suddenly he starts, for through the skylight above he perceives the eye of the Mate on him!! Ah! the Mate's silence must be bought! But at what price? I don't exactly know why the Steward should treat the Victim in this manner; but this is a detail which I can consider while I'm brushing my hair, and so get round to the beginning of the plot. The Victim must of course escape—but how? Undercurrents could wash him rapidly out to sea, one undercurrent bringing him up for breath, and another taking him miles away from shore—and— Yes, that's it—

Just as I've got to this point, CULLINS the Composer looks in, to remind me that he has to share the cabin, and the sooner I clear out the better. "In five minutes you shall have it all to yourself," is my ready reply. I generally make it "five minutes." It is like five shillings, a tangible sum, and it has the advantage over five shillings, as it must be taken colloquially to mean any time up to half an hour—at least, that's my idea of "five minutes." It's a pleasant way of getting over a difficulty, and inspires the other party with hopefulness. A man writes to say "he wants five minutes' chat with you." It reads nicely and lightly: it really means at least an hour's earnest conversation on matters involving the interests of a life-time, probably destroys a whole day, and knocks every other previously made arrangement out of time. Give a man five minutes' chat and he'll take an hour's conversation. "Five minutes" has an exact, well-calculated and business-like sound.

In this particular instance—there are my bags to unpack, the things to be put into the lockers, the dressing things (mine) to be arranged, so as to secure places (as it were) before the rush of CULLINS into the cabin, when he will find all the best seats gone. I take for granted that he won't attempt to re-arrange everything on his plan. In order to avoid this sort of *Box and Cox* life in a cabin, we shall have to fix some clear and definite line of demarcation. He

looks in again. He observes, somewhat crustily, "It's ten minutes since he was last there." I can only reply with an air of astonishment, "Is it, indeed?" adding in my most soothing and pleasant manner, "Well, old fellow, I shan't be five minutes more."

He growls out something about breakfast being just ready and they won't wait, from which I infer that with these precautionary measures of mine I shall be in time for that meal and he won't. I comfort myself with the reflection that CULLINS is a quick dresser (I don't know that he is), and that perhaps after all this is only a *ruse* on his part to get me out. If it is a *ruse*, I can give myself an extra five minutes just to teach him (as we are going to be cabin'd and cribb'd together for the next ten days) that he must always deal with me straightforwardly and truthfully.

At last he, so to speak, bursts into the room. The smell of the coffee and the ham and eggs has excited him beyond measure; he scents the breakfast afar off, and won't wait any longer. He is almost violent. He is, he says, "ravenous." So am I, I tell him, in a tone of reproval, intended to convey that, though ravenous, I can still be courteous.

"Yes," he says, brusquely, "but you're dressed and all ready. I'm not. At least," he corrects himself, "I'm ready as far as appetite goes, but—"

"Rough as far as manners go," I suggest.

"Oh, you be blowed! Do get out," he exclaims.

And I do get out, for I remember that he is to be, as HALLSHER puts it, "my stable companion" for ten days, and it won't do to begin with a row.

I've known CULLINS the Composer for years—out of a cabin, but have never yet had any experience of him *in* one. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast"—but it doesn't seem to have had its usual magic effect on CULLINS. Odd. Perhaps it's the sea-air that's bringing it out of him, or the combined effects of the sea-air, hunger, a long and restless journey from town, and disappointment at not having a cabin all to himself. I ascend "the companion," leaving my "stable companion" in the cabin.

Though we are moored stern and stem, yet there is an undulating motion, and the sea—(is it the sea?—I am not quite sure, as we're in full view of the town and pier, and land on each side of us for miles)—and the sea—(or whatever it is—it's *salt*, I know that from the Bath)—is decidedly rough—in fact, very rough. There is a stiffish breeze. There are several other yachts in the bay. Is it a "bay"? It looks like it. By the way, where are we? Scotland. Yes, I'm aware of that fact; also, we are off Stranraer. But what is this bay called? Oh, we are in Loch Ryan. (Not a bay—wrong again.) "Ryan" is decidedly an Irish name. "Yes," the Dean explains in his jovial manner, "there are lots of Irish in Stranraer—it's the nearest point for the Irish coast." And then he takes up his rook-shooter, and has another pop at a bottle floating in the water, and tied by a string to the stern. "Capital practice," he says.

HALLSHER, our host, quietly remarks that it must be excellent practice, and that the Dean evidently wants a lot of it, but that for his own part he has a nervous horror of fire-arms; that is, he hastens

to add with the utmost politeness, "when in the hands of inexperienced people."

That, the Dean observes, does not of course apply to *him*.

"Not in the least," HALLSHER returns, in his most insinuating manner. "I mean persons not accustomed to handle fire-arms, and I really don't think you ever have yours out of your hand."

"Ha! ha!" laughs the Dean,—he is evidently out for a jolly holiday, and prepared to laugh at anything heartily, and pops again at the bobbing bottle, while HALLSHER gives a slight but perceptible shudder.

"Breakfast is ready, Sir!" says the Steward.

We descend. The Dean disappears into his own cabin for a few seconds, and returns in, apparently, an entire change of costume. He is no longer the nautical sportsman, but the country gentleman in very easy circumstances. I have never seen such a rapid act of change of costume out of a "variety entertainment." The Composer arrives late: he is clean, but churlish, having cut himself severely while trying to shave. He remarks severely on the movement of the vessel.

Happy Thought (for the Composer).—Movement in C.

HALLSHER says, quietly, "Oh, you'll soon get over that. It's nothing."

I repeat, "Oh, nothing at all!"—but I have my doubts.

As the Composer warms to his work, or is warmed to his work by the stimulating tea and coffee, breakfast is a very cheery meal.

"I shall make a thorough good breakfast now," says the Composer, taking his third helping of pigeon-pie; "as, if it's rough—"

[I agree with him, but am silent. I wish he wouldn't talk like this. Why not avoid such a subject? Far better taste not to say a word about it; specially at our first meal on board ship.]

"Oh," interrupts HALLSHER, smiling in a reassuring way, "we shan't get out to-day. The Captain says there's too much wind outside." (*Happy Thought, to myself*—Don't go outside.) "It's not worth while getting a wetting for nothing."

"The steamer had to face a nasty head-wind," observes BOLBY the Dean. "She could hardly get out."

Now, when I hear that we absolutely *can't* move from our moorings, all the Columbus-like spirit of maritime adventure rises within me. I want at once to weigh anchor—to go off somewhere—to discover new continents—to—to do in fact what I've come for, that is to yacht, which, with me, means to sail, to cruise. If I can't sail and cruise, why am I here? Not to sit in a boat, tied stem and stern, and look at a lot of houses, a pier, and a railway-station?

"Is there no chance of getting away to-day?" I ask, with a show of cheerful contentment.

"Not much," replies HALLSHER; "but I propose—"

He pauses, and I brighten up, as he has evidently an idea of trying to start, and perhaps, like *Vanderdecken*, the Flying Dutchman, he will get round the point of the bay, even though he battle with the waves till doomsday.

"Yes," I say, encouragingly, "you are thinking of—"

"Yes," he continues, in his charming and persuasive manner, as if he were thoroughly agreeing with my idea and letting me have my way in everything, "yes, I was thinking that we'd have the gig out after breakfast, and—go ashore."

"Oh yes," I reply, blankly.

BOLBY wants to go on shore for more cartridges.

At which avowed intention HALLSHER smiles, and says, "Oh, I dare say you'll be able to get them," and evidently devoutly hopes he won't be able to do anything of the sort.

The Composer takes me aside, and murmurs, "I say, I didn't come down to go on shore. I came to go out yachting."

He is in a grumbling humour. I point out to him that it is necessary to go on shore sometimes for provisions, papers, &c.

"Yes," he says, still grumbling, as if it was all my fault, "but I want to find out what sort of a sailor I am and how I shall really like it."

I try to agree with him pleasantly, remembering that he is to be my "stable companion" for the next ten days.

Name for a novel—"A Life's Trial; or, Tied to a Composer."

A letter-writing fit seizes us all, as if we were starting for the Antipodes or on an Arctic expedition and leaving England for years.

The gig is ordered. The gig is waiting at (so to speak) the front door. It is manned by four sailors in oilskin coats and overalls and sou'-westers tied over the ears. The gig is bumping up and down, and the yacht suddenly seems to be in motion. We are having a see-sawing match with the gig. Sometimes the men's heads are on a line with the bulwarks, and the next second they have so entirely disappeared that I look over the side nervously, half expecting to see a man or two clinging to the sides of the yacht, and only the oars and rudder and perhaps an extra oilskin floating on the surface. But no, there they are, bobbing up and down—and now for the first time I begin to realise that a summer suit of flannels, in fact, a regular lawn-tennis costume, intended for exercise on a hot August afternoon, is *not* the thing to come to sea in—at least, off the coast of North Britain.

HALLSHER puts on a waterproof. BOLBY comes out in another change of costume, including an entirely different sort of hat. When, subsequently, he returns from shore he comes on deck in another hat, and after lunch he wears one totally different from the other three, while in the evening he again startles us with another novelty on his head. On Sunday perhaps he has a surprise in store for us in the shape of a College cap. Why not? There's a College hornpipe. And what costume could be more appropriate for dancing in than a nautical College cap? At present he is in a stout jersey. He seems to be all Jersey—and part of Guernsey as well. I try to pretend it's fine weather and very warm, but it won't do; so, having got on my ulster, a pair of ordinary thick walking-boots, and pot-hat, I feel I might as well be on shore, where, in fact, we are going. Getting into the "gig" is not easy. HALLSHER descends first, and takes the helm. The Dean goes next, and occupies an entire side. I back down the steps, and put out a leg where I think the boat is—or where it *was* when I first put out my leg, and where it will be again presently—at least I hope so—and remain in the attitude of a Flying Mercury.

"Leave go of the rope, Sir," says the stroke.

Oh, yes!—but where will I be then? And I pause.

"Get on!" says CULLINS the Composer above, in a desperate hurry, as if the yacht were on fire, and he were the last to make his escape.

"It's all very well to say 'Get on!'" I remonstrate, "but—" and before I can find a safe place for my foot, I receive a stunning blow on the head from the irritable Composer, who, obstinately descending the ladder, comes bump on to my hat. Nothing so irritating as a man recklessly injuring your hat, specially when it's on your head, and it is impossible for me, even before the Dean, to avoid jerking out a "big, big D," as I fall back, like CHATHAM, into the arms of the attendants—I mean I fall against the Coxswain, who sturdily supports me, and places me on a seat.

"Couldn't help it," says the Composer, by way of apology; "you ought to have been quicker."

I am about to retort severely—when I once more remember he is to be my "stable companion" for the next ten days, and it's no use having a row with your partner.

"Give way!" cries the stroke.

Happy Thought (as regards my conduct towards the Composer). "Give way," I do.

We are off for shore. Big waves. Wind and drizzle. HALLSHER the near-sighted, steering, and asking "Which way?" as he goes along, occasionally inquiring "What's that?" when we are just into a vessel riding at anchor. Finally, we reach the slippery steps, bow grapples them with his boat-hook, we struggle on to the quay, and HALLSHER, as he finds his eye-glass and looks back on to the boat, as if to discover how on earth he had got there at all, and what sort of a thing he had come in, observes, with a kind of nervous diffidence, but still with some complacency, "Oh, I thought the steps were farther down: I didn't see they were here. It's a difficult bit, and I am as blind as a bat. However," he adds cheerfully, "here we are!"

We all say that nothing could be better, and congratulating him on his successful steering, and ourselves on arriving safely, we proceed to examine the town of Stranraer.

A SEA-SIDE REVERIE.

I THINK, as I sit at my ease on the shingle,
And list to the musical voice of the Sea,
How gaily my Landlady always will mingle
From my little caddy her matutine tea.
And vainly the bitter remembrance I banish
Of mutton just eaten, my heart is full sore,
To think after one cut it's certain to vanish,
And never be seen on my board any more.

Some small store of spirit to moisten my throttle
I keep, and indulge in it once in a way;
But bless you it seems to fly out of the bottle
And swiftly decrease, though untouched all the day.

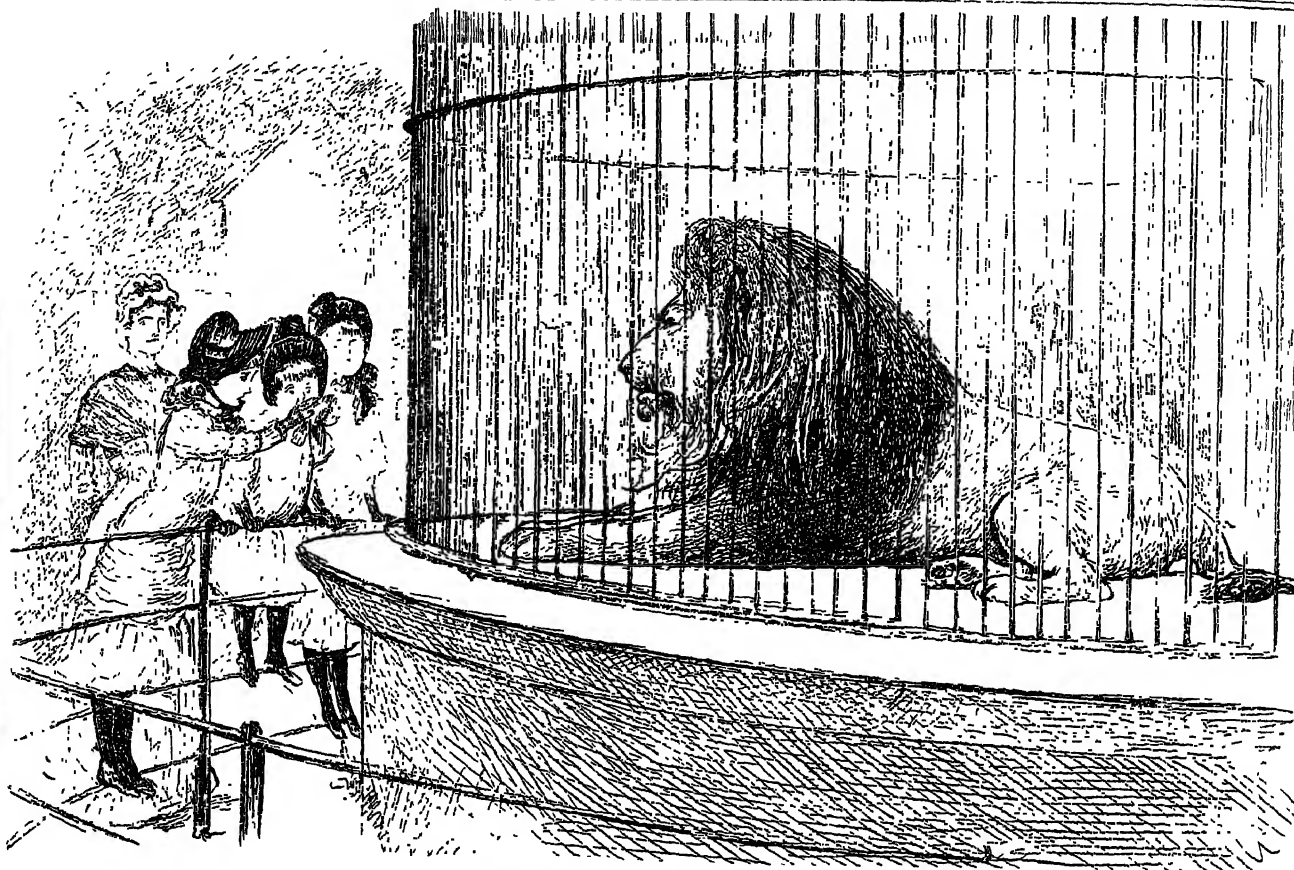
My sugar and sardines, my bread and my butter,
Are eaten, and vainly I fret and I frown;
My Landlady, just like an *Æsthete's* too utter
A fraud, and I vow that I'll go back to Town.

IRISH MAXIMS.

If a Landlord would only reside on his property long enough, he'd never be shot.

What we want in Ireland is Landlords who won't take any rent, and spend the money freely.





TENDER CONSIDERATION.

"OH, DON'T MAKE FACES AT HIM, EFFIE! IT MIGHT FRIGHTEN HIM, YOU KNOW!"

A DIP INTO ASIA.

(From Our Special Courier of St. Petersburg.)

THERE are two advantages in arriving at St. Petersburg. Though you have been three nights and three days in the train, and are lucky if you escape an extra day, according to the calendar you are twelve days younger than when you left England, and according to the sun you have always got two hours start of your friends in London. A telegram sent to you on the 13th of August at eleven in the morning, reaches your hands about 10 A.M. on the 1st of August. Wake up, old England!

St. Petersburg is as mixed as a salad. Take a slice of the Thames about Rotherhithe and Deptford, a little bit of Hull, a small piece of Havre, a dash of Munich and Berlin, a small piece of Venice and a larger piece of Rotterdam, a few back streets from a dull German town like Crefeld, mix these with Tottenham Court Road, and you get something like St. Petersburg. The shopkeepers in some parts of the City are more like showmen than shopkeepers. They stand at their doors with their "young men" to tempt you in, and in all parts of the City they plaster their outward walls with pictorial emblems of their trade. The river is magnificent, and the quays are lined with palaces. The City is always on the quay-vive. Obvious jokes are made at the expense of the river. It is called the *Neva*. One sample will suffice:—"It is *Neva* too late to mend," generally said when the ice is breaking up, &c.

The principal street, the "Nevskoi Perspective," is like White-chapel and the Mile-End Road giving a grand imitation of Regent Street. It is the fashionable afternoon resort for carriages and pedestrians; and as Russia is an autocratic iron and tyrannical, and not a liberal and Bumble government, a penny tramway runs along the whole middle of the road.

The roads generally are inlaid with round stones, varying in size from a potato to a quartern loaf. They have made walking a lost art in St. Petersburg. Everybody jolts along in Droskys. A Drosky is a low "one-horse shay," about the size of a child's perambulator. It is built to carry one, and licensed to carry two. Its shafts are like the parallel lines defined in Euclid, with this difference, they stretch to infinity, and nearly meet. The horse has

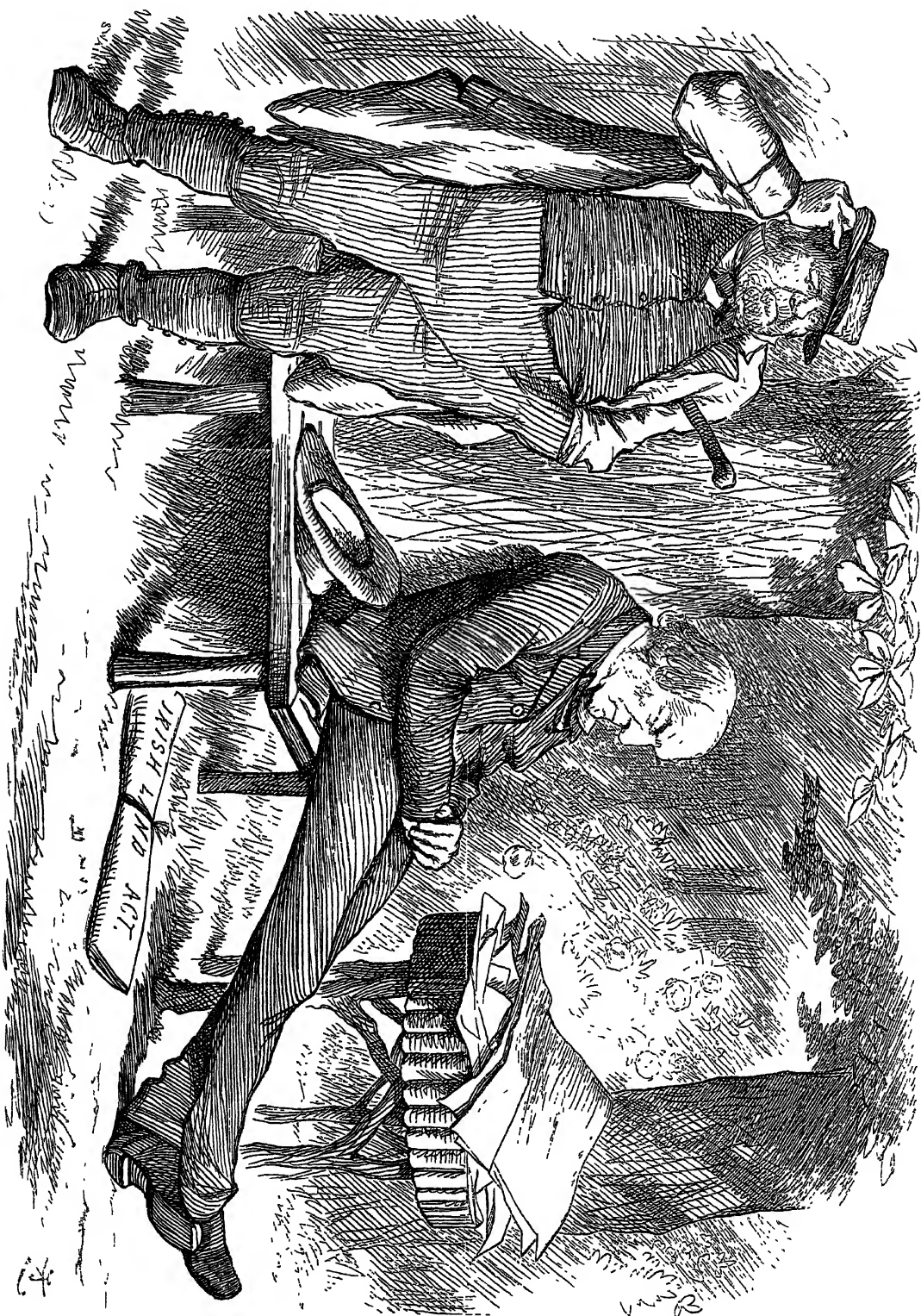
a high triumphal arch over his neck, which either keeps the shafts asunder, or brings them together—it is difficult to say which. The horses are strong, well-fed, and go. The London "crawler" is unknown. The driver is dressed in a Jewish gaberdine, and wears something like a Spanish Inquisitor's hat. The gaberdine is covered with and covers the dirt of ages. He sits up far above his fare on a kind of perch, and drives like a London costermonger. Riders in Droskys in St. Petersburg will do well to see that they have no loose money in their pockets, and no loose teeth in their heads, that their shoes are tightly tied, and their hats well fixed on their heads. I need say no more. People who think they can improve the St. Petersburg Drosky and roads, may save themselves a deal of trouble. Nature has otherwise provided. For eight months in the year a velvet-pile carpet is laid down, called snow, and on this the Petersburgers make themselves very comfortable in sledges.

The Russian language is said to be difficult, and the alphabet rather favours this statement. If you take the English language, turn some of the letters hind part before, and turn a number of others upside down, if you settle that the rest of the letters which you leave alone shall stand for something precisely opposite to what they do in England, and if you mix these with a few extra signs which resemble Greek, you will get something like the Russian alphabet.

The eating is peculiar. A real dinner *à la Russe* consists of two tasting orders, and a deranged English feed. Tasting order number one takes you to a side-table, where you have the liberty of trying samples of nearly everything sold in an English Italian warehouse. Caviare, smoked salmon, and raw herring, are only three things out of twenty. Tasting order number two keeps you at the same table, and gives you liberty to taste nearly every spirit and liquor known in Europe and Asia. After that comes the dinner, where roast beef follows soup, and fish follows roast beef. The soup is good and a dinner in itself.

At the *Cafés* you drink weak tea, served in a tumbler with no milk, and a slice of lemon. A superficial English traveller might see it at a distance and think it was rum and water, or decide on closer observation that there are no tea-cups in Russia. The benighted Russians use tumblers, because glass keeps the tea hot for an hour.

Russia being a despotic country, the Russians are treated like



“REST.” (p)

BRITISH FARMER (dog). “AR DOAN’T WANT TO DISTURB ‘UN—BUT AR ‘D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT HE BE A-GWIDN TO DO FOR ‘EE?”

full-grown responsible beings. They have the fullest liberty to do as they like on Sunday, and to sit in their taverns and tea-houses every night, including Sunday, to the hour they fix themselves, and not the hour fixed by Liberal Bumbledom. Music-gardens, concert-rooms and theatres are open on Sunday, and so are churches. The churches are full, not of curate-worshippers and hysterical women, but of men. Every street has its shrine, and every house its *Icon*. The commonest labourer says his prayers as he passes these images. Russia being a semi-barbarous country, the churches have no pews. The congregation stand up in one mixed mass, and this liberty, equality, and fraternity is noticeable in much of the social life of a great Russian city. The English have much to be thankful for.

THE "POLY."

[Alas, poor Ghost! the Polytechnic—our dear Poly—is no more!]

Do you want to know the merriest place,
For youngsters up in town?
Well—'twas the "Poly," the lively "Poly,"
Of Diving Bell renown.
To welcome PEPPER we mustered there,
And stared at DIRCKS's ghost,
Then saw how gases were kept in glasses,
And were with science dosed.
All o'er! all o'er! 'tis now no more,
Dissolving views are furled,
Poly! Dear Poly!
'Tis melancholy,
To think of you lost to the world!
Do you want to know the slowest show,
For slow it grew and dull,
Well—'twas the Poly, the stupid Poly,
Whose efforts were all null.
You'd hear a KING long reigning there,
Who tried to make things brisk,
Then BUCKLAND too did all he knew
'To help the poor old "Disc."
All o'er! all o'er! 'tis now no more,
Dissolving views are furled.
Poly! Dull Poly,
You were melancholy,
And now you are lost to the world.

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

(From the Diary of a "Foretaller and Regrater.")

Saturday.—My friend JONES, of the Firm of BROWN, JONES and ROBINSON, Corn Factors, of Mark Lane, was speaking to me the other day about the dreadful weather the poor Farmers were having for the Harvest, and dropped just a slight hint of the enormous sums that were being made, and might still be made, by a judicious speculation in Corn. Happening to have a nice little sum lying at my Banker's, waiting for a good investment, I, after considerable doubt and hesitation, wrote to JONES, asking him to do what he thought proper on my behalf to a moderate amount.

Monday.—By advice from JONES's firm, I find myself the happy possessor of 5,000 quarters of New Zealand Wheat, bought for me at a certain price, payable in six weeks time. The letter also contained a request for a cheque for £500 as a deposit. This I sent immediately, and then sat quietly down to coolly examine my position.

At first I felt quite proud at finding myself the owner of 5,000 quarters of Wheat. Five thousand quarters of Wheat!

What a grand idea! I had often heard old Uncle Tom say that he considered four quarters an acre a very good crop, so I was absolutely the owner of the produce of 1250 acres of land! Why, Uncle never had half that quantity under cultivation, and yet he was considered a very respectable Farmer. I remembered that when I was at school we used to be told that a quarter of wheat would make 120 Quartern Loaves, so my wheat would make no less than 1,200,000 half-quartern loaves, enough to feed an army for a month!

But then came the rather unpleasant question of how much did I owe Messrs. BROWN, JONES and ROBINSON for this magnificent crop of Wheat? Upon making calculation, I found it amounted to about £12,000! This was so enormously beyond anything I had expected when I wrote to JONES, that I now wrote again for an explanation.

Tuesday.—JONES's explanation amounted to this: that long before the six weeks had expired, I must sell my wheat; and if the price was higher, I should gain; but, if the price was lower, I should lose. Of course his little commission would have to be paid in any case.

Luckily, when his letter arrived it was a beautiful day for me—that is, it was pouring in torrents, so I felt pretty comfortable, and my wife and family were as much surprised as charmed with the

calm philosophy with which I bore what they called the execrable weather, for if there is one thing more than another that I loathe and detest, it is wet weather at the sea-side, and I certainly do sometimes express myself strongly on that subject.

Wednesday.—Couldn't sleep a wink, wondering what sort of weather it was going to be. Peeped out at break of day, and there was the wretched sun rising in a cloudless sky! Never felt so disgusted in all my life. Wife couldn't make out what made me so irritable and savage all day. Didn't dare tell her, of course. Nice lesson, too, for the family if they had found me out.

Thursday.—Bright morning, but a little overcast in the south-west, so still a chance of a nice downpour in the course of the day. Walked in the fields, and examined the wheat, and found it all beautifully saturated, and some turning quite black. Felt quite jolly, and went home rejoicing. Found telegram from JONES, saying they could sell at a small profit, but strongly urging me to hold on. Wired to hold on accordingly. Nice heavy shower in the evening, though we did all get wet through. Wife quite savage with me for what she calls my unnatural good temper.

Friday.—Out of bed three times in the night to see what sort of weather we were having. Horrid night, all the stupid stars shining away as if they were laughing at me. Out of bed again at day-break. What idiots call a lovely morning. Not a cloud to be seen!

Wife can't understand what makes me so restless, and why I go staring out of the window so often. Tell her I have a great desire to see the sun rise. She replies, the sun does not usually rise in the middle of the night.

Brilliant day for everybody but me. Nothing but glaring sunshine and drying breezes. Get rather nervous. Think I will telegraph to JONES to sell and realise the profit he wrote about, though it was only small. Telegraph accordingly. JONES replies, very sorry—wishes I had taken the offer he sent me yesterday. In consequence of the remarkable change in the weather, and better news from America, wheat down considerably, so instead of the £350 I might have made then, he could not sell now under £450 loss!

Went out with wife and children (at their request) for a row on the sea. Asked a stupid donkey of a Boatman what he thought of the weather, and the grinning Idiot said that he thought the beautiful fine weather was going to last, and, he added, a good thing too for everybody!

Not one farthing more than his bare fare did I give that malicious fiend!

(To be continued.)

THE DUCHESS'S SONG.

(With Apologies to Mr. Tennyson.)

HOME fabrics had fallen, the Duchess arose,
She determined for country to make a stand,
She was dressed (of course) in the latest mode,
Which perhaps may have come from an English hand.
And she sat her down in a lonely place,
And formed a Society great and grand,
To enable the farmers and spinners to thrive,
And drive French "stuffs" from the land.
The "D. T." stopped to observe her Grace,
The farmer felt ready to cheer,
The Bradford spinner cried, "Here's a start!"
And the merchant he smiled through his tear;
But the Frenchman thought—"I have seen many fads,
But never a one so queer;
Will Old England exchange our goods, which are cheap,
For her own, which are ugly and dear?"

ARK-ÆOLOGY AT MALVERN.

(From Our Deluged Antiquarian.)

MONDAY.—Pelting morning, but left London comfortably by the 2.15, fully prepared for a great intellectual treat. Begin to read up Archaeological subjects on way down. *Danvers's Mediæval Sub-structures*, in nine folio volumes (with maps), highly interesting, but lent it at Ealing to Old Gentleman in spectacles, who says he is going to the Congress too. Asks me whether I've got up *Phipson on Prehistoric Kitchen Utensils*, with charts? Says nothing can be made of anything I see without it. SMITH's boy at Reading says "he doesn't think they've got it at the Stall, but will see." Does see. They haven't. Rain in torrents. Feel I'm catching cold. Drop off to sleep, and dream I'm PHIPSON sitting in nothing but chain armour in an east wind. Wake up chilled and stiff. Thank goodness! Malvern. Struggle for a vehicle in howling tempest of rain, thunder, and melancholy porters. Everything full. Miss public dinner looking for rooms. Lose half of *Danvers's*, but get taken in somewhere at last. To bed shivering, and reading up *Battle of Tewkesbury* with a basin of gruel.



"REDUCTION."

His Better Half (the Family Chancellor of the Exchequer—reading the Railway Posters). "THEN, DEAR, AS WE CAME DOWN BY THE LONDON, CHATHAM, AND DOVER, AND GO BACK BY THE SOUTH-EASTERN"—(doing mental sum)—"SEVENTEEN AND THIRTEEN—YES—WE SAVE THIRTY MILES!"

LIBERTY IN LIMBO.

SCENE—*Taffy-Land on the Sabbath. Enter Traveller, athirst.*

Traveller (enthusiastically). Aha! "Wild Wales!" (*Recites.*)

Place me midst Cambria's climbs and crackjaws rare,
And I will sing if Liberty be there.

Hillo! Who's this? [*Enter limp figure with handcuffs halting.*
Limp One (sadly). I'm Liberty!

Traveller (doubtfully). Oh, are you? I shouldn't have known you.

Limp One. I dare say not. The disguise is very complete, isn't it? It's TAFFY's new uniform in fact. Wonder what the old LLEWELLYNS would have thought of it?

Traveller. A drink would refresh us both. Come, I see a tavern yonder, let's—

Limp One. Halt, rash man! It's the Sabbath!

Traveller. Yes, I know, but—

Limp One. No Sunday "nips" now in the Principality.

Traveller. The deuce! Why I'm as dry as an Eisteddfod.

Limp One. Very likely. But you mustn't wet your whistle in Wales now—in public and by purchase between Saturday night and Monday morning. 'Tis the Will of the Majority—to the great joy of the Wilfridites.

Traveller. And what do you think of it?

Limp One. What has poor Liberty to say in face of her new, and popular enemy, Local Option? Tyrants I could fight, and despots defy, but my modern foe, Permissive Compulsion, is too insidious to be seen through by goody fanatics and grandmotherly legislators. Hence these bonds. At present those who speak up for me get cried down as favourers of vice, or of selfishness. It needs a strong head and a stiff spine to make a consistent champion of Liberty.

Traveller. Humph! If the majority reduce their old friend Liberty to this plight, the majority will be sorry for it one day, when the shoe pinches. Aha! (*suddenly produces a forgotten flask*) RICHARD's himself again! (*Drinks.*)

Liberty. I wish he were. I shouldn't be in fetters. [*Exit sadly.*]

TO MY ANNIE ROID!

I COULD not live without thee, dear,
For there would be a fearsome void
Within my heart wert thou not here—
My Annie Roid!

Much used by seamen in all lands,
They love thee who the rooms of LLOYD
Frequent; the sailor understands
My Annie Roid!

As ignorant we sure should be
As are the apes called anthropoid,
Of coming storms, deprived of thee,
My Annie Roid!

Thou warn'st us of impending rain,
Whene'er fine weather we've enjoyed.
Does England's climate give thee pain,
My Annie Roid?

A strange and variable clime
It is, and keeps thee well employed:
Methinks thou'rt changing all the time,
My Annie Roid!

Abbey Thoughts.

"BRADLEY for the Abbey!" exclaimed Dean CHURCH; "well I'm deand!"

"And I'm not," sighed Canon LIDDON.

"You refused the Deanship," said Dean CHURCH.

"I dean-y it!" retorted the Canon.

"Why," inquired the Dean, after a pause, "is the pulpit of St. Paul's, just now, like my teapot?" The Canon had heard this before, but he pretended utter ignorance. "Because," chuckled the Dean, "it will draw if I only keep the Lid on." The Canon exploded.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM
THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

TOBY, M.P., TAKES LEAVE OF THE SPEAKER.

MONDAY, August 22.—Looked in at half-past eight and found Mr. O'DONNELL literally addressing the SPEAKER. Sometimes, when excited Members begin to talk straight out to others, the SPEAKER interposes, and blandly requests that they will "address their remarks to the Chair." No fear of Mr. O'DONNELL incurring this rebuke. Must address the SPEAKER to-night, since there is absolutely no one else in the House. Even Mr. WARTON absent. Early in the evening he had an engagement with Lord REDESDALE, at which these two eminent statesmen concerted measures to stem the tide of democracy. Mr. WARTON has instructed Lord REDESDALE to look after the Newspaper Libels Bill in his Lordship's House.

"Done my best in the Commons, you know," he says, "kept a block on ever since it was introduced. Also kept Mr. HUTCHINSON out of his bed with a regularity that begins to tell on him, and may create vacancy in Halifax. Says he'll never take charge of another Bill as long as I'm in the House," and Mr. WARTON takes a large

pinch of snuff, with the consciousness that he has done the State some service.

Since the interview with Lord REDESDALE, the Member for Bridport gone home to prepare his review of the Session for the Second Reading of the Appropriation Bill. So no one here but the SPEAKER, and Mr. O'DONNELL drops his eye-glass at the SPEAKER, hums and hahs at the SPEAKER, painfully works out polished antitheses at the SPEAKER, reads long extracts at the SPEAKER, and, with great courage and imperturbability keeps up the fiction that the House is full.

As for the Right Hon. Gentleman in the Chair, he looks uneasily about in search of Mr. BIGGAR, who might move a Count, or for some still more welcome Member who would move "that the SPEAKER do now leave the Chair." What if he were to put this motion on his own account? Why should he represent an important constituency, and never exercise his privilege? Meanest, obscurest Member in the

House could, at whatever stage of the proceedings, move that the SPEAKER leave the Chair. Why not the Member for Cambridgeshire?

"Toby," said the Right Hon. Gentleman to me some hours later, as we were sitting over a lemon squash and a cigar, "I have lived for nearly three score years and ten a blameless life; but I never felt so near yielding to temptation as this evening. There came upon me a horrible feeling. I felt like the Last of the Greeks, the Last of the Knights, the Last of the Mohicans, *Ultimus Romanus*. The only way to break the nightmare was to move myself out of the Chair. I had to hold on convulsively, gripping the elbows of the Chair, or I would have been on my feet giving voice to the words that formed on my lips:—'The question is that I do leave the Chair. Those who are of that opinion say "Aye," contrary "No." I think the "Ayes" have it.' Then I saw myself gather up my skirts, turn to the right, and disappear, leaving O'DONNELL feeling for his eyeglass in blank amazement. But he's such a stickler for matters of form. We'd have been sure of a debate on motion to expunge the resolution. So I sat it out."

Business done.—Indian Budget brought in.

Tuesday.—STAFFORD NORTHCOTE may, if he likes, run away from his opportunities. An effete and disorganised Opposition may allow the Government to walk in at the end of the race. But, as Mr. WARTON says, "Thank Heaven for an ASHMEAD-BARTLETT!" ASHMEAD will do his duty if others fail, and he was here to do it, having first secretly supplied himself with large stores of water, and literally undermined the front Opposition bench with manuscript notes and blue-books intended for quotation. Last opportunity of Session. If he doesn't get off his accumulated speech now, will have to hold on till next year. So he has swept together into the dust-hole of his mind the odds and ends of his former speeches, and asks the House of Commons to carry them away with them.

Wonderful what a lot ASHMEAD knows. Holds all the strings of foreign policy in his hands, and pulls them at will. Sometimes, it is true, the effect a little jumbled, and the anxious listener does not quite know whether it is the Greek frontier or the Central Asian question, or Candahar or the Transvaal that at any particular moment is under discussion. What is clear is, that Mr. GLADSTONE has dishonoured and disintegrated the Empire, and isolated Great Britain in Europe beyond the original intention of the English Channel.

Spoke for an hour and was good for two, but for the fact, that owing to frequent interruptions from the SPEAKER, ASHMEAD had emptied the last of the collection of tumblers of water secreted under the bench, and was obliged to sit down, as it were, in the very midst of Central Asia.

"ASHMEAD's a useful sort of creature," Sir CHARLES DILKE says, "shows us Toryism in its second childhood."

GLADSTONE has great fun with ASHMEAD, playing with him as a sportive cat amuses itself with a mouse previous to annihilating it.

Business done.—Appropriation Bill read a Second Time.

Saturday.—Looked in at the Lords to see the prorogation. Rather a chilly affair. House inadequately warmed by the scarlet gowns of the three old Ladies on the bench before the Throne. Mr. WARTON, who is here to see the Session through, says they're not old Ladies, but three well-known Peers. That may be so, but why do they get themselves up in this style? Plenty of room for me to stand by the SPEAKER. Very different from our opening day, when I was nearly trodden on in the rush, and might have been hurt but for a way I have of sniffing round at the heels of Hon. Members. I was only in fun, but they didn't know me so well then, and were doubtful how far my humour might carry me. Not more than a score of Members here to-day. Besides the old Ladies in the scarlet gowns, there are four Peers scattered about the benches. Half-a-dozen Gentlemen in the Diplomatic Gallery. Fancy they are the Members of the Richmond Board of Guardians. Lord REDESDALE very attentive to them. Some talk of cold roast beef and ale provided in the Strangers' Dining Room.

"Must keep up a spirit of loyalty among the people," Lord REDESDALE says. "Eminently respectable and intelligent persons, Richmond Board of Guardians. Should be encouraged."

The three old Ladies on the bench took off their hats when I arrived and bowed three times. Evidently meant to be polite. Then a Gentleman at the end of the table, in a black gown and wig, got up with a piece of paper in his hand, and standing by the table, ducked forward to the three old Ladies. Began to read, and whenever he mentioned the name of a particular Peer, one of the old Ladies took off her hat. Fancy they are the mothers of the noble Lords. Very nice to see so much respect paid to them.

This reading took a long time. Then another elderly gentleman in a black gown and wig, read out the name of a Bill, always first ducking low to the old Ladies. Then an elderly gentleman on the other side of the table sung a melancholy song. I got the words from ASHMEAD-BARTLETT, who is learning French now. "*Lareyne le veult.*" That was the whole of the song, and the way the old gentleman went on singing, the melancholy he put into it, the languishing air with which he turned to me and the SPEAKER, and the way he ducked to the old ladies on the bench, was one of the funniest things I had seen since I was returned for Berkshire. Thought he'd never finish. But he did at last. Then one of the old Ladies read a speech, thanking everybody for their kind attention. Next the SPEAKER began to duck, and the old Ladies raised their hats all together three times, and we went back to the Commons, where we all shook hands with the SPEAKER, and so home.



END OF SESSION—"COME LIKE SHADOWS, SO DEPART!" (EXEUNT OMNES.)

A Dream.

ONE of these days, perhaps, when Ireland is pacified, when BRADLAUGH is an admitted and respected Member for a rotten Borough, and Mr. FAWCETT can give up reforming postage-stamps and attend to the claims of Post-Office servants, a band or two of music will be allowed to play every evening in Hyde Park and other Parks, and it will be possible to get some other refreshment than curds and whey.

A SPARK FROM THE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION, PARIS.—LÉON GAMBETTA utterly electrified at Belleville. Those who back him for first favourite simply give to all inquirers his name, with their advice included, which is "*Lay on GAMBETTA!*"

"The Children's Cry."

MR. PUNCH is unfeignedly delighted to announce that in answer to his appeal for a Day in the Country for the London Children, the fund has amounted to the splendid total of *Two Hundred and Eighty Pounds*.

This sum has been proportionately distributed among *Sixty-Eight Schools*. Mr. PUNCH congratulates "My Lords and Ladies and faithful Commons" on this the best Act that has come into operation this Session, i.e.; an Act of True Charity.

FREE-TRADE TO FAIR-TRADERS.—More free than welcome.



"WALTON'S COMPLETE 'BUNGLER.'"

"CONFOUND IT!—AND THE FISH RISING SO NICELY!"

PARALUNE.

A POE-TIC FRAGMENT.

[A new moonshade, called a Paralune, has been introduced to preserve Ladies' complexions from the alleged injurious effects of moonlight.]

THEN I looked round for SUKEY, and missed her;
But back she came bounding right soon;
And I said, "What's the matter, sweet Sister?"
She pointed at once to the moon,
To the silvery sheeny full moon.
"Hang it, SUKEY," I cried, "you're a twister!
What's *that*? To explain were a boon."
She replied, "Paralune! Paralune!
'Tis the moonshade, the new Paralune."

Then she said, "She's a danger, is Dian,
A satellite Ladies mistrust,
To the skin she is terribly tryin',
And makes one's complexion like dust.
Red, freckled, or dingy as dust—
Nay, tanned like the tawny-maned Lion."
"What nonsense!" cried I, in disgust.
SUKEY sobbed, "You're unjust, you're unjust!
And carry a moonshade I *must*!"

Then I melted, and tried to look pleasant,
And tempted her out 'neath the moon,
Explained the full disc and the crescent,
Each scoriac rock and lagoon;
And her moonshade she dropped very soon;
But next morning her nose was rubescent,
Her temper was much out of tune;
And she wailed, "Paralune! Paralune!
'Tis the fault of my lost Paralune!"

Telegram from the Lazy Minstrel, on the same subject as
our other Poet has chosen:—

Oh, how pleasant 'tis to spoon,
Shaded by a Paralune!
Hang September! Wish 'twere June,
That would rhyme to Paralune.
Also wish I knew a tune
For a song on Paralune.*

* He is evidently becoming a Paralunatic.—Ed.

SCIENTIFIC SOUCHET.

(A few more Notes from Our Deluged Ark-ecologist.)

Tuesday.—Result of getting drenched on journey down, and hunting for hotel in thunderstorm on arrival yesterday, is that I can't move a joint this morning. Rain still pouring everywhere in cataracts. Ask Waiter whether it's always like this at Malvern? Says it is "mostly," and that two inches and a half at a time "ain't nothing round the 'ills"! Tell him I had always heard Malvern was the driest place in England. Stares. Says with mournful surprise that he had "never 'eared that before;" but that "the Doctor" will be with me presently. Why the Doctor? Find I've got into an "Establishment" by mistake. Never mind. Glad of it. Doctor can give me a pick-me-up, and I shall be all ready for a regular go in at the antiquities to-morrow. Doctor clean and melancholy. Looks at me, and shaking my hand, says, I'm a "curable case," and that "the pack" will do wonders for me. Adds, almost with a smile, "in six months you won't know yourself." Explain I want to be *quite* all right to-morrow morning. Give him his fee. Pockets it sadly, and says if I *can't* stay in a "pack" for six months, I had better take a glass of stiff brandy-and-water. Order up a bottle. Capital brandy. Still pelting. Let it. Think the brandy is really doing me good. Excellent light reading, *Danvers's Prehistoric Substructures*. Funny set of beggars those ancient Britons. To sleep, fancy I'm walking about in a suit of wood, talking to the Doctor in two feet and a half of rain-water.

Wednesday.—Still pelting. Cold symptoms better, but tendency to headache. Brandy clearly indicated. Try it. Feel better at once. Look at programme. Nothing in it. Half-a-dozen Abbeys, Manor-House of Fourteenth Century, Somebody or Something's "remains" on the top of somewhere, and "place where MARGARET of Anjou took shelter." Evidently *she* had enough of the "Hills," but couldn't get an umbrella. Excellent hint. Buy one for myself at York. Decline to join several invalid antiquarians in a pleasure-van, to look at "remains," with a hot bottle or two and plenty of blankets before I start. Fly to station. Porters wet through, and still in low

spirits. Try to cheer them up by alluding to "the Hills the flesh is heir to." They don't smile. Facetiously ask Book-stall man whether he isn't afraid of leaving shilling razors about. Sighs heavily, and says, "He wishes he was." Off, getting up particulars of Roman York in a sixpenny history, with my feet freezing.

Thursday.—Drenched last night again. Never mind,—brandy will soon set that all right. Busy still getting up materials. Queer sort of name, *Eboracum*. Wonder how it got into *York*, from "Ewerwyk." Perhaps after dinner (N.B.—Suggest that to Association.) Much interested in "indulgence cup" of Archbishop SCROPE, "bearing a promise of forty days' indulgence to those who drunk from it." Wonder whether there was a regular dead set at it by pious but convivial Danes. Want awfully to see the "Plotting Parlour," and Ghost of a Monkey visible between ten and four daily (at least, I think so) in Clifford's Tower. But feel chilly. Better stick steadily to brandy-and-water. Have it a little stiffer. Do, and feel I'd better cure the thing at once. Excellent brandy. Wish I'd got a French novel. Bother Clifford's Tower and Archbishop SCROPE. Don't believe in 'em. Who does? Who comes to York to see Archbishop SCROPE—I'd like to know? Never mind, here's his health. Then CHARLES THE FIRST? Go-long with you. Call him an antiquity? Not bit of it. Real antiquity of York is DICK TURPIN—*Brown Bess and Shyllock*—no, I mean *Isaac of York* and *Re-becca-my-Neighbour*—see SCOTT's lot. York 'am. Ther'y're! York cheese—ther'y're again. Look't SHAKESPEARE! "Las poor Yor'ck!" That's goo'. Tell that Sir JOHN LUBBOCK to-morrow. No, I won't. Tell 'im to-night. Wonder whether there's billiard table in th'ouse. Th'ris! that's-all-righ'. Play Sir JOHN TURPIN—that's t'shay—Sir JOHN LUBBOCK, best out three-bottle stiff-brandy-water. Why not throw in 'dulgence cup? Will. British 'Schoschation great'st humbug in world. Write *Times*—suggest Brandy-water 'Soshashun. That's th' idea. Here's DICK LUB'CKS joll' good health. Thatsh goo'. All-ri'—goo'-nigh'!

Saturday.—Up to town again, after a very interesting week, and finished my article, "Our Ancient Landmarks and their Influences on Modern Culture," in time for press.



SCIENTIFIC ACCURACY.

"BETTER LET ME 'OLD YER CIGARETTE, SIR. HEVERY HOUNCE TELLS!"

'ARRY ON FASHION.

DEAR CHARLIE,

'Ow are you, old 'ermit? Ain't dropped you a scrawl for a age. I pity you, boxed in the Midlands, jest like a old owl in a cage. I send you the pattrens I promised, from KINO's, the very last chice; The one with a pin through 's your mark to a touch, if you'll take *my* advice.

I've got a new suit on it, CHARLIE, I'm nuts upon yaller and green. The dad calls me mustard-and-creese, but a nattier thing I ain't seen; It stood me two-ten, which is stiff, but yer see—oh, well there, I ain't vain; But the way as it fetches all eyes on me, only one thing can explain.

It's the pink of the Fashion, my pippin. Ah! Fashion's a rum 'un, old man; She bothers the best on 'em, CHARLIE—can't snaffle her, try 'ow they can. 'Tain't no use a 'owling or spouting. The *D. T.* is now on that lay, And reels off the awfulest kibosh, two columns or more every day.

'Arf ikey of course, put-up bizness, a tap as they mostly turn on When the M.P.'s 'ave run out their slack, and the toffs to the briny are gone. But what gives me fits is their notion of *arguing* gurls into sense By talking of patriotism, or yarning of taste and expense!

Lor' bless yer, they don't know the ropes, these old mivvies don't, more than a mug.

You fie-fie a cat about cream, and then give 'er a chance at the jug, And jest see where your *logic* 'll land yer. It's ditto with dress. Do you think You will moralise gurls into brown when their fancy has potted on pink?

Brown nicer, becominger, cheaper? Ah! that's where you're right off the rails.

It's Fashion they want, and not fitness: what odds if it's feathers or scales? A angel as ain't *a lah moved* is a dowdy a shopgurl 'ud pish, While if mermaids led off, gurls would follow, and trot out arf bare and arf fish.

I tell you we've got to be *in it*, all there like, or go to the wall. Jest fancy *me* out of the fashion, now pacter it, CHARLIE, that's all. Not up to the nines, not O. K., with a last Season's tile on my chump! Why where would *my* form be, old man? I should drop to a cad at a jump.

O Scissors! it makes a chap shirty, it do s'welp me never, dear boy, To think peopl ain't got more savvy than what these inkspillers enjoy. If stripes is the fashion for bags why I goes in for stripes, it's good biz: But if nobbs 'as a run upon spots, there you are don't yer know,—spots it is.

That's "form" in a nutshell, my boy. It's the same with the women all round, From Countesses down to machine-gurls; at least that's what I've always found. They mean being in it, you bet, 'ook or crook, and you won't break the rule By putting up prigs or a Peeress to chat about morals or wool.

Don't blame 'em. I know what it is. You must wear what *is* worn or stand out, And trade, taste, and text-books are trifles gurls don't care a broomstick about. As to 'ow fashions start, *that's* a corker, a mist'ry as licks us all 'oller, Come permiskus, I fancy, like measles, but when they're once off we *must* foller.

Patriotic? Well, them as talks Muggins like that to our gurls *must* be milks, If it means British woollens all round when they're sugar on showy French silks. 'Tain't "York" by a lump, such soft chat, nor it won't choke the females off Parry, "The last sweet thing out, and blow Bradford"'s the motter of women, and 'ARRY.

'ARRY IN 'OLBORN.

A WRITER in the *Daily Telegraph* informs us that among the houses marked out for demolition on the site of the future First Avenue Hotel is the one in which lived and wrote the composer, FRANZ JOSEPH HAYDN. What would "HAYDN's Surprise" be a little later on could he revisit the glimpses of the moon and see the completion of the Hotel, which is to be worked on the American principle of (as the above-mentioned authority informs us) "four dollars a day for bed and board"; and whether the bedder and boarder be first or sixth floor it matters not, there being always—(What! all night?)—a friendly porter at hand to give him a Lift. When our 'ARRY heard the new title, he was immensely delighted. Somebody told him it was to be the First Avenue Hotel, whereupon he exclaimed, "A l name! Of course you must *First 'av a new 'Otel* before you give up an old one." What old one 'ARRY at present honours with his patronage he didn't mention; and when we became sentimental about HAYDN, he replied simply, that he "'aydn't 'eard of him." There's no getting on with 'ARRY—nor without him just now.

THE BAT IN BATAVIA.

WICKETS have been pitched for the first time in Holland. An English Eleven played Twenty-two Dutchmen at the Hague, and won by an innings and sixty runs. The Twenty-two in the first innings scored fourteen among them, sixteen of them making "ducks," not unnatural, perhaps, for the country of "*Canards*."

In matters of cricket the fault of the Dutch Is hitting too little and missing too much—

at present. But in the field, we are told, they are better, being regular "Flying Dutchmen" after a fast ball, though occasionally making a "Dutch-drop" in the shape of a muffed catch. Bully for you, Mynheer VAN DUNCK; you ought in time to make a good "*all round*" cricketer, and "wield the willow" as well as you can grow it. May we live to see what my Lord BEACONSFIELD might have called a "Batavian GRACE," making his three-figure innings at Lord's. And when we say a *Bat-avian* GRACE, we mean— But no matter.



KING STORK; OR. THE LOCAL GOVERNMENT BOARD.

(Dedicated to the President, J. G. Dodson,—not of "Dodson and Fogg.")

SLIPS.

THIS doesn't read badly for a Temperance gathering:—

"The meeting terminated with a considerable amount of spirit."

Did the Teetotallers wind up the proceedings by getting screwed?

"The Chairman remarked that if they should be in want of funds, they might safely go to the public."

Which "public"? Why "safely"? Would the publicans at once permit them to run up a tick simply on the score of their temperance? We pause for a reply from Sir WILFRID, Mr. RICHARD, and the Principality generally.

A "JEM" IN A NEW SETTING.

By a *Lowther Arcadian Poet*.

NORTH Lincolnshire, there's a Conservative *now* there, Majority saying, "There's nothing like Lowther."

"Order! Order!"

THE SPEAKER is the very last man who requires a G.C.B. decoration to remind him of the Order which he will always have to keep. The "Bath" too! it *does* suggest getting into hot water, a sitz-bath of course, or at all events putting his foot in it. *Ab-sitz Omen!* Here's to you, Sir HENRY BOUVERIE STREET BRAND—(we confer that intermediary title on him, as we can't write Bouverie without putting Street after it—mere force of habit) and may you live long and prosper. *Prosit!*

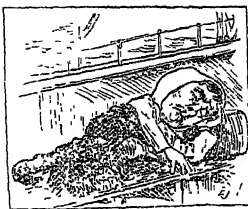
Væ Victuallers!

THE Closing Act of the Session was—the Welsh Sunday Closing Act. The Vivacious Victuallers of Cardiff have objected strenuously, and have passed a resolution censuring the Government for this rash Act. Quite right, Victuallers, don't you be guided by "Poor RICHARD's" maxims. Provide for a rainy day and a dry Traveller. May the Welsh Wittlers be Victorious!

ON BOARD THE "AMARINTHA."

(Extracts from a short Holiday Log.)

ON shore at Stranraer. Feeling like invaders or missionaries in disguise (very much in disguise), with, however, the consciousness that we have a boat within hail to take us away should the inhabitants object to our presence. We agree that Stranraer reminds us all of Ireland—that is, as we express it vaguely, it has a decidedly Irish character. On reflection, I fancy this is because we associate shoelessness and hatlessness—especially in children—with Ireland, at least in pictures, and in a stage crowd.



"My Berth is noble!"

(Inserted afterwards in my log.)—
A propos of the above observation, I notice subsequently the peculiar tendency

of our party, generally led by the Dean who is a very much travelled man, to pick out all along the coast strikingly picturesque or peculiarly beautiful spots, as vividly recalling some totally different place either in Italy, or Switzerland, or Norway, or Germany, and so forth; so that at last there is absolutely nothing of Scotland itself left worth mentioning. They've seen it all before somewhere else. "It's very like Switzerland," says the Dean, "only," he hastens to explain, with the air of a man accustomed to the highest society in the way of mountains, "of course these Scotch 'Bens' are merely mountains in miniature."

Happy Thought.—"Little Bens." After all, the Biggest Ben isn't in Scotland—it's at Westminster.

Whenever the Dean catches sight of a pointed roof, a promontory, or a ruin with a background of fir-wood, he at once exclaims, "Ah! Isn't that like the Jungerwaus (or whatever the name may be that occurs to him at the moment) as one sees it from the Oberwazen Pass, eh?" The inquiry is usually directed to HALLSHER, who has once accompanied the Dean on a walking-tour—the latter having been, as far as I can make out, generally several miles ahead, and taking giant strides. The Dean says he can't get on without a walk. With a walk he can get on—at about six miles an hour.

Happy Thought.—Dean SWIFT.

HALLSHER observes, with his usual suavity, that "A walk is the only time when he can't get on with the Dean," whereat BOLBY, who, as he is taking a good holiday at some one else's expense, is determined to enjoy thoroughly everything said at his own, shakes with laughter, as he recalls with true British satisfaction some wonderful feats he has accomplished at home and abroad.

HALLSHER sometimes differs from the Dean about the similarity existing between certain places, and points out that what reminds the Dean of Switzerland, reminds him of Italy, while the Composer invariably sticks to Germany and various views in the neighbourhood of Leipsic, with which nobody else is acquainted.

What strikes CULLINS above everything else is not the picturesque effect of changing light and shade on coast and sea, but that he himself should be there at all, "among," as he says with an air of intense perplexity, "the very names one used as a boy to see on the map at school!" He can't get over this.

"What's that place?" he asks. That's Arran, or Bute, or Colonsay, as the case may be, is the answer. Whereat his astonishment is unbounded. "Why," he exclaims in a tone of annoyance, "why that's in the map. I remember it well."

He almost seems inclined to quarrel with his host for not taking him to some place which he has not been familiarised with on the map in his early childhood. How painfully Geography must have been impressed upon him! Or, has he thought up to now, when his education is being completed by a yachting trip, that maps were merely the product of a romantic and fertile genius who invented the places and names, and that, in fact, Geography was a myth altogether, merely intended "for the use of schools," but having no practical value in after-life? After this discovery, which he makes on our second sailing day, he is thoughtful and subdued for hours. It is as if another boyish illusion of his were dispelled for ever.

Happy Thought.—I propose to the Composer a retrospective geographical song, inspired by the first sight of Arran, Bute, &c., to be entitled, "Them Mappy Days." This playful suggestion is met crustily with "Oh, bosh!" CULLINS the Composer, when he has a musical idea which he is working out in his brain, is not a man to be trifled with: only it is difficult to tell, from any outward sign, the exact time when he is working out an idea. When he is peculiarly crusty, and retorts, "Oh, bosh!" it is pretty safe to assert that he is in a state of active composition.

When he gradually, but vacantly, smiles, as if he were seeing angels somewhere . . . (Pretty idea this. Would suggest it to him, only he's not smiling at the moment, when I'm making this note in my pocket-book) . . . he is beginning to unbend, evidently dismissing the idea, politely with a bow as it were, asking it to call

again when he can bestow more attention on it,—then, he may be spoken to cautiously, yet with safety.

From Stranraer we make an excursion to a pretty place, whose name I can't distinctly catch, but which is so much talked about that I feel inclined to christen it—

Happy Thought.—Loch Jaw.

Back to yacht. As, with the exception of the host, none of us have got exactly our own sea-legs on, but each one of us has, so to put it, got somebody else's, which even in this gently undulating movement he is not able to control, we seem naturally to take to sofas and siestas before dinner. We have sent telegrams (we have experienced a perfect mania for sending telegrams when on shore), we have procured a *Scotsman*—invaluable journal to the English tourist—and we have been unable to purchase either tomatoes or vegetable marrows at Stranraer.

"We never take such things in this town," replies the Greengrocer, gravely; and we retire from the shop as if we'd inquired for something which can only be mentioned with anything like propriety in an Act of Parliament for the Preservation of Public Morals. What that Scotch Greengrocer's idea of tomatoes and vegetable marrows was, we failed to make out; but they were evidently somehow or other things which we ought to have been ashamed of ourselves for venturing to ask for in Stranraer. I never was so crestfallen in any shop, not to mention a Greengrocer's! Imagine going in, as a perfect stranger, to a Greengrocer's, and asking mildly, "Have you got any tomatoes?" and then seeing everyone turn away—the girls running precipitately into the back parlour, the wife fainting, the lady-purchasers blushing, and the gentlemen customers frowning, and, on repeating the question timidly, the Greengrocer himself, a stern and severe man, probably an Elder of the Kirk, administers to us the grave and dignified rebuke, "We never take such things in this town!" We begged his pardon, and sneaked out. We didn't say, "We'll inquire somewhere else"—we only looked at one another—HALLSHER and myself, HALLSHER blushing painfully, being a man who wouldn't hurt the feelings of a Thug if he could possibly avoid it, and stammering something to the effect that "he didn't know—and only thought"—and so we stumble one over another, abashed and ashamed, into the street. The sooner we are on board the boat the better.

N.B. For North Britain generally.—Never ask for tomatoes and vegetable marrows unless you see them in the window. I believe we only narrowly—or marrowly—escaped the violence of a justly, though to us unreasonably, incensed population. Now I think of it quietly, what could we have said to offend them? Tomato, the Dean suggests, is associated with "Sauce;" but this is treating the matter too lightly. So we return to the yacht. Won't go on shore again. Make a note to this effect, seconded—harmoniously seconded for once—by the Composer. "We must ask HALLSHER to get on and sail—not to stay in the bay."

Happy Thought.—Great opportunity I point out to CULLINS for a song—"Here we stay, in the Bay"—but he says it's been done. I compliment him by saying, "But not as you do it." He replies to this "Oh, bosh!"

Note.—Clearly mustn't be fulsome with a Composer; and then he is going to share my cabin for the next ten days. However, we agree to ask HALLSHER:—"Please to sail With the gale From the Bay Where we stay," &c.; or, "else," says the Composer, grumblingly, as we toilette together in our cabin, previous to dinner, "I shall go back."

Happy Thought (commercial idea).—"Sail or Return." Composer appreciates this, as he once published a song on those terms. He says he never heard of its sale, and he never got any return. Is he a disappointed man? And does the sea air bring, as it were, the grumbings out of him? Steward opens door, and says, "Dinner!"

Henceforth I stick to the yacht. "Never go back to Shore," song for Composer. Also, historic song, "My Pretty Jane Shore!" What a lot of ideas I give him! He pretends he won't have 'em; but I think he goes into corners, and notes 'em down when I'm not looking.

A "SWEET BOON."

THERE is no greater convenience for people who do not possess carriages of their own, than the Railway Omnibus, which takes your luggage, family and servants, at a fixed charge to the train, or waits for you on its arrival and conveys you home. It obviates the necessity of having two or three cabs, with the inevitable disputes as to fares. The driver is civil and obliging, and will come at any hour, no matter how early in the morning, and indeed the whole affair is as poor ARTEMUS WARD called the Tower of London, "a sweet boon." No wonder then that omnibus drivers and cabmen have protested against it. But it is to be hoped that no one will listen to their outcries.

A NOTE FROM AUBERON.—Clever letter of AUBERON HERBERT's in the *Times*! What does he want? And which party is going to make a new "Overture to AUBERON?"

THE WEATHER AND THE CROPS.

(By a "Forestaller and Regrater.")

Saturday.—Wretched night, listening in vain for the longed-for rain that wouldn't come. Rain comes down. Prices will go up. My "Spec" in wheat will pay enormously.

Sunday.—A nice heavy shower wetted us all thoroughly while going to church, and quite raised my spirits.

Clergyman read occasional prayer for fine weather! Thought I should have fainted. Hadn't the audacity to say Amen. "Why could I not say Amen?" Amen stuck in my throat!

Monday.—Fine but cloudy; another chance of good soaking rain. Wish I hadn't speculated.

Tuesday.—Nice wet morning, took a long country walk, all in the rain, to examine the crops of wheat again. All jolly wet, and some evidently "sprouting," I think they call it. What was *Barnaby Rudge's* Raven always crying out? "I'm a Devil! I'm a Devil!" I begin to hate my "Spec," and compose the following:—

THE FORESTALLER'S WALK.

(After Southey—and after a bad night.)

From his restless bed at break of day

The Forestaller walking has gone,
To visit the half-ruined farms for his mirth,
And see how the crops get on.

And over the hills and through the wet fields
He walked, and over the plain,
And outward or homeward he heard the long tale
Of the ruin caused by the rain.

And how was the Forestaller drest?
Oh, not in his Sunday best;
His coat it was black and his trowsers were blue,
But they looked rather shabby from being wet through.

He saw a Widow with Orphans three
Go up to a Baker's door,
But she had to leave the loaf untouched,
For he wanted a penny more.

And he grinned to think how that penny more,
Would fill his coffers with gold,
For every grain of his mighty store,
Should still remain unsold.

Just then the Sun's bright burning face,
He saw with consternation,
And home pell-mell his way did take;
For the Forestaller thought 'twas a great mistake,
And it filled him with indignation!

Wednesday.—Wake up in a cold perspiration, the effect of a most awful dream! I dreamt that a whole host of Farmers' Widows and Orphan Children surrounded the house, and begged in mercy just for a few hundreds of the million of half-quartern loaves that I had stored up in every possible and impossible place, with a steady determination not to sell one under a shilling! It was all in vain that I denied the statement, and in their rage at my refusal they were just about firing the house when I awoke.

Wrote to BROWN, JONES & Co., to say I'd sell at a profit of £900.

Friday.—Received reply, "Letter received, and contents noted."

Met GUSHER GREEN, who told me that there was an awful panic in Mark Lane that morning among the Corn Speculators.

"And serve 'em jolly right too," he added. "A set of scamps speculating on the misfortunes of their poor neighbours! Pretty nice sort of Christians they must be! I fancy I see such a scoundrel walking in the poor Farmer's wet fields, and gloating over the soddened corn! I wish they would revive the old laws against Regraters and Forestallers, and then they would either have their ears cut off or be stood in the Pillory. In the latter case I'd help 'em to an egg or two!" Said good-bye to GREEN, coldly.

Saturday.—Wrote to JONES' firm for information and advice, the awfully fine weather and GREEN's report fairly frightening me.

Sunday.—Terribly sunny day again. Received answer, that "things were very bad in consequence of the sudden change of weather." After a truly wretched day of doubt and hesitation, wrote to the Firm to sell at once at any price, "and then to supper with what appetite I may!"

Monday.—Received telegram, sold in accordance with instructions, particulars to-night. This coming during my absence, my wife unfortunately opened it!

I draw a veil over the explanation and subsequent scene.

Tuesday.—Received BROWN, JONES & Co.'s little account as follows:—

Loss on transaction in Wheat . . .	£750 0 0
Commission at 1½ per cent. . . .	168 0 0
Telegrams, &c.	10 0
	<hr/>
	918 10 0
By Deposit	500 0 0
	<hr/>
To Balance	£418 10 0

Cheque for which will oblige.

I did as requested, and so ended my first and certainly my last transaction of this kind, which will cost me just about a thousand pounds! and if the matter gets wind, as it probably will, I shall for the rest of my existence be dubbed by my friends, and especially by GUSHER GREEN, as a heartless and cruel Forestaller and Regrater.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

"Send forthwith a poem on Topics of the Day, containing reason and rhyme."—Imperious Telegram from Mr. Punch.

AFTER BREAKFAST.

THE ruddy ripe tomato,* In china bowl of ice; And grouse worth a sonata, Undoubtedly are nice! A pint of sound Hocheimer, A dainty speckled trout; Suffices for the Rhymers, To break his fast no doubt! I watch the busy bees on The leaf beneath the lime: <i>It's much too hot for reason, And far too warm for rhyme!</i>	Oh, who would wear a tall hat? Or buttoned in frock coat, Would countless places call at, When he might moon in boat? Exploring river reaches, And doing nought at all, Or plucking juicy peaches That ripen on the wall! I put just what I please on, I take no heed of time: <i>It's much too hot for reason, And far too warm for rhyme!</i>
'Tis hot as in the tropics— I can't tell what to say— I little know of "topics," And less know of "the day!" No matutinal journal Has reached me—Do I fret? 'Neath leafy shade supernal, I smoke a cigarette! I care not for the Season, Trade, Politics, or Crime: <i>It's much too hot for reason, And far too warm for rhyme!</i>	My thoughts all run together, Regrettably I find; They're melted by the weather, To shapeless mass of mind!† <i>It's much too hot for thinking, Too sultry 'tis to chaff; For eating or for drinking, Too torrid e'en to laugh!</i> I know this sounds like treason— I do not care one dime— <i>It's much too hot for reason, And far too warm for rhyme!</i>

* "Tomato"—thought it was Tomato. What is the Lazy One arter? But the Poet may be right, and he may mean a feminine gender'd Tomato. As it's the choice between "Tomato" and "Sonato," or "Tomata" and "Sonata," we prefer the latter. "So," as *Uncle Remus* says, "we'll leave it at dat."—Ed.

† Mass of what?—Ed.

AN ALDERMAN ON HIGH ART.

It went to the heart of worthy Alderman LUSK to have to punish a man for knocking off the head of a plaster figure, value one shilling, on the Temple Bar Memorial. The temptation was placed within the British 'ARRY's reach, and would have been, we gather, irresistible even to the Sweet and Light heart of Alderman Lusk, who recommends that all works of Art should be put "out of reach." Well, they are out of reach of most persons with limited incomes. But evidently the statue at the top of the Duke of York's Column, the Wellington and Nelson Statues, and the Pineapple at the top of the Monument, are the Alderman's idea of genuine High Art.



IN MEMORIAM.

CHARLES LAMB KENNEY.

Died, August 25.

GODSON of LAMB, and foster son of France,
Their whim and wit less in his work than play;
But, sayer of good things, his happy chance
Left only good things to be said to-day.

He too has gone! kind, witty CHARLES LAMB KENNY, my
Friend—he had none but friends, and not one enemy.

"STANDARD GAUGES."—Greengages as big as Apples and as juicy as possible.—(From the *Jampot Journal*.)



AN UNREASONABLE PREJUDICE.

Ancient Mariner (from France). "PARDON, M'SIEU! MAIS POURRIEZ-VOUS NOUS DIRE QUELLE HEURE IL EST?"

Captain Prettyman. "CERTAINEMENT, MON AMI! IL EST ONZE HEURES MOINS VINGT-CINQ."

Laura. "DID YOU HEAR, TOM? CAPTAIN PRETTYMAN SPEAKS FRENCH WITH QUITE A PURE PARISIEN ACCENT!"

Cousin Tom (who is rather jealous). "DOES HE? WHAT HEASTLY AFFECTATION!"

THEATRICAL.

CLOSE time at the St. James's Theatre; see HARE and KENDAL'S Act. Only you can't see them act just now—at least not in town. A new Bill will be brought in next Session—we mean next Season.

"What will they do with it?" *La Mascotte* at the Royalty. Messrs. REECE and FARNIE are adapting it; and it does want a precious lot of adaptation to make it fit for ears polite.

More new theatres. The cry is still "They come!" and will be as long as the public will go. Good thing for our dramatic Authors and for the French, as, in spite of some complaints recently published, the French Authors are represented here by an agent, and do get their fees. *Monsieur Moi-qui-parle* (here) and *Monsieur Mox* (THOMAS)-*qui-parle* (in the *Daily News*) know it for a fact.

The two WILLS's have produced a piece. This is real WILLS's Mixture, and none other genuine. Sadler's Wells was chosen by them for its production, and they will, as joint Authors, advertise themselves during the run as "The Sadler's Wills." Haven't yet seen *Sedgemoor*, but we believe there's good sport to be got out of this Moor at all events. But, bless us! we've not yet seen *Imprudence*, nor *Claude Duval*—not "Clawed," but *Duval* was *Scratched Duval* for what had been announced as its first night, but was subsequently produced with, as we hear, great success. More on this next week. New title for the Olympic, *Maison Duval*.

The Opéra Comique is still playing *Patience*, which is to go to its new home, the Beaufort Theatre, when the Carte is ready to take it. May we be there to see! New scenery, new dresses, and appointments, and no dis-appointments. Poor Mr. D'OYLEY CARTE has been so busy personally superintending his builders, that he has caught cold, and scarcely recovered his lovely tenor voice. This is an advantage to him perhaps, as he is now Carte and hoarse all in one. Gee up! But he can't reach "G" up. He'd better go down to "D" or "B," either of which is by the C-side.

A Military Correspondent writes, *à propos* of the Prince of Wales's Own Theatyer, to say that "it will very soon be a question for the

Authorities at the Horse Guards to decide as to what is to be done with a *Colonel* who runs."

One of the new Theatres is Mr. SEPTON PARRY'S. This, we suppose, will be devoted entirely to French pieces, so that we shall save ourselves the time, trouble, and expense of going to Paris by merely going to PARRY'S. It's getting on, comparatively, as fast as the Beaufort, *Parry passu*.

Boz and Cocks.—Get a box seat at Her Majesty's to see the Cock-fight at 10 P.M. between a Haverley Minstrel and a real trained Bantam. The latter is a wonderful little bird, more amusing than even his companions the real Nigger Minstrels, who, as the game bird "wheels about, and turns about, and does just so," ought to christen him the veritable *Jim Crow*!

Passage from Lord Grey's Elegy.

RADS toll the knell of England's passing day:
The low dull herd will land her "up a tree."
Why will they not send GLADSTONE'S gang away,
And leave the world to Whigdom and to Me?

Between the Lines.

BOOKS to be read between the Lines—not when a train is coming, of course, but when, after leaving the Brighton and South Coast Line, you intend going by the London, Chatham and Dover—are Mr. SOMERS VINE'S (beautiful name! quite a *raisin d'être* in itself for anyone) *Iron Roads*, or Panoramic Guides, well illustrated and full of interesting information, which every respectable traveller will be delighted to hear, is "quite correct," and indeed so truthful, that Mr. VINE might adopt as the motto on the title-page, "*In Vino veritas*."

THE "By-Elections" will probably prove "Sell-Elections."



A TIF.

MADAME LA FRANCE. "I DON'T WANT YOUR DIRTY COALS!"

MR. BULL. "WELL, IF IT COMES TO THAT, I CAN GET ON WITHOUT YOUR SOUR CLARET!"

[*Exeunt severally.*]

MORE FROM THE MOORS.

(Sketches by Dumb-Crambo Junior.)



Shooting over an Extensive Moor.



Large Bags.



A Small Covey.



Cheepers.

MY FIRST SESSION.

(From the Diary of Toby, M.P.)

BEEN in Parliament eight months now. Let me think it over, and see if it's worth while to leave my old Club in Bouverie Street and my old companions, for Westminster.

Must admit, in the first place, that the Club premises here are a little better. But the companionship decidedly varied. *There* was wit, and fancy, and courtesy,—things not lacking here, but sadly mixed. If all Sessions were to be like my first I should apply for the Chiltern Hundreds, or even more, if more would help one to leave at once. We have been spectacular rather than legislative. We have had dancing on the floor of the House, wrestling on the staircase, and the Irish Members always.

"Why will they always do it?" the Solicitor-General for Ireland said the other night with querulous voice and injured manner, as he looked across at the young men below the Gangway opposite.

HARCOURT, who had just made a meal of Mr. McLAREN, looked at JOHNSON for a moment, as if thinking whether he should not shoulder him also out of office.

"Why will they do it?" he said, tartly, "because it's their nature to. Did you ever see High Life Below Stairs? That's what HEALY and ARTHUR O'CONNOR and T. P. O'CONNOR play at here. If you were to get some of the messengers from outside, give them a short course at Codgers' Hall or a Parliamentary Debating Society, and then turn them in here as Members of Parliament, you would have much the same thing. They'd catch the style of address, and talk about 'the Hon. Gentleman,' and 'the Noble Lord,' and would call each other 'my Hon. Friend.' But they'd be messengers still, and would act accordingly."

HARCOURT always grumpy about the Irish Members. Feels personally their habit of occupying the whole time and preventing others from shining. When he has had a chance, he has gone for them with great delight. Others may speak them fair, and allude to Fenianism only by periphrase. HARCOURT calls a spade a spade, and delights in tracing the birth of the Land League in hotbeds of Fenian Organisation in America. Then there's a tremendous row below the Gangway opposite. Few things so remarkable as the sensitiveness of these gentlemen to attack. After abusing FORSTER or others all through the night, bringing odious charges against their own countrymen, and otherwise disporting themselves, they howl for the interposition of the SPEAKER, if anyone discusses *them* in a few plain words.

HARCOURT's manner, though not without its recommendations, is not a Parliamentary success. The object being to get business through, it is not furthered by bringing up the whole company in the Irish quarter with angry and indignant protests against insinuations and personal charges. The best man for the Parnellites is Lord HARTINGTON, and the worst Mr. GLADSTONE. HARTINGTON never

goes out of his way to aggravate them, though on occasions, he sends out straight from the shoulder a left-hander which temporarily staggers impudent vulgarity. What they cannot stand, is his Lordship's simple and unaffected attitude of absolute indifference. He is to them what Beachy Head is to the waters of the English Channel in a gale of wind. The waters beat about it madly and tumultuously, breaking themselves to pieces against it. But Beachy Head looks straight forward, as if it really didn't know there was all this commotion going on at its feet. That's how HARTINGTON sits on the Treasury Bench when T. P. O'CONNOR is lashing himself into impotent fury, and Mr. HEALY is grinding his teeth at the Saxon. These gentlemen know moreover, that if Lord HARTINGTON happens to be left in charge of the House, he is capable of taking action in emergencies that may prove highly inconvenient.

Mr. GLADSTONE, on the contrary, is like the sea itself, and they the storm. The meanest and least capable of them can at pleasure move the PREMIER to some manifestation of passion or impatience. They know this, and make constant habit, when he is in his place, of talking at him, misquoting his speeches, or misrepresenting his motives, with the certainty that he will presently rise and correct them. Mr. FORSTER is a little less satisfactory to deal with. More particularly of late, he refrains from retorting on the mad and malicious insults and insinuations heaped upon him from the safety of a seat in the House of Commons. But sitting with hands folded, and chin sunk upon his breast, he presents a picture of Conscious Merit Malignant, which is very funny, and shows that he is listening.

One of the few men who have come out in the Session with added credit, is Mr. LAW, the Irish Attorney-General. LAW is such a quiet and modest man that people marvel to find he is also capable. Highly successful in his attitude towards his countrymen opposite. Not indifferent like Lord HARTINGTON, not emotional like Mr. GLADSTONE, not cast down like Mr. FORSTER, not provoking like Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT, LAW sits and regards his countrymen with a smile of genuine and kindly amusement. It is as if he were sitting in the stalls at St. James's Hall, watching a performance never to be seen out of London. It is not of the highest class in Art, but it is well-meant, and is done with a good deal of vigour. LAW thinks to himself with pardonable pride that none but Irishmen could do this. These are his own countrymen, and he looks upon them—even when they are, not obscurely, hinting that before he helped to frame the Land Bill he was privy to the death of an aged female relative—with something of an air of proud proprietorship. Often seen him, more particularly when Mr. BIGGAR is on his feet, look round at the faces near him as who should say "What do you think of this? You must go to Ireland to equal this." Really believe the Irish Members like LAW, as much as is possible to them to like any of their countrymen who is more prosperous than themselves.

"Don't know what I should have done without LAW," GLADSTONE said to me one night in Committee. "Has every line of the Land Bill at his finger-ends; never loses his temper nor is short of an argument. Worst of him is when he's on his legs almost impossible to get him down. I remember the late Sir WILLIAM HAYTER (father of the eloquent Member for Bath) told me once that Lord JOHN RUSSELL had a great advantage over Lord PALMERSTON as leader of the House. When the Whip was ready for a division, and found JOHNNY RUSSELL on his legs, he would tug at his coat-tails, and JOHN immediately pulled up short. PALMERSTON, on the contrary, would always have his speech out; and that's the way with LAW. I sent him a new coat the day the Bill was read a Third Time with my compliments, and an expression of regret that I should, in the interests of the Land Bill, have worn out one of his coat-tails by pulling him down. And would you believe it, *Toby*, he tells me he never felt me tugging! But he's a good fellow is LAW."

Terribly monotonous Session, hardly anything between the Bradlaugh breakdown and the Irish jig. Hard lines on old stagers and new-comers. PRYER, as he told me the other day, has gone home broken-hearted. Mr. DILWYN has made one or two appearances in his famous character of the Constitutional Member. But Mr. MONK's carefully selected voice has scarcely been heard this Session; and what merry nights these three used to have in Committee of Supply! Even RANDOLPH has been comparatively shut up. On the front Opposition Bench STAFFORD NORRECOATE has rested in placid silence, only occasionally galvanised into aggressiveness. Whereupon GLADSTONE has incontinently fallen upon him. Mr. GIBSON comes to the front a good deal on the Land Bill. Personally he would be more acceptable if his station were in the rear, where he would be heard with perfect ease. As it is, he bawls his arguments at the top of his voice, as if they were cabbages, and controverts GLADSTONE across the table as if he was hailing a passing ship.

But the House is quiet enough now. The echoes of voices low or loud have faded, and the SPEAKER has left the Chair till next Session.

BOTH great Political Parties just now are anxiously watching to see which way the Fair Trade winds blow.

ANOTHER IRISH LAND MOVEMENT.

At Gorey, in the county of Wexford, the Earl of Countdown distinctly felt the shock of an earthquake, which, however, amounted to nothing more than a "shiver," and a rattling of doors and windows, and a rumbling noise; so that it appears to have been no great shakes. Can this natural phenomenon be referred to sympathy of Irishland with the Irish landed interest shaken by the Irish Land Act? No; that would steady, not shake it; but somehow the occurrence seems alle-gorey-cal.

SHAKESPEARE ADAPTED TO THE SITUATION.

"Still raining."—*Daily Report from Yorkshire.*

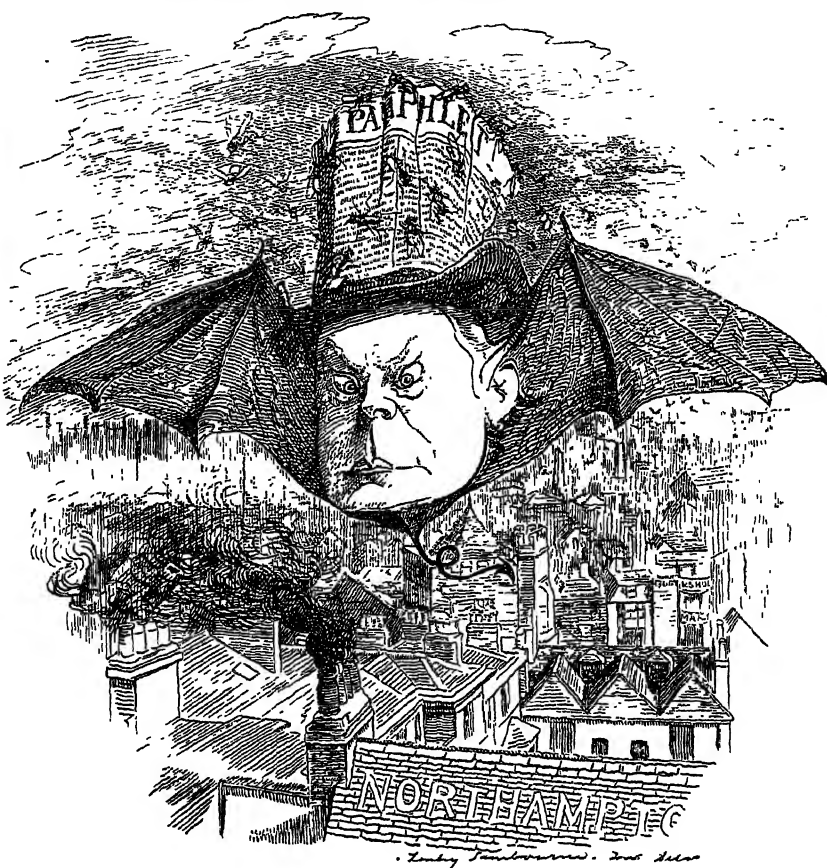
Now is the Summer of our discontent
Made worse than Winter, with no sun in York.

APPROPRIATE NOTICE.

"Birdage Walk closed for 're-pairing'."

WE'RE planting
Boulevards and rearing
birds! Bravo,
London!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 48.



MR. BRADLAUGH, M.P.,

THE NORTHAMPTON CHERUB.

THE TEMPERANCE EXHIBITION.

A REAL exhibition of true Temperance might have been witnessed any day last week in our office when we opened the two hundred and sixth letter containing the two hundred and sixth repetition of the "Brand-new" joke about the Speaker's Order, and only exclaimed "Oh D-ear!" We might have added mildly, "Where can the matter be?" had not the boy, fortunately for him, appeared on the threshold with slips of fresh copy. Then we were appeased.

SOMEBODY was talking about The Flagellants in Mediaeval times. "Of course," observed a very Remarkable Person who happened to be present, "they didn't flagellate themselves in public." "No," returned the Somebody, "because they were always hiding themselves." When Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM Jun. heard of this, she sent to MURDER'S for "The History of The Flagellants of various ages, but specially the Middle-Aged ones."

BLACK AND WIGHT.

A Summer Sketch off Cones by Our Own Self-tort Word-Painter. Author of "Strange Adventure of a Horse-Fly," "Black Legs," "Princess of Tooley Street," &c.

"No, no," says our sovereign Lady, who is engaged forward in some mysterious work with a horsewhip, and is clearing the decks with precise rapidity: "we will have no more of your Presbytery nonsense this morning, if you please!" And as this imperial personage lays about her freely right and left, the Laird scrambles with caution up the mizen boom and takes his place submissively athwart the main hawser.

"And mayn't I even tell ye the one about TOM GALBRAITH and the omnibus conductor?" he says, still rubbing his wealed shoulders and choking to himself, "Ho! ho! he! he! It is a fine one, it is, altogether!" But at this moment all eyes were turned south. For this is a strange sight! The still Solent is suddenly churned into butter-milk with teeming life. Land-sharks go whizzing by, long-legged, and screaming in pairs. Then there is a sudden dart, a heaving of water, and the whales are on all sides of us, hullabalooing softly in the air. Here they are,—seventy feet long, dozens of them, playing at heads and tails, and making no bones about it. Now they dive simultaneously with a *Tippetywitchit!* And tons of mud are shot with a roar of thunder between the straining decks of the *Black Leg*. Then a sudden cry startles the Laird overboard into the water, and all eyes are turned instantly in another direction.

Along the eastern sky-line there is an ominous fringe of gloom, like an elongated plum-purple tooth-brush.

"That must be wind," ventures a certain idiotic cipher, whose sole business on board is to get under the cabin-stairs when ordered, and draw a large weekly cheque for the expenses of the *Black Leg*.

"But it is a ferry good breeze whatever that will be coming," says our Board of Admiralty, Sea King, and general factotum, the

glass, that has been continually doing so for two days and a half, again rising to his lips, as he looks towards the mass of bitumen penny ice now whelming in seething blotches all over the face of the Western horizon, "and, mebbe, m'em, some of the chentlemans will be pleased to tek the tiller. Oh aye, for it iss ferry good fun to see the chentlemans tek the tiller in the breeze that will be coming."

There is mischief in the eye of our King as he says this. The glass rises once more slowly to his lips. Then he sits down quietly in a lee scupper.

"Our 'King' was tight yesterday," again remarks a certain idiotic cipher, "but to-day, I think we may call him our '*King Tighter*'!"

But this was too much for a certain awful and imperious person, who had already, with the marvellous judgment for which she is celebrated, put the Laird in irons, for having rolled overboard. She looked for a moment at the approaching pitch, and then she said incisively, as she seized the mizen topsail gaff, with a pretty grip—only too well known to the cipher referred to—"For that, Sir, you shall have the whole of this in your teeth."

There was no arguing with this Court of Queen's Bench, in the close-fitting and shapely serge; and with a sulky kick, like a thing of life, the *Black Leg* heeled over. There was a spar or two up aloft, and the main boom ran out suddenly, and gave the skylight a regular spanker. The starboard light was very much put out by the shock, and as the sheets hung in their shrouds, like so many wet blankets, the boats could be distinctly heard in the threatening gloom taking their davits. The situation was serious, and the cipher felt it was almost time to venture even on another remark.

"Don't you think," said this miserable creature, carefully getting the other side of the hatchway, "that seeing, for seven years and a half, we have been beating about dangerous coasts, and publishing the log, three volumes at a time, *without any Atlas*, we had perhaps better take this convenient opportunity of running the yacht on shore somewhere, and getting off?"

Something like a marlingspike seemed to fly through the air, and then the storm burst. With a mighty roar it came, shrieking and



OUR YACHTING EXPERIENCES.

Old "Salt" at the helm. "BATTLIN' FINE BREEZE, GEN'LEMEN!"

Chorus of Yachtsmen (famously). "Y—YES—D'LIGHTFUL!"

screeching and bellowing and cat-calling. It smote the *Black Leg* with the stunning thud of a dozen steam-hammers, and sent her, broken up into fire-wood bundles, with every nail started, staggering topsy-turvy in the trough of the sea. Then all around came in grim earnest the fury of the tempest. Clouds, masts, sealskin-jackets, crew, cabin furniture, lighthouses, and driving cattle were pounded up as if by some irritable giant, and scattered, like well-prepared salad, hither and thither through the night in infinitesimal shreds. The whole heaven, too, emptied himself suddenly upon the starboard quarter in one sheet of black drenching ink. This finished the business for the underwriters. Instantly she sprang a leak—then fifty. Her hold was a well-stocked kitchen-garden.

A certain imperious personage stamped her foot. "I will just have the discretion to tell ye a 'good one,'" observed the Laird, who had been washed up the cuddy stairs, irons and all, and was now firmly fixed, upside down, in the main-brace.

But at this moment a most curious thing happened. The whole seething blackness of the heavens seemed to roll itself up suddenly into a corner like a piece of cheap-priced carpet. It was a most remarkable phenomenon. Yet all the time the glass was rising to the lips of our now observant King. It was a strange sight he saw. The whole vast plain of the Solent, stretching away as far as Portsmouth, lay helpless on its back, a lake of liquid rum. Here and there its surface was broken by the outline of smart yachts reeling on their belaying-pins, and in this wondrous calm, unable to get more than half-seas over. Then came a beautiful ochre mist out of the South, and the coves, that had been sleeping it off along the island shore, got up and staggered home, as Ryde, provided, in the mysterious tints of this peculiar sunset, with two piers, both light-headed, began itself to revolve and mingle with the waving landscape beyond. Above, the scene was still more striking. In that swaying expanse were no pale magenta clouds, changing, as usual, first to sap-green and sepia, and fading, by delicate gradations, through the ten colours of a Society of Arts ninepenny box, into the purest of ROBERT'S blues,—but a couple of rainbows, bounding head over heels and turning double back somersaults whenever they could get a chance.

In the far distance the prostrate horizon lay black and blinking. A

strong glass of something hot and water stood near in on the leeward quarter, empty, when the cable tumbled overboard with a quiet chuckle, and the *Black Leg* swung round on to the top of a sunken bathing-machine.

"Helm hard a-starboard!" said somebody. But there was no attention paid to the order, and the bottom of the hired yacht came gently out. Then we knew that our little Summer outing at fifteen and sixpence a ton was over.

WHY?

"Why is the sky blue? And why are the sunrise and sunset crimson and gold?"—*Sir John Lubbock before the British Association at York.*

WHY? Subtle and sardonic sage,
You *must* be poking fun
At us of this grey-clouded age
Who seldom see the sun.
Why are skies blue? As wisely ask
Why winter is so green;
Why in our sweltering March we bask
In Sol's most sultry sheen?
Why English June's so jolly hot,
Its August days so dry?
Crimson and gold? 'Twere eye's delight,
If 'twere not all my eye.
What skyey influence rules all
Who read your learned Paper?
Month in month out, a dismal pall
Of lumpy leaden vapour!
Why are skies blue and sunsets gold?
Ironie queries jar so.
You surely need not to be told
They never *are* so!

Dr. BRADLEY, a good scholastic authority, says the best translation he knows is his own from Oxford to Westminster.

A DIP INTO ASIA.

A RIGHT line is defined as a line which lies evenly between its points, and this definition applies to the railway between St. Petersburg and Moscow. It was made by one Ruler with another. The Emperor NICHOLAS took a ruler and ruled a straight line, and this is the iron road from the old capital to the new one.

I use the term "railway" advisedly. Strictly speaking, Russia has no railways, and is content with tramways. The carriages communicate with each other by means of a narrow passage, and first, second, and third-class passengers can and do use this moving thoroughfare—but Russia is a despotic country. There is nothing to prevent a stupid, drunken, or half-sleepy passenger walking out of a train in the middle of the night. Children travel freely, and most mothers are accompanied by babies in arms. You enter a train on Friday in the middle of the night, and make yourself comfortable, with the full knowledge that you will not leave it till the following Monday or Tuesday. Every five miles—more or less—there is a tea and corn-brandy Station; every ten miles there is a steak and potato Station; and every twenty miles there is a breakfast, dinner, or supper Station. The Russians are fond of "snacks" and devoted to meals. The waits vary from five minutes to three-quarters of an hour. The slow speed is accounted for by the bad construction of the tramways, and the bad construction is attributed to official peculation. Russia has many enemies, who rob her first and abuse her afterwards. Every Russian appears to travel with a bundle of bedding and two teapots. They pass their time in making tea and drinking it, getting the hot water at the Stations, and using one of the teapots as an urn or kettle. They are not burdened, like the English, with mountains of luggage, duly labelled and duly lost. They have a wonderful power of sleep, and a natural horror of open windows. When in the hot summer you see the high wooden railings being erected along the lines to protect the train from the winter snow-drifts, you can account for this prejudice against the Englishman's air-bath.

Like most cities at which you arrive by railway, the first view of Moscow is disappointing. The house-tops of Bermondsey must often have chilled the foreign traveller just entering London from the Continent. The Moscow roads are like English sand-pits and stone-quarries, and the houses like wooden bungalows. It is not till you get to the outer or second wall of the Citadel, that you realise the strange wild character of the place. Though up to your neck in Asiatic filth and dirt, you are astonished to find a city that has obstinately refused to be Frenchified or Germanised. Amidst amber and crimson walls, sea-green roofs, gold and silver cupolas like gilded inverted balloons, jewelled shrines, and gaudy images, you turn your eyes to the right or left down narrow lanes, and see a surging mass of Jews, Russians, Tartars, Poles, Cossacks, Circassians, and Finns haggling violently over the most tattered remnants of human clothing. The Jews are in the majority, and it is not uncharitable to suppose that the dealers are accompanied by hosts of those small, faithful, but troublesome parasites, who were let into the Ark by NOAH in a moment of mistaken kindness. Covered alleys of dark arches—the "Bazaars" of the East—filled with merchandise of all kinds, run off the chief thoroughfares, where the merchants make their calculations by the aid of the *abacus*. The whole picture is a curious mixture of Petticoat Lane, Houndsditch, and an Eastern spectacle at a great theatre in London or Paris. The shops, like the shops in St. Petersburg, are covered with pictorial emblems of trade, presumably for people who are not strong in the art of reading. Pigeons, a sacred bird in Russia, cover the roads and pavements, saunter under the carriages, or stroll into the shops. Occasionally a drunken Russian workman is driven by in a drosky, lying like a bundle on the floor of the vehicle, and exciting the contempt of the Tartars and Orientals.

The gilt of the Moscow gingerbread, however, is found in its Churches. Outside the chief gate of the Kremlin, in a sandy plain, stands an extraordinary Temple, called St. Basil, but which, with more justice, might be called St. Nightmare. Many stories are told about the architect of this building. He is said to have built it under the orders of IVAN the Terrible, to have made no two parts alike, and to have had his eyes put out after the work was done, so that he could never bless the Muscovite or any other world with another copy. The colours, as in all Russian decoration, are taken wholesale from the signboard of an oil and colourman. The design must have come to the architect after a surfeit of musk-melon, water-melon, cabbage-soup and beefsteak, garnished with potatoes, beans, carrots, and cauliflowers,—a favourite dish in Russia. It suggests sweetstuff, fruit, vegetables, and indigestion, and stands a shining example of Byzantine gone mad.

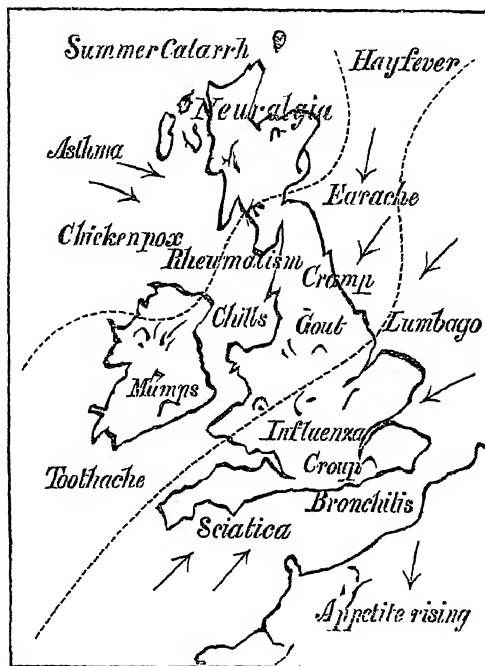
Very different is the view from the grand terrace of the Kremlin. Imagine yourself standing on the towers of Windsor Castle, with a light and brilliant city beneath your feet, backed by wooded hills that would not disgrace England. Thousands of cupolas, domes, and spires are spread before you in a circle, some shining with gold,

others with silver, some blue, some green, some red, some pink, and some studded with stars.

Bright crescents surmounted by bright crosses spring from the domes, and between them and around them lies the forest of sloping sea-green roofs, which cover the city of Moscow. You forget all about Houndsditch, Petticoat Lane merchandise, vermin, sand-pit roads, stone-quarries, and hucksters, and dream that the Russians have not only seized Constantinople, but have brought it bodily into the centre of their gigantic country.

OUR WHETHER WE LIKE IT OR NOT CHART.

SEE what we're in for:—



To which *Mr. Punch* appends his General Forecast of the best way to face a British Summer, carefully compiled from notes taken under an umbrella during the last fortnight:—

METEOROLOGICAL AND THERAPEUTIC OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET.

- | | |
|---|--|
| 0. Scotland, N. | Hot baths, flannels, fomentations, treatment for ague and intermittent fever generally. |
| 1. Scotland, E. | Same as No. 0. |
| 2. England, N.E. | Feet in mustard-and-water and head in compress, backing to blisters later. |
| 3. England, E. | Short stroll in lined ulster and bearskin overalls. Some local glasses of hot brandy-and-water. |
| 4. Midland Counties..... | Chest protectors, cork soles, tarpaulin, life-buoy, and hot bottles. Swimming apparatus generally. |
| 5. England, S. (London and Channel) | Same as No. 4. |
| 6. Scotland, W..... | Kilt and Solicitor with directions for making will, backing to mental derangement later. |
| 7. England, N.W. (and North Wales). | Fourposter and Turkish-bath, with a good deal of gruel towards evening. |
| 8. England, S.W. (and South Wales) | Winter clothing, umbrellas, and refuge in Engine-room. Some bad language increasing in force subsequently. |
| 9. Ireland, N. | Same as No. 6. |
| 10. Ireland, S..... | Pick of any of above generally. |

Warnings.—No use issuing any.
Depressions approaching across Atlantic signalled off for want of room, and sent back.

(Signed) TOBY.

"Isn't she painted!" said SMITH. "She's an heiress, though," said JONES; "worth about a million." "*Ver-Million* you mean," returned SMITH, who knew all about her. And JONES retired.

ON BOARD THE "AMARINTHA."

STILL in harbour. Why? Because "the Captain says," &c., &c. As yet I have not seen the Captain. He is to me, up to this time, a sort of Madame BENOÏTON, as whenever I say insinuatingly to HAILSHER that I should like to have a talk to the Captain, HAILSHER replies that he hasn't seen him to-day, and the Steward, who is the intermediary between HAILSHER and everybody in the foc'sle (this, I believe, is the correct way of spelling and pronouncing Fore-castle—where the Captain resides when at home, and where he is not to be disturbed by anybody—



Happy Thought.—Nautical Proverb: an English Skipper's house is his Fore-castle. N.B. Get up a new edition of Nautical Proverbs, and publish them at every Marine Library in the kingdom—and the Steward, after going through the very evident farce of disappearing for a few seconds, and hiding himself behind a door,

returns with the answer that the Captain has just gone on shore.

I can't make out when he comes back. I never see him come back; so I presume he must choose an opportune moment, either when we are at dinner or at one of our meals—which are not few and far between—and, as it were, quietly "board" us, take his rations—[Nautical phrase "rations"—"a sailor is a ration-al being." This will go to my *Collection of Rough Material for Nautical Proverbs*, to be subsequently worked up under the motto, "Let who will make the songs, but let me do their Nautical Proverbs." But the Composer can make the songs—will suggest it to him when he's in a good temper.]—and then quietly slip off again in the "Dingy,"—[Name of little boat—why "Dingy?" Origin of nautical terms and phrases would make an Appendix, or as MILBURD would say, an *Up-on-decks* to my Handy Volume of Nautical Proverbs; only MILBURD would spoil the whole thing by calling them "*Naughty-gal Proverbs*,"—I know him—anything senseless as long as it's a *jeu de mot*—while we are siesta-ing, and then back again and into his berth or bunk—[Why "Bunk?" Is it Dutch? "Mynheer van BUNK"—no, that was "Dunk"]—when we are carousing in the saloon, or when we've retired for the night. So that we are governed by an Invisible Captain. "A good subject this," I say to CULLINS, the Composer, "for you. Like the *Flying Hollander*. The 'Invisible Captain,' eh?"

"Don't see it," replies CULLINS, curtly. HAILSHER pleasantly adapts the well-known line from *The Critic* by way of softening down the Composer's asperity, and says, "The Invisible Captain he cannot see, because he is not yet in sight." Whereat the Dean roars heartily, and then looks about the breakfast-table to see what more he can devour, finally settling on everything the Composer had thoughtfully selected for his own consumption.

But we are tired of doing nothing, lying at anchor in Loch Ryan, while according to the Invisible Captain the stormy winds do blow outside. We begin to feel mutinous. The three guests, after darkly talking the matter over "aft," determine to represent the case to HAILSHER, whom the sailors speak of as "the Governor." They call the Captain "the Skipper." [Why "Skipper?" Sounds like a playful name for a flea.]

HAILSHER conceals his annoyance under an appearance of listlessness. Except the Dean, who makes believe he is taking violent exercise by dressing in flannels, walking up and down the deck, then going below, putting on a shooting coat and deer-stalker hat to play at going out shooting, which he does with his rook-ride at bottles tied to the stern,—we are all becoming depressed, and pining for movement at all hazards. Now, for the first time, I can appreciate the full force of a passage at the opening of some chapter in our *National History* which (if my school memory serves me right) began—

"The fleet had now been inactive for some months, and both officers and men began to express the very generally felt opinion that they ought to be doing something if they were to attack the enemy at all before the advent of the winter season rendered all operations at sea impossible, or at least, highly dangerous for the ships, and disastrous to the English prestige."

That's just our case: specially mine. I want to be off: somewhere, anywhere. "Anywhere, anywhere, out of the Loch!" To be up and doing: something, anything! And so say all of us. We begin to murmur: we murmur to the Governor in the hope that he will bawl to the Captain, the Invisible Captain. "And when the Captain comes for to hear of it"—it is to be hoped he'll give the word to pipe all hands, hoist sails, and put out to sea.

Afternoon in Harbour.—Shooting bottles becomes monotonous. The Dean and myself congratulate one another on our excellent aim—and when we succeed in knocking one over, which we do on an average about once in twenty-five times, one of us says to the other with a knowing sportsmanlike air, "Ah, I don't think a rabbit, sitting, would have much chance with us now?" Privately, I don't

think he would, *if he only sat long enough*. [*Happy Thought*.—What chances an animal painter must have with a rabbit sitting!]

We both agree, however, that bottle-shooting is "excellent practice," and, as we go on, we tell each other stories arranged on a gradually ascending scale of thrilling interest, about what we have individually done in the way of rabbits, hares, grouse, and game generally. I never knew till this afternoon, when I am backing myself against the Dean, what a first-rate sportsman I have been up to now, and what a vast experience I suddenly seem to have got. Where does it come from? I've only been out really shooting twice in my life, and I can't have done it all then. Yet I am not conscious of absolutely telling untruths: I am perhaps embellishing, and am dividing the twice I went out (which being for two days was, say, altogether sixteen hours' shooting) by eight, so that I can give a varied experience. Wonder if the Dean is doing the same? I don't think so, because he has got a gun of his own and I haven't.

I notice there is one sort of shooting we both avoid mentioning, and that is the only one we're likely to get on our yacht; *i.e.*, wild fowl, and sea-birds. With this exception we draw the line at Deer; that is before we come to Deer. Neither of us risk any anecdotes about Deer.

The Dean's biggest success on land appears to have been with "Rabbits sitting." Mine I know has been so, with my gun well-rested over a gate, and about five minutes to take steady aim, when such was the destructive character of my shot, that, by the time the smoke had cleared away, nothing was left of the unfortunate rabbit but two front teeth, some scattered remains, and a lot of fluffy fur. Of this I make no mention to the Dean, but express (what I really feel) my opinion, that "to shoot rabbits sitting is cruelty, or at all events unsportsmanlike." Whereupon the Dean says, apologetically, that he has only done it once or twice as a pot-shot with a rifle, but that as a rule he always shoots them running. I say "So do I"—but I mean shoot at them running, which is all the difference—to them.

About fifteen bottles fall to an expenditure of three hundred cartridges, and HAILSHER, who privately confides to me that his head aches with the perpetual popping, most pleasantly and with great apparent consideration for the Dean's future amusement, advises him to "cease firing," as perhaps he won't be able to get any more cartridges, and he may want them for sea-fowl.

Dinner.—Joy! joy! the Captain has been seen at last. He has been interviewed by the Governor, and has made up his mind, come what come may, to sail to-morrow morning. We drink his health in a bumper of Pommery. HAILSHER offers a prize of an extra glass for a rhyme to Pommery. Here it is—

One glass of Pommery
Makes little Tom merry.

The prize is mine, and once more I drink the Captain's health.

"I hope we shan't start till *after* breakfast," says the Composer, who observes that "he hasn't yet got his sea-legs"—as if he were expecting them to be sent home the first thing to-morrow, so that he may try them on while dressing to see how they fit.

The Evening.—We pass it hopefully, cheerfully, gleefully. The Composer, who till now has held aloof from the piano with a sort of "don't-know-you" and "never-seen-you-before" sort of air, now seats himself, gives a few preliminary flourishes, and begins, as I observe, to warble. "Wobble, not warble, you mean," he says, for the first time pleasantly, "for the notes seem going up and down."

"The piano hasn't got its sea-legs on," says the Dean, who is just recovering from a short fit of despondency, consequent on his not having been able to find a rhyme to Pommery. We are all specially polite to the Composer. The reason of this oozes out later. Each one of us has a song he wants to sing (for his own personal and peculiar delectation) and each one of us will be disappointed should CULLINS refuse to accompany on the piano.

Happy Thought.—Sweeten the Composer. Keep him sweet. Shades of evening gather round us as the sounds of harmony ascend from our saloon on board the *Amarintia*. To-morrow we sail—with the gale, from the Loch of Ryan, oh!

I make the following notes:—*Rough Material* to be worked up into a new collection of Nautical Proverbs:—

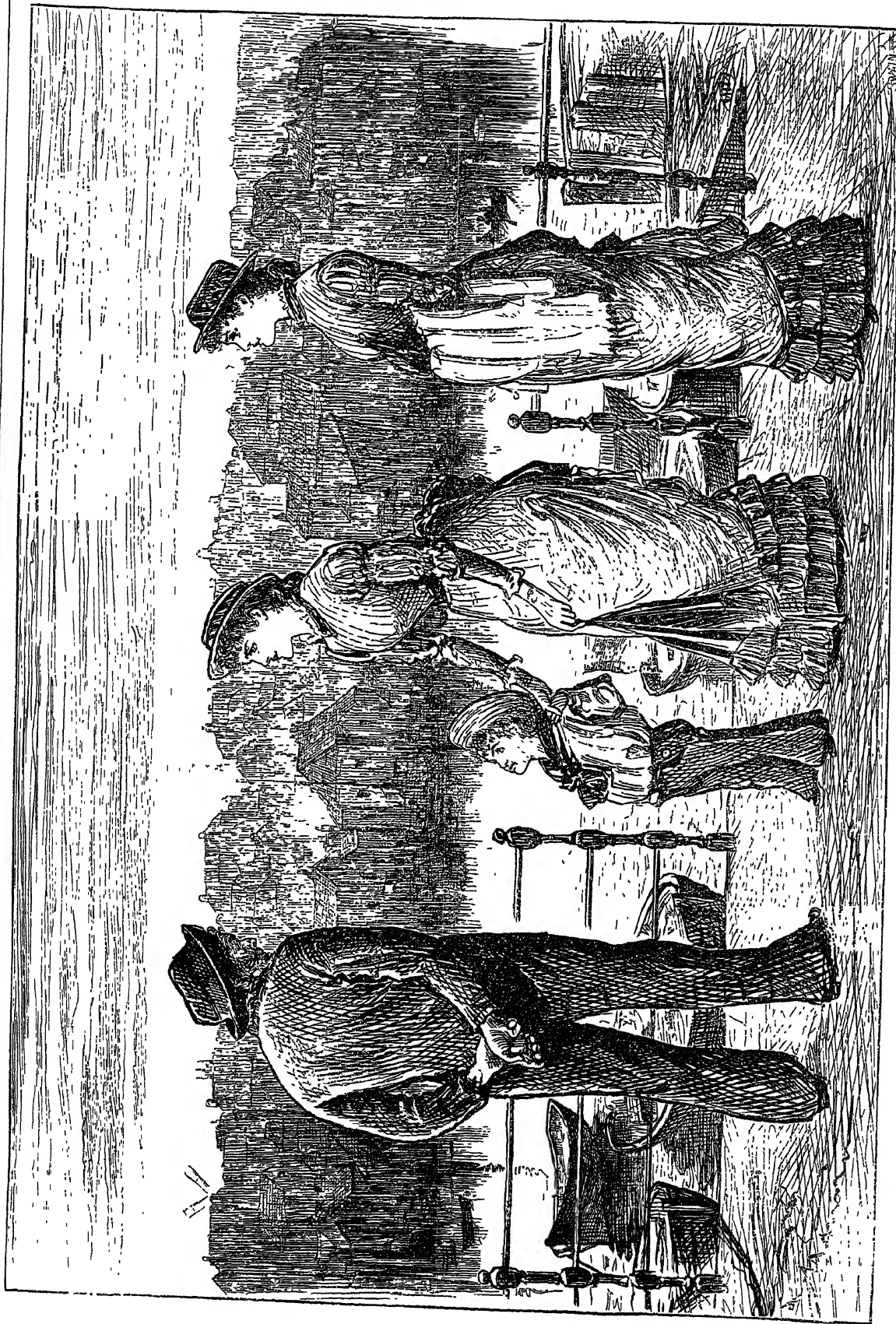
"An English Skipper's house is his Fore-castle."

"One Skipper doesn't make a ——" (what?—word wanted here.)

"Cry Hammock and unslip the cords"—(*From the Nautical Shakespeare*).

"The Early Fish catches the Worm," or "The Early Worm catches the Fish." N.B. Are worms used at sea for bait? If not, substitute whatever is used. A bit of tin is used as bait for Mackerel. So—"The early bit of tin catches, &c."; or—*Happy Thought*.—"All that glitters catches the Mackerel." This will be a valuable work.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says she is sorry she can't attend the Economic & Methodist Conference, as she could give them several hints on Economy and Method.



"TRAIN UP A CHILD," &C.

"LOOK HERE, BOATMAN, MY SISTER AND I CAN ROW, BUT WE WANT SOMEBODY TO STEER US.
"WELL, MISS, THIS 'ERE YOUNG GENTLEMAN MIGHT. I 'M SURE IT 'S TIME HE KNEW HOW, BY THE LOOKS ON 'IM!



'ARRY EXHIBITS HIS RECENT PURCHASE TO A HORSEY BUT CANDID FRIEND.

'Arry (with pride). "THERE, MY BOY! WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT? NOT DEAR AT FORTY GUINEAS, EH?"
 Friend. "DEAR AT FORTY SHILLINGS! WHY HE MUST HA' BEEN TRIED FOR SAUSAGES AND SENT BACK!"

GREEN AS EVER.

EARLIEST picked specimens of the Great Gooseberry Season:—

SUSPICIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE.—Yesterday some curiosity was excited by the appearance in the midst of the reserved squadron, now moored in the Solent, of a long, clipper-built fore-and-aft-raked craft of about 12,000 tons burthen, carefully picking her way, with loaded guns, and no name or signals showing, towards the Admiral's Flag-ship. On being suddenly challenged, she instantly launched a couple of torpedoes, and withdrew rapidly round the corner behind the Needles. The local authorities insist on regarding the whole incident as a well-executed practical joke.

CURIOUS SCARE.—The evening before last no little commotion was caused in the neighbourhood of Clapham Common by the discovery, in the front garden of a detached villa, of an enormous creature of the rhinoceros species, measuring full twenty-seven feet in length, breaking down the front of several houses by charging at them with its powerful head. An explosion of dynamite being adroitly contrived under its back legs, the now furious creature, much to the amusement of the bystanders, instantly turned, and, making a terrific rush, cleared away at a bound the whole of the brick wall and iron railings of the entire row. The brute, by this time much exhausted, fell. At a later hour the creature was claimed by a Collector of Curiosities at Camberwell, who took his lively "specimen" home.

SUPPOSED EARTHQUAKE.—Last night, between twelve and one A.M. the inhabitants of Herne Bay were suddenly awakened by their houses falling, with a noise of thunder, about their ears, as the ground opened in several large chasms, and at the same time swallowed up the new jetty, the marine library and the whole of the sea front, leaving, this morning, not one stone standing on another. The phenomenon, comparatively unusual in the locality, is attributed to a slight shock of Earthquake. [And so on ad lib.]

SHAKESPEARE ON "POTATO CULTURE."—"Tuber or not Tuber, that is the question"—after an excessive rainfall.

THE COMING FORCE AND ITS COROLLARIES.

A Hint for the Would-Be Mummy Revivers.

[At a banquet given to the Members of the British Association at Whitby, Sir GEORGE ELLIOT, M.P., referred to electricity as the probable motive force of the future.]

QUITE likely, Sir GEORGE. 'Tis a thing you should think on, Talk over with him who's just in for North Lincoln. A go-ahead force is this same Electricity; Say, is the prospect unchequered felicity? Pray what do you think—you should think, Sir, at your age—The functions will be of Electrical Storage? To put, like JEM LOWTHER, the hands on Time's clock back? Or help to hold Progress's tide with its shock, back? To warm up old ghosts, quicken Mummies to Bogies, Or otherwise comfort old Women and Fogies? Dear Sir, not a bit of it; pray don't imagine it, Things, like Protection, dead as Plantagenet, The great Coming Force will not rouse. Just as easy a Ray might bring Chaos its Palingenesia, No. 'Tis Inertia's foe you will find, Sir. Will scarce prove a friend to the halt, deaf, and blind, Sir. Just lay this to heart. It will save lots of bother, To friends of Reaction like you and JEM LOWTHER.

MRS. RAM understands French better than she speaks it. Her Niece read out a dish on a menu, "*Canard aux Tomates*." "Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. RAM, "I can't eat a mechanical duck!" She's not bad at Latin too. Speaking of an intemperate person, she remarked that he drank, as they say, "*ad libitum*."

MR. JOHN BRIGHT is inclined to throw the blame of any absurd reactionary feeling in favour of Protection, on the weather. The Sun, he says in effect, doesn't understand politics. Evidently the Sun isn't Bright.



MISTIMED PLEASantry.

Facetious Dentist. "OH, MY DEAR SIR! THERE'S NO NECESSITY TO OPEN YOUR MOUTH SO WIDE. I CAN DO IT FROM THE OUTSIDE EASILY, I ASSURE YOU!"
[But this sally was quite thrown away on his Patient!]

BY THE SEA.

FOUR new German bands are playing,
 All in different tune and time,
 Opposite to where I'm staying,
 Till I feel impelled to crime.
 Is the Rhine watch kept no longer,
 That those Teutons follow me,
 And their brazen noise grows stronger,
 By the Sea.

In the early morn my slumber's
 Broken by a hideous roar,
 What the fiend calls "fresh cucumbers"
 Are suggested at my door.
 Worse than nightly caterwauling
 With my matutinal tea,
 Shrimps and lobsters men are bawling,
 By the Sea.

Recommended peace and quiet,
 I go out to take a stroll,
 On the shore a hideous riot
 Comes to vex my troubled soul.
 Here's that old eternal "ARRY,"
 From whom I had hoped to flee,
 And methinks he means to tarry—
 By the Sea.

On the shore when I lay back, it
 Seems as if the children then
 Came and made by far more racket
 Than they do near other men.
 And the boatmen's objurgations
 On the wind come foul and free,
 When I make perambulations
 By the Sea.

So in sadness and in sorrow,
 I resolve to fly the shore;
 I'll go back to Town to-morrow,
 Better London's ceaseless roar.
 For there comes a fell reminder
 Of the weird that I must dree,
 Yes! it is an organ-grinder,
 By the Sea!

RECIPROCITY, or "Give and take," means giving nothing and taking everything you can get.

PREPARING FOR PREMIERSHIP.

SCENE—The North of France, the South not having proved sufficiently amenable to unreason. Deputies, Prefects, Mayors, Generals, and Port-Admirals discovered. Chorus of Workmen, Sailors, Peasants, Journalists, and other small fry.

M. Tirard. Well, if the ex-President of the ex-Chamber has quite finished his forty-ninth declaration of principles, I should like, in my mean capacity of Minister, to say a feeble something about that insignificant subject, Commerce.

Prefect. Only one of the Cabinet. Order!

Port-Admiral. Sabord et Tribord! Tell it to the marines!

General. Nom d'une bombe! Where are the gendarmes?

Chorus. Where's our GAMBETTA? Give us back our GAMBETTA. We haven't heard him for eleven minutes and a half.

Gambetta (from a tar-barrel). Here I'am, Citizens or Messieurs (you may take your choice, I'm not particular), always ready at the call of duty to frame a new programme or knock daylight into an old one.

Constans (humbly). But the Government thinks—

Prefect. "The Government"? What's that?

Mayor. "Thinks"? What's that?

Gambetta. I was about to say, fellow-countrymen,—(aside) safer than Citizen or Monsieur; shall stick to it,—(aloud) when the disorderly egotism of a factious executive interrupted me, that, on the whole, I approve of the Elections.

[General sigh of relief. Telegrams flashed all over the two hemispheres. Stocks go up, together with the spirits of a good many people who ought to be sitting in some. Local Deputies embrace in the Market-Place, and ARMAND DE L'ARRÉE says, "Bless ye, my chi-i-ilderen!"]

Gambetta (from a balcony). Superficial non-subscribers to the *Mont-Aventin* thought me rather discomfited than otherwise. Said it looked like a licking. Not to the Statesman's Eye. (Glaring at Ministers.) Isn't the result a signal triumph for the Republic?

As a recognition of this triumph, and as a reward for those who procured it, I—(Pauses impressively. Topmost tiptoe of expectation general attitude)—I consent to govern you. (Immediate disruption of audience into Radicals and Respectables, and pitched fight.) Yes; and I am going to give the Free-traders another Commercial Treaty—(Like NAPOLEON, yah!); the Radicals a thorough revision of the Constitution—(Bellevillois, va!); the Centre, the abolition of the Income-Tax—(Bourgeois, pah!); and everybody, War.

Constans. I'm afraid we can't offer that variety of entertainment. We shall have to give up management.

Chorus (throwing things,—and wreaths). Dictator! Despot! Deliverer! Humbug! Genius! Mountebank! Vive GAMBETTA!

Gambetta (from an elevated position). Thank you. You know my programme; and with a homogeneous and enthusiastic majority like you, I am sure to carry it out.

Compensation; or, "'Tis True 'tis Chitty."

[Mr. Justice CHITTY, distributing the prizes at the meeting of the High-clere-Park Lawn Tennis Club, said "he supposed that his lawn-tennis days were altogether gone, owing to the responsible office he had accepted.]

YOUR health, Justice CHITTY, athletic, wise, witty!

To turn up your Tennis no doubt, is a bother;

But if you don't "serve" in one Court—more's the pity—
 At least you will "rule" in another!

"Sour Grapes."

FROM some papers—"The QUEEN has given Princess FREDERICA the Hampton Court Vine." From other papers—"The QUEEN has not given Princess FREDERICA the Hampton Court Vine." What does the Princess herself say? Why, naturally, "My dear, I wouldn't have that Vine as a gift."

HERE'S THE "DUVAL" TO PAY!

Claude Duval, or *Love and any Lass*—no, beg pardon, Messrs. SOLOMON and STEPHENS, H.P., we should have said "*Larceny*"—is a bright, sparkling opera, and, like the hero himself, who comes in on horseback, it is well mounted.

Claude of course was a thorough scoundrel, and deserved the hanging he got, but he has always been a fascinating Highwayman with novelists, dramatists, and artists, and has been, consequently,



Act I., Tableau.—*Claude Duval* furthering away his time.

drawn and hung over and over again, and now he is most comfortably quartered at the Olympic, where he represents both music and "drawing."

Mr. SOLOMON's music hath charms to soothe the savage Critic, and must be heard more than once to be thoroughly appreciated; for it does not merely consist of the quadrille-band compositions of the imitation-Offenbach-opera-bouffe school (very backward pupils in that school), or the catching tunes of our Music-halls, but professes itself to be the music of genuine Comic Opera. It would be untrue to say—(so of course we couldn't say it—"what a good boy are we!")—that it is up to the standard—(good musical Critic on the *Standard*—ALFRED WHATSUNNAME, isn't it?—but that's not the sort of standard we mean)—which probably the Composer has set up for himself, and which is generally recognised as that of Comic Opera, but Mr. SOLOMON, belonging to an ancient family which has had a marvellous musical reputation for the last few thousand years or so, ever since—(but *odi profanum*, and for further particulars consult the Memoirs of HIRAM, King of Tyre, and HIRAM ABIFF—address, Temple Gardens, just on the square, &c., &c., "Freemasons, please copy")—has done well to enlist under this banner, and to whisper to his collaborateur, as said to *Blazes* in the presence of Mr. John Smaulker of Bath, "We'll try a better next time."



Master Solo-mon conducting himself properly at the Olympic.

Mr. Sam Weller Smaulker of Bath, "We'll try a better next time."

KING STEPHENS is a worthy peer, and his story has in it something more than that of the needy knife-grinder's; in fact he has got so much to tell that there are in the plot materials for a Five-Act Melodrama and two Farces, which the necessities of a Three-Act compressed Opera have rather jumbled up, so that the events, like Mr. *Nupkins* the Magistrate's ideas, and he was "full of 'em," come out rather knocking one another on the head. The story might have been a trifle clearer—or stay—might we have been a trifle clearer when we tried to follow it, and it distanced us (because some well-informed person would come and talk to us while, we believe, it was progressing) leaving us asking "why and wherefore," when we found ourselves at the end of the Second Act? We must see it again, or have our office telephone put in connection with the Prompter's box and enjoy it that way. No more going to theatres, no more hasty dinners, no more coughs and colds, no more fees, no more waiting for cabs that won't come,—try our Dramatic Telephone. Turn on old Telephone!

We don't quite know with whom Miss EDITH BLANDE, who appeared as *Rose*, one of *McGruder's* nieces, was in love with, and we couldn't absolutely make out which was *McGruder*. Miss HARRIET

* Artist's address can be had at our office, but he is a crack shot, and has been "out" several times,—when anyone called on him. A Fire-eater, and a Teetotaller. Gigantic combination!—Ed.

COVENEY was very funny as *McGruder's* sister, Mr. F. H. CELLY, gallant and gay as *Claude*, and *Charles Lorrimore*—*Charles* his



Edith Blande-ishment. "Linked sweetness long drawn out."



Claude and *Lorrimore* exchange cloaks. The long and the short of it. Perfect disguise, of course.

friend—looked as much like an "adherent of Lord CLARENDON" as it was possible for Mr. GEORGE POWER to do. The way in which he went on adhering to Lord CLARENDON throughout the Opera was charming! How he adhered! Quite the sticking-plaster Gent in his power of adherence.

As *Constance*, Miss MARION HOOD, looked like a pretty Soho-Bazaarian or Arcadian Doll, and with about as much mechanical action, but standing out amongst the other little maids of Burlington Arcades representing the Happy Villagers on the Village Green of Mildew—no, Milden—Manor. We did like their Milden manner! What a delightful village. Imagine them going to their work, milking the Milden cows, feeding the Milden pigs, toying—mechanically toying with the musical pet baa-lambs—four-in-a-bar lambs—and listening to the swains as they pipe beneath the trees! Our Tee-



Doll and Dolly.



Landscape representing Happy Village where the Peculiar Peasant Maidens reside.—After *Claude (du Val)*.

total Artist couldn't restrain his emotion, and has drawn an ideal picture of The Happy *Claude du Valley Village*.

Mr. ARTHUR WILLIAMS is capital as *Sir Whiffle Whaffle*, and his song "*My Name's Sir Whiffle Whaffle*" is, with the refrain of the aforesaid Village Maidens, one of the many hits of the Opera. "*William is sure to be right*," another good song not gone wrong, is well given by Mr. FRED SOLOMON, and generally receives three or four encores. We fancy there was a sort of political idea about it that gave it a go; at all events, the encores were unanimous, there was no obstruction, and nobody dissented from the proposition that "*William was sure to be right*." Is it dedicated to the PREMIER?

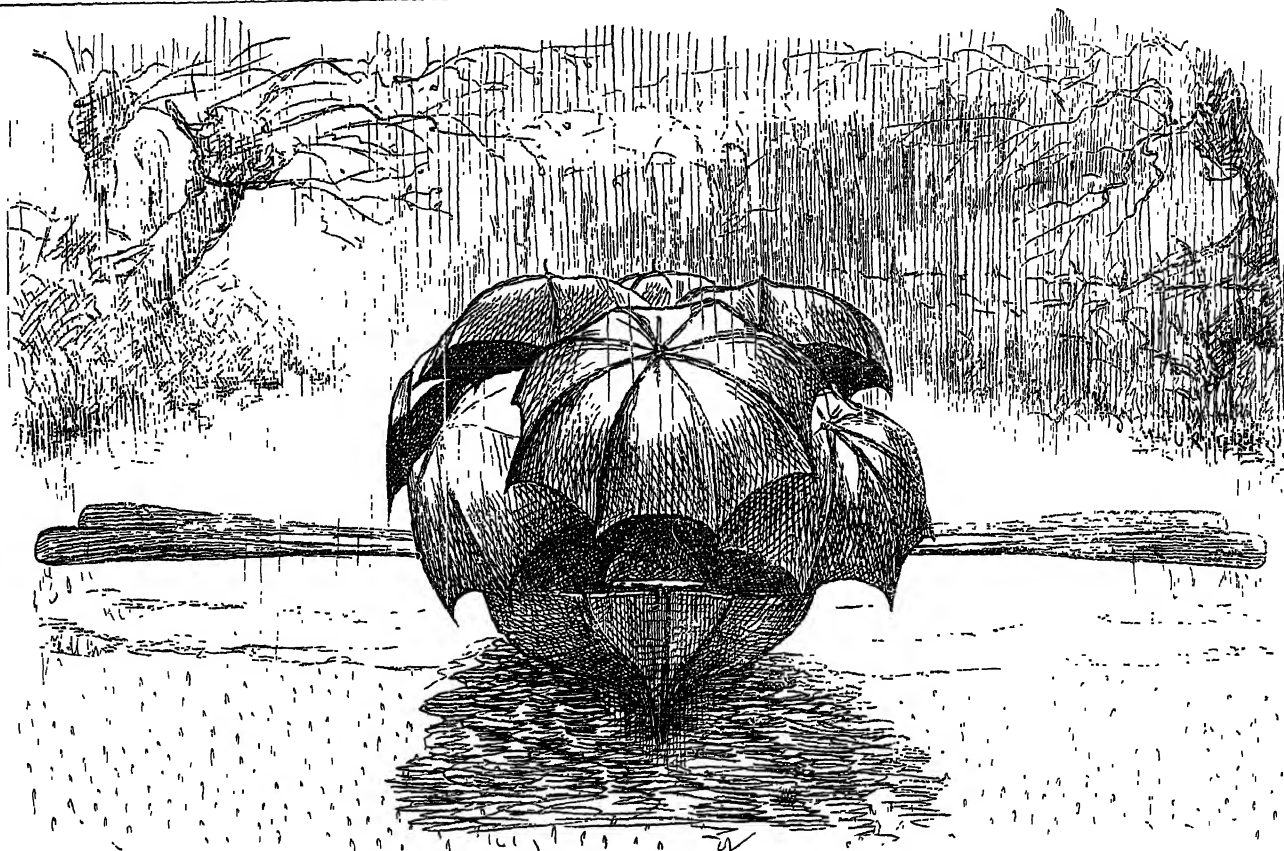
Author and Composer have an eccentric bouffe piece coming out, when *Patience* goes to Mr. D'OYLEY CARTE's new Theatre, The Beaufort, or the Saveloy, or whatever its name is to be. And we wish them another success, which, to give the *Duval* his due, they seem to have achieved at the Olympic.

We're inclined to stoop to Folly, and go in for a little *Imprudence* next week.

Very successful revival of *Never Too Late to Mend* at the Adelphi, which we can do no more than allude to here, as it's never too late to mend-tion it.

FROM DANZIG.

WHAT did the meeting of the two Emperors mean? Nothing—or Nihilism? Prince BISMARCK was in Russian uniform, with Russian leather boots. This looked well, but looks bad—for Russia.



MAKING THE BEST OF IT.

TRYING IT ON.

SCENE—A Laboratory. Enter, in search of mischief, Master GEORGE ELLIOT and Master JEM LOWTHER, the latter a "pickle" of the purest type.

Master George (chuckling). Oh! here we are again!

Master Jem (pirouetting). "All among 'em once more," as old DABS the fisherman says when he drops upon a school of roach.

Master George. Didn't expect to have a chance again so soon. What larks, eh?

Master Jem. Rather! But what shall we be up to now we are here?

Master George. Let's nail up the globe so that it won't turn!

Master Jem. And paint the map of England all blue!

Master George. And put wrong figures into those reckoning-tables!

Master Jem. Mix up the chemicals, and raise glorious stinks.

Master George. Pop a spider into the telescope, or pour treacle down the microscope!

Master Jem (dissatisfied). Ah! but we've done all that over and over again. Getting slow, don't you know. Can't we hit upon some lovely new lark?

Master George. Explosions are good fun.

Master Jem. Yes—if you don't blow yourself up. I did last time I tried, and it wasn't nice. Blew me bang out of my seat; and what with that and the birching I got—oh, my!

[Pantomimic demonstration à posteriori.]

Master George. Well, but we must do something.

Master Jem. Something that'll rile old GLADDY, and upset his arrangements and calculations and things. He's out now—won't be back for ever so long, so now's our time.

Master George. But how about old STAFFY? He's knocking round somewhere, I'm sure.

Master Jem (grinning). Oh, him! Who's afraid of him? Ask RANDY CHURCHILL. Besides, I don't believe he half dislikes a bit of a bust-up, so long as you don't tell him beforehand!!!

Master George. Well, perhaps not. But what shall it be?

Master Jem (musing). Let-me-see. Oh, I have it. Twig that old Mummy there?

Master George. Yes. What of it?

Master Jem. Let's give it a shock with the Electrical Machine! Master George. Why, what's the good of that? It's as dead as PHARAOH and all his host.

Master Jem. Is it? How do you know? Did you never read EDGAR POE's tale about the Galvanised Mummy?

Master George (dubiously). Ye-e-s. But that's only a story, don't you know.

Master Jem (derisively). Story? Well, you are a prosy chap! Wouldn't dear old DIZZY have been down upon you for pooh-poohing stories? Don't know what you can do till you try, even with a Mummy.

Master George. Well, I'm game; only it does look so dreadfully dead. Even DIZZY said so.

Master Jem. Dead! What does that matter if we can only make it look alive—even for a little while? Do splendidly for a Bogey, anyhow.

Master George. By Jove! It would be a lark, eh?

Master Jem. I should say so. Lor! it'd be the making of us with our lot, and regularly dumfogg those other fellows who are so cocky with their Gospel according to COCKER, and their facts and figures and things.

Master George. Splendid! And won't it scare old GLADDY if it begins to stir, and make a horrid noise, and roll its eyes about, just as if it were alive, don't you know?

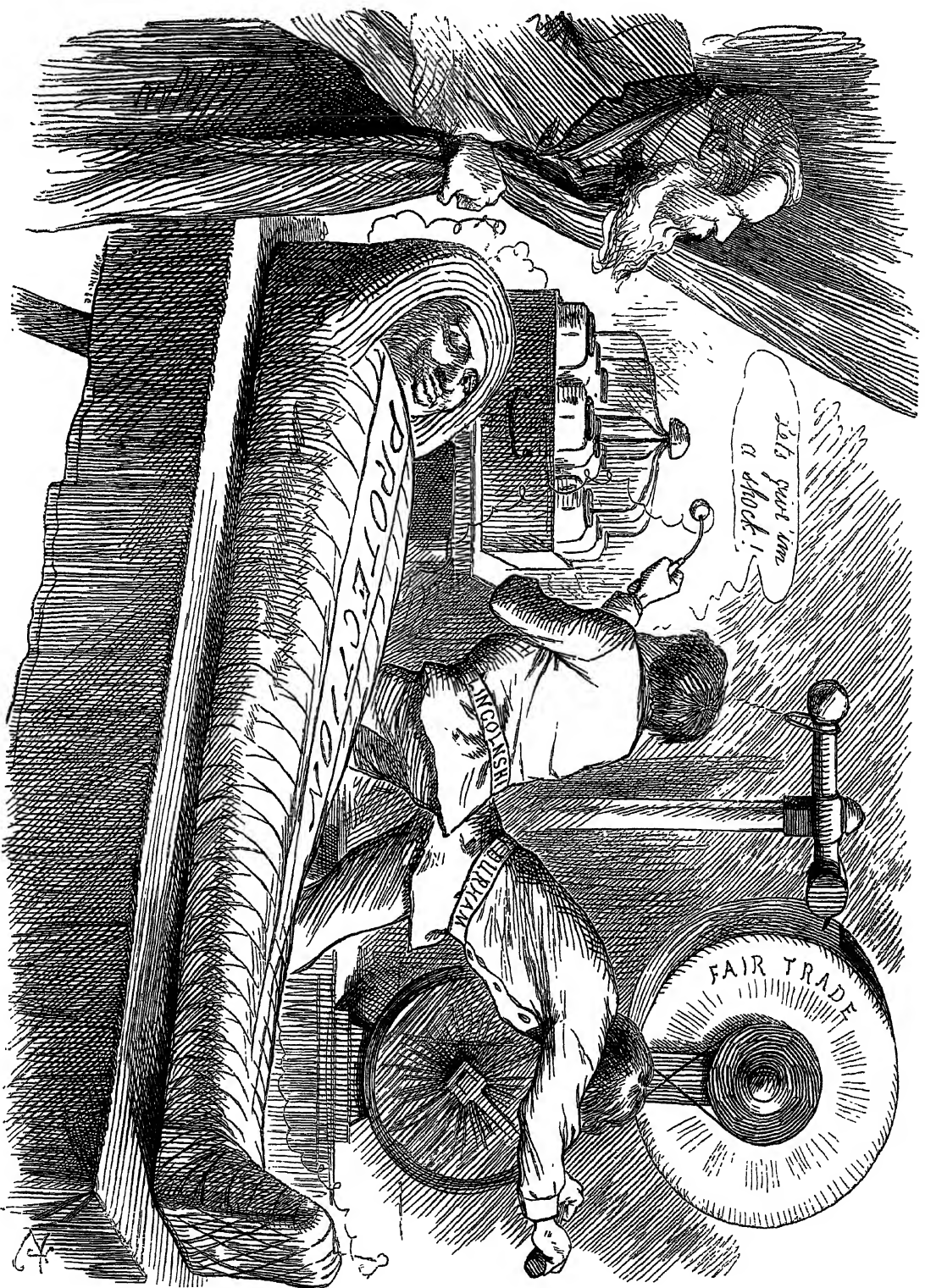
Master Jem. I believe you, my boy. Come, let's fix the wires and grind away like winking.

Master George. Right you are! Hooray! Hoo—ah! but I say, suppose the confounded thing were to—ahem!—were to come alive again, really, and no larks, like, like that horrid Frankenstein thing, you know. Awkward for us, eh? (Hesitates.)

Master Jem (recklessly). Boh! Who's afraid? Go it blind and fast, is my motto. Let's wire in!

"Old Staffy" (behind). Humph! Wild lads. Rather rash experiment. Suppose I ought to interfere. But—I wonder how it will turn out. Think I'll wait a bit and see. [Waits a bit—and WILL see.]

A TRIO.—Imagine the delight of Gog and Magog at hearing that one of the new Sheriffs is to be Alderman Ogg. Ogg, the King of Basin-of-Turtle.



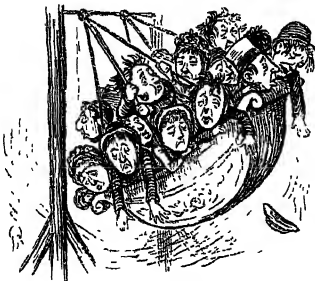
TRYING IT ON: OR, REVIVING THE MUMMY.

SIR STAFFORD. "DANGEROUS EXPERIMENT! WONDER HOW IT 'LL ANSWER?"

SKETCHES BY DUMB-CRAMBO JUNIOR.



GOING NORTH.—The Limited Male and The Flying Scotchman.



HOLIDAY TIME.—The Full Swing of Enjoyment and A Round of Pleasure.

A LITTLE IRISH SURPRISE.

AIR—"Widow Malone."

DID you hear of a place called Tyrone?
Ohone!
The Land-Leaguers thought it their own—
Alone!
The result was a sell
For bould Misther PARNELL.
But 'twas soothing to Misther GLADSTONE,
All own,
'Twas refreshing to Misther GLADSTONE.

Storage of Sunshine.

Professor Sharples (to SAMBO recumbent in the open, under direct solar influence). You lazy fellow! How can you lie there, idling your time away, basking in the sun?

Sambo (who has heard a lecture on "Conservation of Force"). No, Sah. Not idlin'! Indusserus all de while, and is spending the Vacation in Wales. Hooray for LUSH! Odd notion sending LUSH to these Teetotal Welshmen. But what'll they do with him on Sunday? Shut him up? But this sort of LUSH is not easily shut up.

The Right Man in the Wrong Place.

EVERYBODY, except the predatory and dangerous classes, will be glad to hear that Lord Justice LUSH has now completely recovered from his late severe illness, and is spending the Vacation in Wales. Hooray for LUSH! Odd notion sending LUSH to these Teetotal Welshmen. But what'll they do with him on Sunday? Shut him up? But this sort of LUSH is not easily shut up.

THE DOMESTIC KNIGHT.

*A Household Romance for Holiday Readers.*BOOK I.—*The Stains on the Steel.*

* * * * *

THE elder horseman, who wore the portoullis, tumbrel-iron, stan-
chions, and demi-lune of a Crusader, might have seen some seventy
summers. But his companion was a mere youth of about two and
fifty. The battered and rust-eaten armour of both told how eight-
and-thirty years in the saddle round the walls of Acre had not been
without its effect on their gallant equipment.

"By St. Bewolf," said the elder warrior, "the fair Ladye GRIS-
SILDA will not, I warrant me, recognise her doughty champion and
his young charge in this sorry plight. Hast thou not, boy, some
cunning device by which I may wash me a bit and brush up?"

"Faith," I can give thee the secret of SALADIN himself for clean-
ing a kitchen grate, an thou wilt have it," was the knightly reply.
The elder horseman gave a curvette of acquiescence. The other
continued:—"Mix," said he, "one pound of washing soda with two
pounds of unsalted lime, and, if the stains be strong, add half a
pound of potash. Stir these well together, diluting with water till
the whole becomes as thick as whitewash; and then apply on the rusty
surface with a piece of folded sponge."

"By St. Frizzlewide, thou art a deft leech; and I'll try it," said
his companion. At that moment the two strangers stood at the
frowning gate of Castle Beeton.

BOOK II.—*The Secret of the Golden Hair.*

* * * * *

The aged Seneschal lay on a couch of rich Damascus tapestry,
breathing heavily.

"Thou wilt not die, dear Father, without imparting to me the
recipe of that curious mixture for thy locks, which gives thee at
ninety all the pleasing presence of a youth of fifteen! I am, dear
father, now, no chicken myself; and, as my trusty and affianced
knight has been absent in the Holy Land some eight and thirty
years—"

The voice of the Ladye GRISILDA fell to a discreet whisper. A
gleam shot into the eye of the dying veteran. Then in a cold clear
voice he spoke:—

"Take," he said, gasping for breath between each measured
word, "four ounces of prepared mutton fat, and let it simmer on a
gentle fire for two hours; slowly mixing with the fat, as you add it,
a drachm of white wax, a teaspoonful of powdered camphor, a pinch
of black pepper, and some essence of bergamot. Let the whole stand
till it is cold—and then—"

there was an awful pallor in the old man's

face, but he struggled on, "put it into pots and bottles, and label for
use!" The Seneschal fell back. There was a deathlike silence:
and, as the gentle Ladye GRISILDA entered the prescription quietly
in her pocket-diary, she knew that all was over!

BOOK III.—*The Tariff of Quarrel.*

* * * * *

"I tell thee," said the elder Knight, his voice husky with suppressed
anger, "that thou canst not send this to Malmesbury under sixpence."
He took up the old Seneschal's will as he spoke. The Ladye GRISILDA
met him with a defiant glance, and looked towards her younger
champion. He answered her mute appeal with a flourish of his
battle-axe. "By the music-scales of Jericho!" he cried, foaming
with passion, "dost thou give me the lie?" "I tell thee," shouted
the other, unsheathing his great Damascus blade, "that the prepaid
postage for a packet of books, paper, printed matter, manuscript,
circulars, or photographs (when not on glass, or in cases containing
glass, or any like substance), including binding and mounting, is one
halfpenny for every two ounces or fraction of that weight. No packet
of printed matter of any kind must exceed five pounds in weight, or
eighteen inches in length, or six inches in depth, or nine inches in
width."

The furious Crusader made a bound forward as he concluded his
speech. The Ladye GRISILDA gave a piercing shriek.

Both the Knights, locked in a death-struggle, had rolled over the
edge of the battlements!

BOOK IV.—*The Memorial Vegetable.*

* * * * *

"I should like to plant some rare exotic on the doughty Crusader's
grave!" It was the Ladye GRISILDA who once more spoke, and as
he leant her golden head on her lord and master's shoulder, he
carelessly turned up with the point of his lance the rich soil of the
moat in which they were standing.

"Listen, fair love," he said; "here fell my old companion of
Palestine. What sayest thou to a bed of Jerusalem Artichokes above
his resting-place?"

Her drooping eye told him how graceful she thought the tribute.
He went on. "The ground for them," he said, "should be rather
deeply worked, for, the plants growing tall, are exposed to wind,
which they resist better where they root pretty freely. Almost any
part of a tuber will grow and form a plant; but it is advisable to
select middling-sized tubers, planting them a yard apart, and not less
than ten inches deep. He looked fondly at his Lady-love. Then
they turned to the keep. "With care," he said, "giving her a
knightly kiss, "we may expect a dish as early as April!"

And as they went in, the moon rose placidly above Castle Beeton!

A BEE TO A BLUEBELL.

"On the whole, then, it seems that bees are affected by different colours, and that their favourite colour is blue."
—*Sir J. Lubbock at York.*

My own bluebell,
My pretty bluebell,
I never saw much in a rose's smell;
But thy colour I prize,
For it feasts my eyes.
I am such an Aesthete I can dine
off dyes.

My own bluebell,
My pretty bluebell,
There is no other tint I like so
well.

I shall ever be true
To the azure hue,
Though my vote might be yellow,
my heart would be blue,
That is, had I ever a vote to sell,
My own bluebell,
My pretty bluebell!

Archæological Art.

IN a report of the exploration of Dowkerbottom Cave read to the Geologists at York, Mr. A. C. RAMSEY stated that, besides pottery, bones, and metal instruments dug out of the floor, there were found, in a small pit made in the stalagmite, "several bronze pins, pieces of charred wood, and pot-boilers." "Pot-boilers" eh? There were journalists and novelists in those days! Artists too, of course. By the way, was there anything superior to the usual annual show of pot-boilers at the Academy?

WE are "a Nation of Shopkeepers," the French used to say. Would they like to see us a nation of shopkeepers without any customers? But when we've temporarily retired from shop-keeping, they've found us "rum customers" to deal with.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 49.



MADAME ALBANI.

"A THING OF BEAUTY IS A GYE FOR EVER!"

"GOOD" THINGS TO SAY.

(By a Polite Man who can't keep his Temper.)

On missing a Train.—"Bless you, dear Engine-driver, for not waiting for me!"

On being robbed of Purse, Watch, and other Valuables.—"Thanks, considerate Thief, for leaving me my boots!"

On being rejected by the Adored One.—"Accept, ex-sole Tenant of my heart, my sincere congratulations on your discernment!"

On being Swindled out of every Halfpenny by a Friend.—"Believe me, honest Financier, I only regret the loss of my fortune because I cannot again place it at your complete disposal!"

On undergoing a rough Channel Passage.—"Let me assure you, invaluable Steward, that I shall regret our parting exceedingly!"

On reading an abusive Notice of a favourite Work.—"Allow me, discriminating Critic, to apologise for the trouble I have given you!"

And on being badly treated by a Doctor.—"I have given directions, my dear Friend, that my acknowledgments to you shall be inscribed on my tombstone!"

HE'S GOT IT ON!

So, the Order of the Garter, or the "Knee plus Ultra" decoration has been given to ALFONSO XII., King of Spain. This is a bond of union between Spain and England. We've tied him by the leg.

A MISNOMER.—The Parisian *Figaro* lately spoke of M. GAMBETTA as "Monsieur le Protecteur." This was before he spoke for himself at Honfleur, since when he might be styled "M. le Free-Trader."

LITTERY SCRAPS.

MISS M. E. BRADDON, the accomplished lady novelist, has abridged the Works of Sir WALTER SCOTT, and reduced them so far that they can now be sold with every hope of a commercial profit at the low price of one penny each.

We are delighted to hear that OUIDA is hard at work on a series which Mr. TONSON, the eminent publisher, has aptly dubbed "The Twopenny Thackeray." OUIDA, we hear, has not only reduced this exploded novelist's works to a sensible size—for how could anyone expect to sell either *Pendennis* or *The Newcomes* in their present form for twopence?—but has altered the plots in several of the stories. A little bird whispers, that the scene in which the *Marquis of Steyne* discovers that *Becky Sharpe* is *Miss Crawley's* illegitimate daughter, is one of the most powerful in fiction. That a lack of sensationalism is the great fault of all THACKERAY's works, every modern reader will allow, and we wish Mr. TONSON all the success he deserves.

More good news for novel readers. The Author of *The Heir of Redclyffe* is busily engaged cutting down the works of CHARLES DICKENS. The first of the series, admirably christened the *Penny Pickwick*, will be issued by Mr. JACOB CURT at no distant date. We need not say that the irreligion and the coarse fun will be eliminated. Indeed, the name of the Author of *The Heir of Redclyffe* is sufficient guarantee that nothing approaching a gleam of humour will be permitted in any work edited by her. We understand that, to carry this design out, Mr. Winkle, Mr. Snodgrass, Mr. Tupman, Sam Weller, and Jingle, save in his miserable moments in the Fleet Prison, have one and all disappeared from the scene; and that, to further the interests of morality, and to teach the young the sinful-

ness of trifling, the once famed Trial Scene has been omitted, and that the novel ends with the marriage of Mrs. Bardell to Mr. Pickwick. This is as it should be.

The abnormal length and old-fashioned style peculiar to HENRY FIELDING, has deterred many from a perusal of his works. So strongly has this fact been impressed upon Mr. CATNACH, that he has employed Mrs. HENRY WOOD to cut down and re-write *Tom Jones* and *Amelia*. All those who know and admire Mrs. HENRY WOOD's elegance of diction, bright, pithy English, and nervous, concise style of reasoning will welcome this information, we feel assured, with the sincerest pleasure.

A Hint to England.

"The number of young ladies receiving University degrees in France is increasing every year."—*Standard*.

WE'RE hard upon Women in truth we must say,
For where can a lady here get an M.A.?
She may take to study, show excellent parts,
Be *sine diplomâ* a Mistress of Arts;
So, why we deny her the name and degree
'Tis certainly not very easy to see.
The paragraph quoted will show at a glance
This is one of the things managed better in France.

THE Junior Bar are going to ask the Benchers to "screen" defaulting Solicitors. Screening a scoundrel is a queer method of exposing him. But it's a way they have at the Inns of Court.



MELANCHOLY ILLUSTRATION.

MRS. MUGGINS HAS HEARD THAT THERE HAVE BEEN SEVERAL LETTERS IN THE *DAILY NEWS* ON "DILAPIDATED HUSBANDRY," BUT SHE SAYS SHE NEVER UNDERSTOOD WHAT IT COULD MEAN UNTIL IT WAS BROUGHT HOME TO HER IN THIS PAINFUL MANNER, WHEN MUGGINS HAD BEEN TO A CRICKET MATCH, AND HAD FORGOTTEN HIS LATCH-KEY. HE EXPLAINED IT SUBSEQUENTLY BY STATING IT HAD BEEN A VERY WET DAY.

A DIP INTO ASIA.

THOUGH Nishni-Novgorod lies a little off the road from Moscow to Central Asia, it is necessary to visit it for the sake of its annual summer fair. This is a combination of Lower Thames Street, the London Docks, the New Cattle Market, the Lowther Arcade, a Chinese town in which there are few or no Chinese, half the Manchester warehouses of Wood Street and Friday Street, and half the Hardware stores of Cannon Street and Queen Victoria Street, compressed into acres of low arches. Everything can be got here from a muslin to a grindstone. Even tombstones are not forgotten. The fair is principally built or arranged on a dismal swamp on the banks of the Volga, and has been the great chosen market where the East and West have met for centuries. Here trade, civilisation, and barbarism have acted and re-acted upon each other ages before International Exhibitions were discovered or invented.

The largest and noisiest booth in the fair is the Exchange or Bourse, built of wood, and resembling RICHARDSON'S Theatre at old Smithfield. Near it is the Labour Market, where hundreds of shoo-headed Russians in coloured shirts and rope shoes are waiting to be hired as porters. The roads—or what, by courtesy, are called roads—and the lumpy footways, are covered with merchandise and traffic. The long wooden bridge over the Volga, which unites the town and fair, is as much filled with low pole-spring loaded waggons and hurrying droskys, as Cheapside is filled with carts, cabs, omnibuses, and foot passengers, in the middle of the day. The river is covered with barges, bringing tea from China, silks from Persia, and iron from Siberia. The wharves and banks are smothered with the alluvial deposits of trade, until the great cathedral which stands in the swamp appears to be merely the crowning point of a mountain of packing-cases.

In the interior of the fair the camp-followers of commerce spread their powerful attractions before the polyglots. Shows of a type which were once the glory of "old Bartlemy," are supported by pot-houses, in which the coarse joys and clumsy delights of Ratcliffe

Highway are imitated with more than Chinese fidelity. String bands, brass bands, and Russian choristers invite the thirsty soul to be more thirsty, while at one or two of the better *cafés*, those pampered impostors, the *Trigani*, or gipsies, condescend to sing a few national songs in a discordant key for a handsome consideration. The commercial energy which brings together half-a-million of buyers and sellers, and partially succeeds in overcoming Russian indolence and Eastern composure, only lasts for a few weeks in the brief but pleasant Russian summer. In the winter what is left of the busy fair is a howling wilderness, and in the spring the frozen river melts and overflows its banks, and the low huts, sheds, and arches, are turned once more into a dismal swamp—the home of screeching birds and slimy sterlets.

THE RIDDLE FOR TO-DAY.

(September 14, 1881.)

Is it a "leg," or is it a cough?
Why do we sneer, why do we scoff?
Has he been galloping, has he been walking?
Have we been fooled while we have been talking?
Is it his wind, has he grown "roarer"?
Is it a "heel," cracked and gone sorer?
Is't truth what we are told, eager to suck it?
Somebody says they will give him a "bucket"?
Is it a fact that the Yank has been "sold"?
Sold by a stable-boy eager for gold?
Why, for long odds, did he leave six to four?
Our fav'rite, sheet-anchor, last chance, *Iroquois*!

A NOSE GAY.—On Margate and Ramsgate sands, during the recent bathing season, have been seen some splendid illustrations of the *Ju-deus ex Machina*.

IMPRESSION DE L'AUTOMNE.

(Stanzas by our muchly-admired Poet, Dravot Milde.)



It is full Autumn now, and yet I know
Hard by there is a little dusky dell
Where still Apollo's 'plaining hyacinths blow,
Brushed by white feet of Dryads from the well
With silver pails returning, or perchance
Trod down by laughing Satyrs in their frolic noon-
tide dance:

For still they haunt these woodlands, and I think
The little primrose, that pale morning star
Of flowers, yet blooms there by the river's brink.
And lo! one splendid apple gleams afar.

Amid the trammelling grasses hath it dropt—
Oh no, by some most beautiful boy the prize was surely cropt

An hour ago, and wanton having bit
One rosy cheek, he chucked it on the sward.
For such delicious lips what fruit were fit,
Though it were perfumed with that precious nard
With which dead ladies' dainty limbs they lave,
Then lay them down to rest in some dim, richly-sculptured nave?

Of violets too a tender troop have stayed
To watch with wondering eyes how gleamingly
The clustered berries of that deadly 'shade
Hang 'i' the hedge—a fruit more sweet to me,
Who know the bitterness of things too sweet,
Than honey in some jar from Mountain Hybla were to eat!

And ah! what trembling blossoms, lingering yet
For Winter's snows to kiss them, on the bough
Of yonder purple cherry-tree are set,
As charmingly as though they came e'en now
From dear Japan, that perfect House of Art!
O Autumn, how thy beauties stir a young Endymion's heart!

LUXURY ON THE LINE.

SCENE—First-Class Carriage on the Joggem and Joltem Line.

INTERLOCUTORS—BROWN and JONES.

Brown. Hello! We're off. And only we two in the carriage!
Shan't we be shaken up?

Jones (shuddering). Rather! No stoppage for two hours; and no
divisions between the seats. By Jove, we shall be bumped to bits.

Brown. Last time I travelled this way I reached home like a dis-
articulated skeleton—only skeletons don't bruise. Ah, it's be-
ginning. [Lurches violently.]

Jones. Awful, isn't it? [Pitches forward into BROWN's waistcoat.]

Brown. Oh! here, I say, let's barricade ourselves up with our
portmanteaus and rugs somehow.

[They do so, and look like besieged residents in a secondhand
wardrobe-shop.]

Jones. Awfully glad to hear General GARFIELD seems to have a
chance of pulling through, after all.

Brown (heartily). So am I, so's everybody.

[Knocks down a Gladstone bag with a sudden lurch.]
Jones. But doesn't this account of his journey to Long Branch
almost make one envy a sick President? (Reads.)

"The President was then transferred to the car, his mattresses being laid
on spring boards, arranged in the centre of the car to prevent too much
motion. The floor of the car was heavily carpeted, the sides were draped with
curtains, and the windows and ventilators were covered with gauze, excluding
dust, smoke, noise, and draught. Heavy axes were fastened to the floor of
the car, their weight overcoming oscillation. The President rather enjoyed
the ride."

I should think so; though going sometimes at sixty miles an hour,
we're told. Whilst we—

[Sighs heavily, and rubs an abraded elbow.]

Brown. Ah! Shows it is "within the resources of Science" to
give us a pleasanter alternative than that between being packed like
sardines or shaken like doctors' draughts or dice in a box.

[Has his hat knocked over his eyes.]

Jones. Fact is, Railwaydom looks at the Public and at the possi-
bilities of improvement from an altogether wrong point of view.
Railway travelling, as one of the necessary evils of life, ought to be
mitigated by all the comforts and conveniences that Science can
devise or ingenuity apply. Railwaydom, as living by and on the
Public, ought to make those comforts and conveniences its special
study, and, instead of looking on a curtain as a concession, or a foot-
warmer as an indulgence, regard it as a simple duty to make a long
journey not only as endurable but as enjoyable as possible.

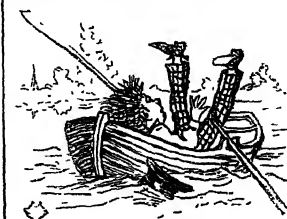
Brown (bracing his legs against the opposite seat until his muscles
grow rigid). Utopian dreamer!

Jones. Not at all. For I was about to add that the Public ought
to devise some means of putting the screw on Railwaydom, and
proving that expensive misery is not its—the Public's—normal and
necessary state. Once knock that fixed notion of official noddles
into a cocked-hat, and the pace at which Improvement, thus sharply
spurred, would proceed, would a little astonish the stick-in-the-
muds who deem all amelioration hopeless—until it is achieved. At
any rate, a long railway-journey would not be a synonym for being
bumped, blinded, and draught-bitten into abject misery—as we are
being.

MATO CHEZ MATA.

WHAT CHEER, MY OLD RUM PUNCHEON?

Look here, don't you know, you magnanimous old marlin-
spike! Avast! Belay! You gibbering old jib-boom! You and
your tomatoes! Go to! Go to-mato. Why don't you say tommy-
toes at once? Why not Tom martyr?
Eh, you sapient old sprit-sail? *
Were I not



The Poet—Grabbe!

Troppo caricata, | Or play a toccata,
I'd sing a ballata, | In praise of Tomata!

For Tomata, I maintain it is, you
benighted old binnacle. See the
famous case of *Bardell v. Pickwick*.
Said Mr. Serjeant Buzfus, "Gentle-
men, what does this mean?—'Chops
and Tomata-sauce. Yours, PICK-
WICK.' Chops! Gracious heavens!
And Tomata-sauce." Besides this, I've taken out a poetic licence,
and shall, if I please, sing even about a Potata. Tata, you comic
old cringle. Yours tautomata-cally,

On board the "Shuttlecock,"

THE LAZY MINSTREL.

No end of latitude, and no longitude to speak of.

* We'd got as far as this, when we thought we'd look at the signature.
Oh, from the Lazy One is it? In his poem (?) last week we queried his
"Tomata." Either it is a feminine noun, or a neuter plural from *Tomatum*,
like *Pomatum* or *Teetotum*, which would make "Potata" and "Teetota."
He adduces *Buzfus* as his authority! What the dickens—we mean what the
adduces—no—we'll think it over.—Ed.

THE PIC-NIC OF THE PERIOD.

A PIC-NIC! Now the lady of the Hall,
Or Rector's wife, will issue invitations,
That, answered with due courtesy, recall
The agony of ancient aggravations;
Of thunder-clouds that did the sun eclipse;
Of sheets of rain 'twixt Medmenham and Marlow;
Of what had brought strong language to the lips
Of Sandford's and of Merton's Mr. Barlow.

A Pic-nic—salmon, lamb, and huge game-pies,
Consumed when lazily on rugs reclining;
The hapless ant within the gravy dies,
And wasps and slugs are, self-invited, dining.
This at some strange hour when no sane man eats,
With indigestion's pangs you well remember;
Yet here's an invitation to cold meats—
A luncheon out of doors in drear September.

'Tis very well for girls and beardless boys—
Young lovers rise superior to the weather—
But even then stern fate will mar their joys,
For oftentimes the wrong couples get together.
So, view it with a calm sagacious eye,
The fuss and worry of the preparation,
The culminating horrors of cold pie,
And own a Pic-nic's an abomination.

Slips of Mems.

COCKNEYS of Cockaigne will be glad to hear that the old Cook
Tavern is not coming down. Jolly Old Cook! It might "come down"
in its prices, as, though we say it affectionately, it is rather a Dear
Old Cook. What a jolly Cook crew of old Cook Cro-nies used to fore-
gather there! Keep your pecker up, Old Cook, you're not going to
be frightened away by what *The Globe* calls that "scare-crow" the
Griffin. Gallus hard lines if you were, after all these years of
crowing popularity.

By the way, why not put a placard of "Visitors are requested not
to touch the figures" on the Griffin's pedestal?

AMONG THE HOPPERS.

My old friend, JOHN SANDWELL, asks me to stop a few days with him in the Weald of Kent. This may mean anything, as far as I am concerned, from Gravesend—I think that's in Kent—to Margate, which I know is in that county. But he says he will meet me at Sandstone, and drive me over to his place. That sounds well. I accept the invitation. He writes to me again, appointing the train, and mentioning the fact that "hop-picking is in full swing, and everyone proud of England and of its fairest county should witness such a scene of industry." Fine, hearty fellow, SANDWELL! He has only been in Kent six months, and is as warmly attached to its staple industry as if he had lived there all his life. He would be the same in any county. Were he in Surrey, he would— But how ignorant one is of one's own county! What is the staple industry of Surrey? As far as my recollections of the only two places that I positively know are in Surrey—Guildford and Godalming—serve me, the inhabitants do nothing but drink brown brandy and back outsiders for races which never, by any possibility, are nearer the winner than seventh. But it is ridiculous to suppose that a whole county depends for its prosperity upon those two ways of passing the time.

Sandstone. SANDWELL meets me. Out of my train gets POTTER, a barrister. Both talk to me at once. I answer one's questions to the other, and finally have to introduce them, though I know they will not agree.

"You are just in time," says SANDWELL. "The picturesque hop-pickers give quite a new charm to the scenery."

"Picturesque be blowed!" says POTTER, brusquely. "Have these carriages been disinfected, Guard?"

The Guard assures him that they have. But POTTER is evidently not satisfied. He tells me that the amount of fever and small-pox which, what he calls "those confounded hoppers" bring down, is something inconceivable. Then he shakes himself aggressively, as if he were warding off a sudden attack of typhoid. Really, his conversation is unpleasant, and I myself feel a sort of headache, and a heavy feeling coming over me.

"How are your apples looking?" POTTER asks SANDWELL; and on the latter replying, with enthusiasm, that they are looking splendid, shakes his head, and says, "Ah! they'll all be gone in a couple of days!"

It is now SANDWELL's turn to look uncomfortable. I wish I hadn't seen POTTER. I endeavour to soothe him by saying, "Of course you ought to know, old fellow, because you are a regular Kentish Man." It appears that this is the one thing he isn't. After he has gone off in a huff, SANDWELL tells me that I have grossly insulted him by calling him a Kentish Man, when he is really a Man of Kent.

"What's the difference?" I ask.

"Well, one lot lives either north or south of the Medway, but which it is I forget."

Silly custom! Am I to walk about with a map and a compass before I can address anyone in this county?

Driving from Sandstone, we encounter several tramps of the lowest class.

"Bad road this for tramps?" I say.

"Not at all," replies SANDWELL. "They all go the other way."

"Who are these?" I ask.

"Oh, those! Oh, they are nothing!"

"But they must be something; and see here is a large waggon full of them. What are they?"

"Well, if you must know, they are hoppers."

It dawns upon me now that SANDWELL's knowledge of hop-picking is derived from graphic articles, appearing in journals not altogether unfavourable to the brewing interests.

After dinner we stroll out on the terrace. In a meadow, which a deep lane separates from SANDWELL's grounds, are encamped a number of hop-pickers. Under the lees of rude tents constructed of hurdles and old mats, the hop-pickers have lighted fires, and in the dusk of the evening, these fires, with the figures flitting before them, and crouching around, really look picturesque.

"Quite like a scene in an opera," says a Lady. "One expects to hear—"

"If you don't come 'ere blank slippy, I'll—blank—blank," &c.

We all go in, the Ladies with considerable celerity.

A bright fine morning. How still and peaceful it is here after town—even in September, and how very quiet after a French watering-place! I throw open the casement and look out over the garden and over the meadows, where the brood mares are making a heavy breakfast. "Hi, hi! just you let me catch you!" This peculiarly common and peculiarly idiotic form of address, proceeds from SANDWELL's coachman and head gardener, to a party of five sturdy young ruffians, on whom Seven Dials is indelibly branded. Now "Just let me catch you," is a form of invitation at which the sendee immediately takes to his heels and runs for his life; so I see a fine race, which results in the escape of the five. Coachman and

gardener come back swearing—"What's the matter? Why those young scoundrels seem to think our meadows are of no use save to grow mushrooms for them."

I can eat a breakfast in the country—not a large one, but still a good one; and I call a good one a couple of eggs.

"I know you Londoners," says SANDWELL, "always enjoy new-laid eggs. How long will you have them boiled?" But before I have time to answer, the Butler intervenes, saying there are no eggs.

"No eggs! Why, where on earth are the eggs?"

"I cannot say, Sir," replies the Butler, "where the eggs are; but the hoppers have been very busy with them, and they have also taken a dozen or so of those new Golden Hamburgs."

It appears there are modifications to the picturesqueness of hoppers.

Round the garden. I look at spinach, which I take to be celery,

and peas, which I fancy scarlet-runners, and say "Capital! Capital!" the whole time.

"I want to show you," says SANDWELL, "some peaches on the wall here. My own opinion is that sun-ripened peaches are much better flavoured than hot-house ones. You shall taste these to-day, and say if they don't beat those you had last night." We walk round to the wall. "There's the tree," he says. There is the tree, no doubt. I can see that. But "where," I ask, "are the peaches?"

"The tree is covered with them," says my host. And then he puts on his glasses, and gives a howl which might be heard over at Sandstone. "Where are those peaches?" he asks a gardener who has run up at the cry.

"Them blamed hoppers must have taken the lot last night, Sir."

After this we retreat into the house, to write some letters. SANDWELL has not got beyond the date of his first epistle when the Butler informs him that a policeman wishes to see him. With a reproachful look at me, as much as to say, "What have you been doing already?" he departs to see the policeman. When he comes back he is a bit soured. On my asking him what was the matter, he says that a policeman had caught four boys in the apple orchard. "I told him to give them a thrashing, and let them go." By the howls which we subsequently hear, we judge that that policeman is doing his duty. SANDWELL starts again on his letter.

"Should I say 'Sir' or 'Dear Sir' to this man?" he asks me; and we are discussing the merits of both forms of address when the Butler re-enters, and announces that a constable would like to see his master. "Fow this time!" his looks mean as he leaves the room.

"More boys in the apple orchard?" I pleasantly ask him when he re-appears.

"No," he grunts; "boys in the garden stealing vegetables."

We resume our writing. "I have said this," he commences after a pause:—"Sir,—On the receipt of your letter—"

"If you please, Sir"—here's the Butler again—"the Superintendent of Police would like to see you." Out he goes.

"Boys in the orchard and the garden?" I ask.

"Neither," he growls. "The Superintendent advised me to look carefully after the fastenings at night, as there is a gang of London burglars among the hoppers in this neighbourhood." Pleasant this; if there is one thing I am more frightened of than another, it is a burglary in the country. "And," continues SANDWELL, "he says we had better mind what we are doing when we are strolling about; there was a murder committed in that field over to the left last night."

"And have they got the man?"

"No, the man's got off: he is about somewhere."

The brilliantly ready excuse which I invented for my return, I shall not relate, but shall keep for my own further use. Suffice it I got to town that night. Two days afterwards I met SANDWELL in the Strand.

"How are the hoppers?" I asked.

"Hang the hoppers!" he replied. "I am not going back till after the Hop era's over." I laughed at his joke, and he continued, beamingly, "I am stopping at the Grand. Come and dine with me to-night."

"He'll Never come Back no More!"

We expected something from the "Lazy Minstrel" this week. He has deceived us. He left word that he had quitted Town on purpose to get a fresh breath of Inspiration. For private reasons we—well, we doubt it. We send him this through our own private Lazphone:—

The Minstrel Boy to the worse has gone—
(We don't know where to find him)—
In search of In-spi-ra-ti-on,
So he's left no worse behind him.

A REAL SALVATION ARMY.—The London Fire Brigade.



A POWERFUL QUARTET.

(AT ALL EVENTS IT LOOKS AND SOUNDS LIKE ONE.)

THE ANSWER TO THE RIDDLE OF THIS DAY WEEK.

(September 14, 1881.)

"Why, for long odds, did he leave six to four?
Our fav'rite, sheet-anchor, last chance, *Iroquois*!"

AND who is right now, *Mr. Punch* or the other Prophets? What did the Sporting Prophets of the penny papers say?—"I must reluctantly throw over my old favourite." The same favourite, by the way, whom he abused most strongly before the Derby. "It is with great regret that I put my original selection on one side." The original selection who he declared could not win the Derby if no other horse started—&c., &c.? *Mr. Punch* referred to *Iroquois* as his favourite, his sheet-anchor, and his last chance,—of backing a winner of a great "Classic Race." If the thousands who read that last Wednesday did not back the winner, why it is their own fault. *Mr. Punch* feels confident that thousands however did, and he congratulates them, America, *Mr. LORILLARD*, *FRED ARCHER*, *JACOB PINCUS*, and last, but not least, himself.

THE FATE OF THE FLOWER-GIRL.

ROSES red and roses white!
HERRICK would have loved the sight,
Leaden town's one touch of light
This grey Autumn morning.
Say they're wired and skewered! What then?
Let such trifles trip the pen
Of o'er-cultured critic men,
Who love scorning.

And the vendor? Well, you see
She's no Maid of Arcady,
No flower-girl of Italy,
Saucy-eyed and sunny.
Simply honest Stepney NANCE,
Cross-shawl'd, coarsish, bold of glance,
Seeking, reckless of romance,
Merely money!

She, to catch the careless eye
Of the dandy lounging by,
Trims her blossoms. Well, and why
Stay such petty traffics?
NANCE must live, mayhap must bring
Food to helpless lips; a thing
Honest than some they sing
In soft sapphics.

NANCE is honest yet; she sells
Not herself, but buds and bells.
What if, driven hence, she swells
Vice's viler legions?
Will the harsh "Move on!" have done
Public service, adding one
To the throng who fain *would* shun
Fouler regions?

"We must give the
world clear way,"
Civic Bumbledom
may say.
NANCE obstructs.
Poor soul! she
may,
But 'tis surely little.
Where's the churl
who NANCE would
spurn

From her "pitch," or grudge to turn
Just aside, that she may earn
Honest victual?

Here's no hyper-tearful touch,
Sentiment strained overmuch.
Realism's ruthless clutch
Holds us though we shrink so.
But deriders of romance
May afford a passing glance
At the case of Flower-Girl NANCE.
Don't you think so?



The (Mary-le-)Bone of Contention.

THE Revising Barrister of the Marylebone district has struck the PREMIER's name off the Electoral Register because the Right Hon. Gentleman only occupied "a room on the second floor and part of the linen room" of No. 73, Harley Street. Under these circumstances Mr. GLADSTONE must console himself with the thought, that so long as the present Recorder of London remains Member for the borough, Marylebone will not want the best possible representative of Chambers!

THE PROPOSED NEW FISH MARKET.

WHAT would be the result to the White-bait if it had to be served up after coming from Black Fryers?

BREAD UP!

WITH Covent Garden Market to give us dear vegetables, with Billingsgate to give us dear fish, and with the "Fair Trade" agitators to give us dear bread, no one can say that England, and especially London, is showing any signs of Radical decadence. If we pay fourpence for potatoes that are worth a penny, who shall say that a Duke of MUDFORD is not cheaply purchased at the money? If we pay the price of roast beef for fish that is only worth about twopence a pound, we have in exchange the ancient Corporation of the City of London, with all its turtle-dinners and historical associations—the benevolent "Uncle" who lent that Merry Monarch and jocular financier, CHARLES THE SECOND, what he required for his personal wants, on security which taxed some of the necessities of life for centuries. And if the Fair Trade League succeed in taxing corn, in raising the price of the four-pound loaf, and in taking daily a slice of bread-and-butter out of the mouths of hungry children, they will give us in return the blessings of a Tory Government—a Government that will double our taxation, tie our Budgets into Gordian Knots, but will fool us to the top of our bent with cock-a-doodle-doism.

TO GIRTONIANS.—Wanted, for the prospected Holloway's College, a few Female Private Tutors. No Male "Coaches" need apply.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 50.



W. HARRISON AINSWORTH.

TO THE GREATEST AXE-AND-NECK-ROMANCE OF OUR TIME, WHO IS QUITE AT THE HEAD OF HIS PROFESSION, WE DEDICATE THIS BLOCK. AD MULTOS ANNOS!

A WORD FOR THE CITY.

THE City of London was once destroyed by fire, and stands a very good chance of being so destroyed again. Its local fire-brigade consists of two engines and thirteen men—neither a lucky nor a sufficient number to cope with an outbreak like the one which destroyed half-a-million of property the other day in Cheapside, and provided the gaping public with something to gape at. Captain SHAW'S organisation is perfect as far as it goes, but he cannot be in two or more places at once; and if he was half-an-hour in reaching the fire, the fault lies with those who transferred his head-quarters to Southwark. The Metropolitan Board of Works is very anxious to reform the City, but it ought to take care that something is left to reform. Even Billingsgate, as it is, is better than no Billingsgate and a heap of charred ruins. The City is not London, but it is the most important part of London, and the payment of one-seventh of the Metropolitan rates ought certainly to insure it better treatment.

"WHY, CERTAINLY!"—Imagine the delight of Mr. EDGAR BRUCE, now on tour with his own Company—the only occasion when a Manager, unlike most men, is not dull, *i.e.*, left alone with his own Company—in the land of BRUCE (N.B.), at hearing of the success of *The Colonel* in Egypt. He at once wired to the KHEDIVÉ to arrange terms.

A LANCASHIRE NOVELIST.

(Interviewed at Home by Our Own Special Stranger.)

"Nothing had delighted me more than to be styled the Lancashire Novelist."—Mr. Harrison Ainsworth at the Manchester Banquet.

It is no ordinary footman who has at length appeared in answer to our thirty-five minutes' effort to make our advent known by "winding a horn thrice," as requested on the brass plate above the rare Toledo knocker. The door has been swung mysteriously back by a retainer handsomely caparisoned in rich Damascus doublet, russet jerkin, and arras trunks, relieved with the heraldic emblazonment of the house, a Tower of London reversed or, on a somersault double quevée gules,—and we are in the hall. At a glance we take in the taste of the owner. Demi-lunes, battle-axes, culverins, stuffed beefeaters, death-warrants, piles of rare old unopened tapestry, sackbuts, and other musical instruments of torture, almost bar our way to the reception-chamber. But we reach it at last. We have scarcely time to take in that we have been ushered into an ancient Elizabethan hall of vast proportions, dimly lighted by the flickering blaze of a huge yule log, when a sudden spring made at our throats by several recumbent blood-hounds, whose presence we had not hitherto noticed among the massive mediæval furniture, brings our host courteously to his feet. With a "Back—Northumberland! Off—Sir Catesby!—down, traitors!" and a cheery "Gramercy, dogs,—an' would ye throttle your Master's honest interviewers!" he quickly rescues us from our somewhat embarrassing position.

With a low ominous bay the hounds skulk off into dark recesses, and our host continues—

"I see you are a couple of perfect strangers, over the eldest of whom some sixty summers, at least, must have swept," he says, brightening, "And, believe me, nothing could please me better; for I am always 'out' to friends and acquaintances. It is only the

strangers who inspire romance; and I like them always to call, a couple at a time; and, if possible, without leaving their cards, in the setting sun. See!" he adds, suddenly touching a quaint Venetian handle as he is speaking, "We can always turn any amount of that on here!" and, as if by magic, a flood of crimson light pours in through the mullions and trefoils of the great stained oriel window, and bathes the ancient chamber in a soft ruddy glow.

"You'll crush a flagon or two of good *Malmsey* sack, I warrant me," he proceeds, with a genial wave of the hand, and, in a few minutes, steaming bowls of the mixture are being handed round by stalwart henchmen.

As we throw ourselves luxuriously on to a wrought-iron lounge, one of Matsys' masterpieces, we notice that our host has resumed his place on a peculiarly-shaped seat, somewhat resembling a solid music-stool.

"Staring at this?" he asks, good-humouredly. "It is the original block from the Tower; and I have had a back and arms added for comfort. Nothing like inspiration!"

We laugh, and take another deep draught of the well-spiced golden mixture, that seems such an appropriate accompaniment to the whole scene.

"We should like to hear something about yourself," we at length suggest, emboldened; as to gather a little information about our illustrious host is, in fact, the object of our mission. He meets us by another challenge to "a bout of honest sack," which we graciously accept. The bloodhounds seem to know that they may now safely quit their hiding-places. Bowls are once more filled. Then he begins—

"How did I come to be the Manchester Novelist?" he asks, colloquially. "Well,—I will tell you. Mine is a somewhat strange history," he continues, as if trying to recall some incident in the remote past; "and, if I remember rightly, I was born in the Tower of London, somewhere about the time of the Great Plague,—let us say roughly, the year A.D. 1715. I remember those early days well.

They were passed with the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, JACK SHEPPARD, CRANMER, some of the Gunpowder Conspirators, and my dear old friend GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. It was a stirring period altogether, and we went with the times. I was as wild as the rest, and after having had a hand in the Fire of London (I helped JAMES THE SECOND to light Old St. Paul's myself), I hired a hearse hack, and under the assumed name of DICK TURPIN, rode to York in two hundred and seventy-six hours. It was a daring feat, and coming, at the rate of two and sixpence an hour, to a pretty considerable sum, got me into such trouble that my friends determined to send me to Oxford, and entered me as an undergraduate at *Auriol*.

"Here I let the reins go pretty freely. I lived like a Spendthrift, kept a hunter and frequently rode—yes, it was to Herne Bay and back, making heavy bets on each event. This got me into sad straits; so, finding myself with scarcely a flitch of bacon to live on, and known unfavourably at most of the local billiard-rooms I frequented as 'Rookwood,' I determined to make a plunge for it at any cost, and without more ado, I married a Miser's Daughter. That was my turning point. Old GEORGE was my best man, and I remember him slapping me familiarly on the back after the ceremony, and saying, 'WILLIAM, my boy, you might be let loose among the Lancashire Witches now, and you would conduct yourself like an Admirable Crichton.'

"He was right. There were lots of money, and I bought Ovingdean Grange. The Vicar, the Rev. MERVYN CLITHEROE, is my most intimate friend. I am honoured and respected. People point me out in St. James's, and there's always a knife and fork ready for me at Windsor Castle. You see, my friends," he said, rising, with an agreeable self-complacency, "I have some interesting materials for the autobiography I referred to the other night at Manchester." We bow. "And now," he adds, "having greeted you as strangers, let me place your cards on my rack—the self-same instrument, the original one from the Tower, on which so many of my friends have been gibbeted."

With a cheery farewell he shows us to the now glimmering street. The bloodhounds give a final spring, but in another minute two strangers, once more safe and sound, are to be seen winding their way slowly through the dusk to the neighbouring cab-stand. And so ends our interview with the Great Lancashire Novelist.

A DIP INTO ASIA.

THE Volga river in length and breadth is the finest in Europe, but it is not a tourist's river. You can float or steam down it for two or three thousand miles, if you are satisfied with sandbanks and slopes, which scarcely rise to the dignity of hills. A Volga steamboat is a large and comfortable vessel, with a dining-saloon, sleeping cabins, a *table d'hôte*, and an upper and lower deck. The fore part of the boat is devoted to second and third class passengers, and the latter lie upon the lower deck in one closely packed heap, consisting of men, women, children, baskets, bedding, and tea-urns. Small rough seats and tables are fixed at the sides near the port-holes, on which the men drink tea, eat vegetable soup, and play at cards. Persians, Jews, Russians, Circassians, Tartars, Merchants, Peasants, and others, form the living cargo, and the children amuse themselves by climbing to the highest peak of bedding from which they can command a view of the engine-room. When they are tired of this they swarm on to the upper-deck, and little bare-legged, bare footed Tartar and Russian urchins, dance freely over the sacred limits which separate the first from the lower class passengers. Russia, as I have said before, is a despotic country, and the English, as I have said before, have much to be thankful for. Travelling in Russia is a family ceremony. The activity of the children is fortunately not shared by the parents, who are kept quiet by that wonderful power of sleep which is a leading national characteristic.

In two days from Nishni you reach Samara, the head-quarters of Russian corn, and the *Æsthetic* sunflower. The Russians do not worship the sunflower, like a certain sect in England; they grow it for seed, and nothing more. A Samara inhabitant will speculate as a grower of sunflowers in no higher spirit than a love for filthy lucre. The wharves at Samara would be a disgrace to Khiva. A sloping desert of sand, mixed with decayed vegetable matter, and all kinds of muck, half covered with wooden sheds in every stage of ruin, that would hardly shelter a decent English pig, is all Samara has to show for its river-side market. Each stall-keeper has a family, who roll in the dust, and look on while the Samarese buy fruit, nuts, or muskmelons. And yet Samara is a wealthy town with ninety thousand inhabitants, and Russia has a great engineer like TODLEBEN, and more than a million of soldiers doing worse than nothing!

A short distance outside Samara, on the road to Orenbourg, is a small ditch, which the Empress CATHERINE THE SECOND, commonly called the Great CATHERINE, decided was the boundary between European Russia and Asia. CATHERINE was a great Empress, but a very small geographer. (* * No space—more illumination from this "Dip" next week. This "Dip" is a Rush-ia light.—Ed.)

THE NIGHT-LIGHTS OF LONDON.

To judge Mr. G. R. SIMS according to his Lights, we should say that his new melodrama has decidedly thrown all recent productions



Comfortable Sensation Scene: or, "Letting him down easy." N.B.—When the victim drops into the Canal, salt is thrown up to represent the effect of the splash. 'Salt and battery.'

of the same class into the shade. Of course, the author will follow up *The Lights of London* with *The Heart of London* and then *The Lungs of London*. "The piece," as a Lady next to us observed, "seems like a success;" to which we immediately replied, Shakspearianly, "Sims, Madam, nay 'tis. I know not SIMS,"—which is personally true, though we profess great admiration for his work.

The dialogue is excellent: rarely on stilts, never flat, and generally easy, epigrammatic, and, above all, perfectly natural.

Strange to say of a genuinely successful melodrama—and it thoroughly deserves its success—the weakest part is the central sensation scene, which borders dangerously on the ludicrous in representation; and, still stranger, the female interest of the story is so feeble, that, on calm con-

sideration, the real heroine of the piece is the comic old woman, played as only Mrs. STEPHENS can play such a part.

Bess Marks, intended for the heroine, is throughout fatigued, fainting, or half-dying, and therefore, of course, not much talk can be expected from her in these conditions; and then she is perpetually being carried about or embraced by Mr. WILSON BARRETT, who is invariably either soothing her, or consoling her, or sending her off to sleep, or keeping her quiet in a general way, which is not conducive to much development of speech on the part of the unhappy *Bess Marks*, most sympathetically played by Miss EASTLAKE, who makes the most of her single opportunity of giving the villain a bit of her mind at the end of the piece. As to the other girl, *Hetty Preene*, Miss EMMELINE ORMSBY, she is very soon out of it altogether.

Mr. WILSON BARRETT, as the unfortunate *Harold Armytage*, enlists the sympathies of the audience from first to last, never overdoing it except once when, as the escaped convict, he insists on cuddling and mauling *Jarvis*, the itinerant Theatrical Manager, who, judging from the lifelike portraiture of the character, as represented by Mr. GEORGE BARRETT, would have speedily resented such liberties, and have knocked the convict down then and there.



The Villain. "That's the sort of man I am."

But there is one touch, which is worth the whole piece put together—and very well put together it is—when in Act III. Mr. WILSON BARRETT, the innocent escaped convict, finds his wife in *Jarvis's*



The Real Heroine of the Drama.

This cuddling of the Showman suggested, naturally, that "Cuddling's the man, not Short"—and the shorter this becomes the better it must be artistically. But these are mere trifling details, and could not be insisted upon for a moment, were not all the rest so exceptionally good.

The villain's part, though conceived, as is the story itself for the matter of that, on old lines, is sensibly written; every word is true to the character. *Clifford Armytage*, like the Prince of Darkness himself, is a gentleman to all outward appearance, a sharp, cynical, reparteeish, swellish, deep double-dyed scoundrel—just, in fact, the sort of blackguard we should like to be if we took up that line professionally. The other villain, *Seth Preene*, is well played by Mr. WALTER SPEAKMAN.

house, (how she got there isn't clear—but no matter, we're not impertinently curious)—where she has been nursing their sick boy, and when the miserable couple rush into each other's arms, good Mrs.



Act I.—The Ruthless Squire's Uncomfortable Study. Aviary Lodge and Birdcage Walk.

Jarvis whispers to her husband and boy, "We are not on in this Scene," and the three steal out on tip-toe. This is a bit of the true pathos of comedy which may be put side by side with Robson listening to his son's letter being read to him in the last Act of *The Porter's Knot*.

Act I.—*Armytage Hall*.—Residence of Mr. *Armytage*, a country Squire. He is a

widower, and his late wife's name was *Ruth*, so as he has behaved very badly to his son, and is a very hard, unforgiving old man, he may at once be called the Ruthless Squire.

He keeps his deeds and jewels in a huge refrigerator, near the one large open window of his study, not twenty feet from the high road, and facing a sort of aviary, in which his Lodge-keeper and his daughter are supposed to have built their nest. For the sake of these deeds and jewels he is soon knocked on the head by *Seth Preen*, and the audience are delighted to know that they won't have a chance of seeing this prosy Ruthless old man again. He is the only old bore in the piece, and Mr. *Sm*s must have felt a considerable weight off his mind when he was finally disposed of. "Now," Mr. *Sm*s must have said to himself, "now we can get along."

For this felony *Harold*, who didn't do it, is sentenced, and his cousin enjoys the property. *Seth*, in Act. II., hands over certain deeds to a Solicitor, which prove that the stupid and Ruthless Squire has left *Harold* his sole heir. This Solicitor doesn't appear again until he turns up in a police station in the Borough, on Saturday night—though how he got there isn't clear, unless he is on a visit to the Inspector, or cadging for business among the night charges—but again, we will not be impertinently curious, and after all there he is when he's wanted, and if we ask "Who brought him?" the reply is "Mr. *Sm*s"—which must satisfy every right-minded person,—well, this Solicitor turns up as a *deus ex machina*, produces the deeds at the critical moment when *Seth* confesses his crime. When the guilty and the innocent *Armytages* are summarily dealt with by a Police Inspector, entrusted by Scotland Yard with special powers for this night only, and all ends, as it ought to do, happily.

The crowd in the Borough Scene and the fight are admirably managed. For the Stalls the contrivance for showing "another jolly row up stairs," is rather too suggestive of—but see our Artist's notion of this.

Mr. *Carter's Theatre, The Savoy*, is not yet opened. "Patience," and all will be well.

At the Folly.—That the public should go to Mr. *Toole's Folly* to laugh at Mr. *Pinner's Imprudence* is natural enough, seeing that *Imprudence* gives excellent scope for Mr. *Rigton's* peculiar drollery, while Mr. *Wood* is very funny as a sort of malicious *Captain Cuttle*, and Mr. *Clefford Cooper* droll as a repulsively selfish old Anglo-Indian. "Safe," but not particularly novel situations, evoke roars of laughter. Miss *Compton* is a dashing representative of the gay Mrs. *Parminster Blake*. Miss *Kate Bishop*, and Mr. *Carter*, represent the more serious interest, such as it is, of the play. *Doby* the boarding-house waiter, and *Mattie*, the drudge of the establishment, are two small character parts capably worked up by Mr. *Redwood* and Miss *Laura London*.

On account of the coming improvements in the "auditorium," as Mrs. *Jarvis* calls it, the workmen will be in, and this company

out, by the end of this month, which is a hint to anyone anxious to be amused by three Acts of *Imprudence*.



Imprudence and Folly.

THE MEETING OF THE EMPERORS.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

DANTZIG was selected as the place of meeting by the Emperor of RUSSIA, who feels more secure at sea, and has a horror of railways. The German Emperor would have preferred the meeting at one of his military camps. Like ANGELINA in the comic song he is "very fond of soldiers," so is the Crown Prince; so is BISMARCK; so is MOLTKE.

Dantzig is a quaint old port—a full description of which you will find in *Murray* or *Baedeker*. It is celebrated for a drink called spruce, which is very popular in Whitechapel.

BISMARCK was the first to arrive with his dog and his shorthand writer. The dog bit a railway porter, and the shorthand writer made a note of it. MOLTKE was invited, but refused to come unless BISMARCK could assure him that it meant "business." BISMARCK declined to commit himself, and MOLTKE remained at home.

The Emperor of PRUSSIA, commonly called the KAISER, arrived, and was told that the Emperor of RUSSIA, commonly called the CZAR, was detained at sea by the fog. The Kaiser was visibly affected. When asked if he would sleep at Dantzig, he gave an evasive answer. The CZAR arrived at last, and the meeting between the two Emperors was simply touching. They embraced each other with tears in their eyes. The Nihilist journals may talk about historical kisses, but, as bystander, I say the interview was simply touching. I could have kissed—but no matter, I was alone. Dinner had been ordered at one place, but another dinner was hurriedly ordered at another. I do not feel at liberty to state the reason for this change. It had nothing to do with cookery.

The conversation began with general topics. The KAISER asked after the *Livadia*, wishing to show some interest in naval matters.

"A tub," answered the CZAR.

"I thought so," said the KAISER, though he had never seen her.

"We are breaking her up, and shall never build another."

"Quite right," returned BISMARCK, "the sea is not your element, nor ours."

"You have abolished passports, I hear?" said the CZAR.

"For years past," returned the KAISER.

"You find no ill effects from your system?"

"None whatever. When we had passports, every blackguard coming into Germany possessed one without a flaw: now we have none, we are no worse off, and have ceased to worry respectable people."

The CZAR ruminated.

"Time is precious," said BISMARCK, "and perhaps we had better come to the point at once."

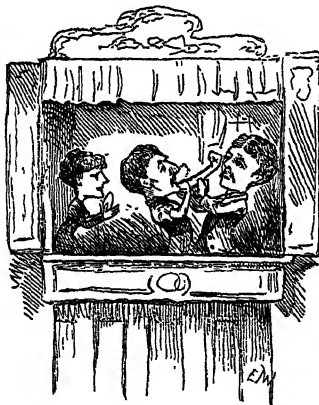
"Exactly," returned the KAISER, quite obediently.

"I have TOTLEBEN, and a million of soldiers," said the CZAR.

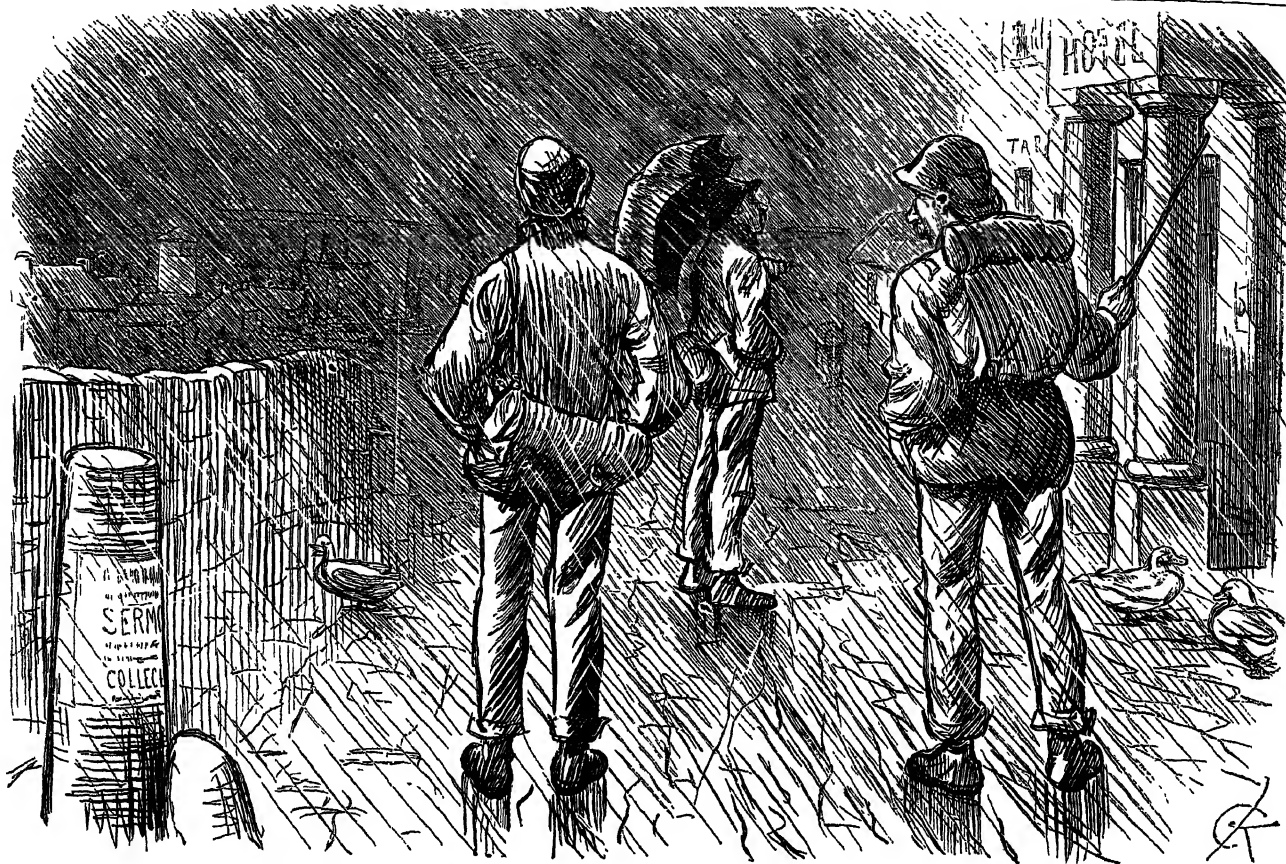
"And I have MOLTKE and another million," replied the KAISER.

"As strangers are present," interrupted BISMARCK, "we had probably better continue this discussion in another room."

Though this was spoken in German, I understood it perfectly, and politely withdrew. As I was, quite accidentally, passing the door of their consulting-room, I fancy I heard the words, "Constantinople," "Porte," "Khedive," "Anglo-French," "Tripoli," "Tunis," "Italy," and something above a whisper about "maintaining the peace of Europe," which seemed to involve some splendid joke, as they all laughed heartily. I should have just popped in genially with "I hope I don't intrude," had not my attention been attracted by a deep growl just at my toes, when I suddenly perceived BISMARCK's dog on the door-mat. So I retired quietly. I shall see the Bizzzy One privately, and will communicate the information.



Last Act.—The Fearful Struggle in the Room over the Shop, as it appeared to our Artist in the Stalls.



"LASCIATE OGNI SPERANZA VOI CH'ENTRATE!"—

AS BOTTICELLI BROWN SAID TO HIS TWO FRIENDS, AS, TIRED AND THIRSTY, THEY CAME INTO A WELSH WATERING-PLACE ON A WET SUNDAY!

CORNERING THE "CORNERERS."

WHAT is a "Cornerer"? The question may perhaps be asked by many, because honest men are not generally well up in "Thieves' English"—until the thieves force the unpleasant knowledge upon them. Well, the term "Cornerer" is one of the many euphemisms for a greedy knave which Trade has found useful since it took to the tricks of the gambler. The "Cornerer" is "a sharp fellow." Tricky Trade takes that as a compliment. The "Cornerer" is a conscienceless speculator who buys up cotton-crops in advance, in order to plump his pockets by forcing up prices to a factitious level, reckless of the damage he may do legitimate trade and laborious industry. Speculating in "futures," that is, buying the crop before even it is sown, he secures for a time a virtual monopoly on his own terms, and the spinners have to pay the piper. What the Fore-staller and Regrater is with respect to Corn, that is the "Cornerer" with regard to Cotton. His venture is looked upon as a "legitimate speculation" by those who would think it legitimate to speculate in food at the risk of famine, or in physic at the cost of epidemic and plague. Men not inspired by piratical principles regard it as ruthlessly selfish scoundrelism, well meriting the pillory, which in other days would have been its punishment.

The Lancashire Cotton Spinners, with a view to cornering the Cornerers, have agreed to stop their Mills for a time, of course at the cost of loss to them and distress to their operatives. Whether all the Spinners themselves have been free from that reckless spirit of speculation which now in so many quarters reduces Trade to the level of none too honest gambling, is a question that some of the present denouncers of the "Corner" might profitably consider at their leisure. But Mr. Punch sympathises with the real sufferers from the Cotton *Shylocks*. His Pillory is not disestablished. To see this rascally "Ring" smashed, the "Cornerer" hoist by his own dirty device, tossed high in a sheet of penance, and "broke by the fall," is what all honest men would desire. As "a nation of shopkeepers," let us at least look well to our weights and scales, and purge the mart of those cruel and nefarious "tricks of Trade" which alone make commerce a bye-word and a reproach among men of heart and honour.

"MARY ANN."

"The Scissors Trade at Sheffield is becoming as notorious for cases of rattening as was the Saw Trade, over which the notorious BROADHEAD presided some years ago."—*Standard*.

BAD news comes from Sheffield in quite the old way:
They ratten the grinders of scissors to-day;
The bands are all broken, the wheels are at rest,
The workmen are idle who laboured the best;
And sad is the heart of each hard-working man,
At the murderous threats that are signed "MARY ANN."

Come out, Men of Sheffield, from all the old town,
And dare with strong hand to put rattening down!
Time was when a BROADHEAD, of infamous name,
Made Hallamshire honour a byword of shame:
Take the brutes by the neck, strike as hard as you can,
And you'll soon hear the last of the vile "MARY ANN"!

Shocking Foolery.

ZORA, the "wonderful chair manipulator," who, performing at the Aquarium, tumbled off the top of a tall column of chairs, but did not kill himself, is said to have suffered no worse injury than a "shock to the system." Stupidity supports a system of giving performances of which the enjoyment chiefly consists in seeing the performer risk breaking his neck. It would be well if ZORA's fall gave a conclusive shock to such a system.

She Didn't Mean It.

Miss Brown of London—good address this, and her other address which she made to the Trades' Union Assembly was not quite so vague—said "There ought to be no Rings." Oh, Miss Brown of London! No Rings! and—no legal Unions, eh, Miss Brown of London? As the song says, "What will Mamma say! What will Papa say!"



WHAT WE SHOULD LIKE TO SEE.

CHORUS OF OPERATIVES. "SERVE HIM RIGHT IF HE'S BROKE BY THE FALL!"



JOYS OF THE SEA-SIDE.

Brown. "WHAT BEASTLY WEATHER! AND THE GLASS IS GOING STEADILY DOWN!"

Local Tradesman. "OH, THAT'S NOTHING, SIR. THE GLASS HAS NO EFFECT WHATEVER ON OUR PART OF THE COAST!"

"YOUR SONG AND SENTIMENT!"

"In acknowledging the receipt of a political song sent him from Sheffield, Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE writes:—'There was a wise man of old who said, "Give me the making of the people's songs, and I will give you the making of their laws." I certainly accept the doctrine so far as to believe that good songs will do a great deal more than speeches.'—*Yorkshire Post.*

BRAVO, SIR STAFFORD! You cannot be wrong;
Never mind speeches, but give us a song.
Views on Free Trade may be hazy or strong;
Bother orations, and give us a song.
Speeches are wearisome often, and long;
Why should you make them, but give us a song.
Let your opponents go at it "ding-dong"—
Spare us your speeches, and give us a song.
Though folks to wild declamation may throng,
Never be tempted, but give us a song.
Thoughts upon trade from New York to Hong Kong
Often are prosy, so give us a song.
Others may speechify loud as a gong,
You have a wiser plan,—give us a song.
Though you may feel the political thong,
Carol out sweetly, and give us a song!

WORCESTER SAUCE.

OUR Special Musical Critic, engaged on purpose, wires this:—

"Could not go to hear *Elijah*. So it's their Prophet and your loss."

We fancy he has been taking a few bars' rest on the road; and, as to his utter, not to say profane, frivolity in his other note to us, mixing up this Oratorio with a well-known air from the eccentric opera, *Billee Taylor*, beginning "All on account," &c., it leaves us more in sorrow than in anger; and he will find that he won't have anything on account of his expenses for this special occasion. We're not going to be Worcester'd—we mean worsted—like this.

FROM A STABLE COMPANION.

THE Hunters of Belhus
Write to tell us,
"They're going to sell us."
Nice set of Fellus!

EGYPTIAN CRISIS—SECRET HISTORY.

Ordinary Telegram from Colonel Flutter Bey, Egyptian Infantry, Cairo, to Messrs. Bull and Bear, Stock Exchange, London.

PLEASE sell at best price possible fifty thousand of following Stocks:—Egyptian Daira, Domains, Preference and Unified.

Ordinary Telegram from Messrs. Bull and Bear, Stock Exchange, London, to Colonel Flutter Bey, Egyptian Infantry, Cairo.

Received esteemed order. Operation will take two or three days, as the market must not be flooded.

Cipher Telegram from Flutter, Cairo, to B. and B. London.

Have waited forty-eight hours. Going to demand a Constitution at the head of the Army. This ought to send down Egyptians fifteen per cent. Leave it to you. Sell as much as you like over the fifty thousand. Will go halves in last operation.

Cipher Telegram from B. and B., London, to Flutter, Cairo.

All right about halves. We will stand in. Demand of Constitution not enough. Can't you take the KHEDIVÉ prisoner? It would have an excellent effect.

Cipher Telegram from Flutter, Cairo, to B. and B., London.

Shouldn't know what to do with him. Will make as much row as possible. English Controller away. Can't you get at the SULTAN?

Cipher Telegram from B. and B., London, to Flutter, Cairo.

SULTAN not to be relied upon. Won't pay commission in advance, our terms for doing business with him. However, you might have a shot at him. Why not set fire to the Pyramids, or blow up the Nile? Keep things moving.

Cipher Telegram from Flutter, Cairo, to B. and B., London.

Pyramids won't burn, and everybody accustomed to overflow of the Nile. Have written to SULTAN. Shall we insult the French Consul?

Cipher Telegram from B. and B., London, to Flutter, Cairo.

No. Insult to French Consul wouldn't suit books of our Correspondents in Paris. Is the KHEDIVÉ standing in with anyone over here?

Cipher Telegram from Flutter Bey, Cairo, to B. and B., London.

Don't know. Think the Ministry's in the swim. Have received answer from the SULTAN. He doesn't care to touch it. Believes he can get more out of Bondholders. Coward! Humbug! Sneak!

Cipher Telegram from B. and B., London, to Flutter, Cairo.

Told you SULTAN was no good. Don't think we can send Egyptians lower. Time to buy back. BISMARCK in for the rise. Have realised on our joint account. How about you?—private, fifty thousand?

Ordinary Telegram from Colonel Flutter Bey, Egyptian Infantry, Cairo, to Messrs Bull and Bear, Stock Exchange, London.

Please buy at lowest price possible, fifty thousand of following stocks. Egyptian Daira, Domains, Preference and Unified.

Ordinary Telegram from Messrs Bull and Bear, Stock Exchange, London, to Colonel Flutter Bey, Egyptian Infantry, Cairo.

Received esteemed order, and have bought to close account. Cheque to hand at settlement.

(Extract from Money Article in Daily Paper.)

No doubt the announcement of the complete submission of the Egyptian Colonels to the KHEDIVÉ, (which will be found in another part of our columns) had the effect of sending up all Egyptian securities yesterday. We have received a lengthy letter from Messrs. BULL AND BEAR, the eminent brokers, complaining that so financially sound a country as Egypt should be made the means of Stock Exchange gambling. We cordially concur in the sentiments of our respected correspondents, and exceedingly regret that want of space alone prevents our publishing *in extenso*, their extremely interesting communication.



AN EGYPTIAN BOND.

France and England (duet). "YES, WE TOGETHER!"

Gratitude!

[Speaking before the Land League Convention in Dublin, Mr. PARNELL, for the hundredth time, repudiated the idea of "gratitude" being due to England or to any English Minister.]

GRATITUDE? No, Sir! Though handicapped badly
By wrongs of the past, we are striving for right.
As to thanks for our labours, we leave that quite gladly
To justice and time; knowing surely, if sadly,
No gratitude comes from Unreason and Spite.

THE poor little Guys who have been compelled by unthinking parents to walk about in long skirts, antique cloaks, and coal-scuttle bonnets, have caused so much laughter that the dress is now called the "The Grinaway Costume."

Words of Command for the Egyptian Army.

"MOVE to the right in *échelon* upon the Palace!" "Form hollow square on the KHEDIVÉ!" "Prepare to receive bribes!" "Advance arms for 'Backsheesh'!" "At the word 'One,' fix bayonets; at the word 'Two,' present petitions!" "Take (everything you can find in) open order!" "And, lastly, at the caution 'Somebody's coming!'—run away!"

HISTORICAL PARALLEL.—King JOHN signing Magna Charta in the presence of the Barons, and the KHEDIVÉ giving a Constitution to the Colonels. This Colonel idea came out of our own Artist's Nut.

"THE state of the approaches to Billingsgate Market," says a City Father, "has been something too offal!" [The Mud-Salad district hasn't sensibly improved.]



‘SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR!’

BIRDS ARE VERY WILD. TOMKINS, WHO IS NOT IN GOOD CONDITION, HAS FOLLOWED THIS COVEY OVER FIVE FIELDS. SOMEHOW, HE SAYS, HE CAN'T GET NEAR 'EM. THEY SEEM TO HEAR HIM COMING!

ON BOARD THE “AMARINTHA.”

“A Nicht wi’ Cullins”—Still at Anchor—The Eve of Departure.

It turns out that the Composer has brought a supply of nautical songs, all well known in a vague traditional sort of way, and once highly popular and probably “soul-stirring.” Coming across many of these ballads causes in us—or at all events in me—a sensation of surprise similar to what CULLINS himself experiences whenever he discovers we are in sight of some small island with which he has been familiar years ago on the map. This sudden recognition of places is a constant source of excitement to the Composer, as, with a map spread out before him on deck, and his finger on it at somewhere about the spot where we ought to be, he keeps looking up at the island (or whatever it may be), frowning as if in excessive annoyance at its obstinacy in remaining there, and then referring to the little dab with an almost illegible name which is its representative on the map. The idea which appears to be worrying the Composer throughout these geographical surveys seems to be, “Why does this place make so much of itself when it is so utterly insignificant on the map?”

So when we, the three of us, first hear of these old nautical songs, we enthusiastically beg him to “give us them all,” and hail with delight the mention of the “*Saucy Arethusa*,” and the “*Bay of Biscay*,” with two or three other equally well-known titles; and we are very naturally disappointed on discovering that the words invariably, and the tune occasionally, do not realise the, as I may term it, deferred expectations of a life-time. We had all of us heard of these national nautical airs from our boyhood up, and now—well we are all very much obliged to the Composer, but, as HILLSHER politely puts it, “Isn’t there another version of those songs?” CULLINS doesn’t think so, he replies, in a tone which leaves us to imply that he wishes us to understand that if this version is good enough for *him* we oughtn’t to grumble. But we feel we have been taken in. The “*Saucy Arethusa*” for example, has this couplet, supposed to be heroic, as describing the strength of the enemy’s crew, which the Saucy One was going to utterly rout and defeat:—

“On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could get in France.”

Now isn’t this a reflection on the gallantry of our former Jack Tars, for what possible glory could there be in defeating and taking prisoners a crew consisting of five hundred dancing French DANIEL LAMBERTS? Notoriously, when a Frenchman is stout he goes to twenty-two stone in a very short time, and if these were the stoutest they could get in France, *i.e.* the very pick of all the stoutest Frenchmen in the whole nation,—the very fat of the land, so to speak,—what a helpless set they must have been, except for dancing, by way of exercise, just to keep it down a bit! and what accommodation they must have had on board that French vessel! Fancy five hundred of the stoutest Frenchmen of that period, in five hundred hammocks!

“And,” observes the Dean, meditatively, “When they were in the rigging what easy targets they must have offered to our Marines!” He is evidently regretting that he was not born in time to be on board that Saucy One with his rook-rifle and three hundred cartridges.

Whether there is any law of copyright in DEBBIN’S or anybody else’s music and words, which prevents a modern publication being exactly truthful, none of us are aware, and the Composer is unable to inform us; but with this version which the Composer has got, and which, it occurs to us all at once—when by common tacit consent we give one another a rapid glance and suddenly drop the subject—may be his, CULLINS’S, own, we are discontented: as when the tune is right as we popularly knew it, the words, after a familiar start with the old lines, go utterly wrong; or, when the words are correct, the tune deceives us, and if we attempt, which we do, in our first true British-tarrish ecstasy, to unite in chorus, we are sure to find ourselves differing from the music at a critical part of the air, when the accompaniment takes the Composer by surprise, who shouts “Hullo!” retraces his steps—we watching him with strained eyes, and with the right notes quivering on the tips of our tongues—and then says, as if to himself, “No—that’s right,” and finishes the tune according to the version before him, leaving us gasping with an unfinished chorus on our hands.

There is one tune he plays which, up to a certain point, is so

provokingly like the "*Bay of Biscay*," and so irritatingly dissimilar afterwards, that the Dean, in sheer despair, throws himself back on a sofa and groans. HAILSHER smiles dubiously at a soda-water bottle, as though he were revolving a problem as to how he could throw it at the Composer's head without infringing the ordinary rules of politeness, or chuck it in such a manner that CULLINS should, on the whole, consider it rather as a compliment than otherwise, and be, if possible, on terms of more enduring friendship with our courtly host than ever.

HAILSHER, however, adopts a far better method. Directly the nautical-impostor-ballad is finished, he at once tenders his (HAILSHER'S) best thanks to the Composer for his performance—we allow him to be accepted as spokesman for our sentiments, which we keep to ourselves—and with the sweetest smile and the most deferential manner that a pupil, sitting at the feet of a Master-Mind, could possibly assume, begs him to play "that little thing of his" (the Composer's own, of which he (HAILSHER) is so desperately fond, but the name of which at this moment, curiously enough, escapes his memory. On being asked by the Composer (who, of course, can't be expected to remember such a trifle out of the two thousand and any number of flashes of genius that are constantly occurring to him), "to give him some idea of how it went, how it began, or something like the motive," HAILSHER is unable to do more than make a subdued humming noise with his lips closed, which reminds me of a ventriloquist giving his well-known popular imitation of a bee in a bottle, and certainly does not assist his own recollection, as he gives up that method of recalling it to the Composer's mind, and substitutes a plan which, I believe, forms the basis of Mr. STOKES'S celebrated artificial memory, of trying to associate the lost tune with an event, a name, a place, or a person.

"Don't you remember," HAILSHER slowly begins, still with a deeply pained and puzzled expression of countenance, addressing the Composer, as if he were commencing the song of "*Sweet Alice, Ben Bolt*."

"Don't you remember your singing it at Lady SCRUMPSHER'S?"

"What particular evening at the SCRUMPSHER'S?" asks the Composer, resolving chords with his left hand as he half turns towards HAILSHER, "because I go there so often"—which rudely seems to imply that his host doesn't,—not because he won't, but because he hasn't been asked.

"I know you do," returns HAILSHER, meekly, with the air of a man who reads the *Court Circular* regularly, and of course is well up in the movements of so distinguished a public character as the Composer. "I know you do," he repeats. "But I mean that night when Prince—dear me—Prince"—and again his memory fails him—"so annoying—"

"Oh—yes—yes—" the Composer says, resolving another chord. "Yes," replies HAILSHER, brightening up a little, and apparently as satisfied as if CULLINS had mentioned the name—"and Count—the Austrian, you know—"

"Oh yes—old—" and the name is lost in another chord, as the Composer turns full round to the piano again, and suddenly glides into a melodious warble, which in less than two seconds HAILSHER recognises with joy, and nods triumphantly to us—to me on one sofa, and to the Dean on another—as much as to say—"There, you see, I've caught him—he's at it—I've turned him on, and now you'll hear something very much to your advantage." At all events we are all pleased that the Composer's private and peculiar version of celebrated nautical songs is shelved for the present, while HAILSHER lights a pipe, fills himself a glass of soda-and-brand, politely and considerably stifling the pop in a corner, and then appears absorbed in the performance, to which he had led up with such consummate tact.

It is a very good song, and very well sung—"Jolly companions, &c., &c." Once started, CULLINS gives us more "where that came from"—i.e., his own head.

Thus passes one musical evening—there are others to come, duly noted in my log; and the Composer, having exhausted his good-nature with the effort, rises abruptly—Genius is often abrupt—[*Happy Thought*—Write an Essay on the Peculiar Manners of Geniuses—specially Musical Geniuses]—declares "he won't play any more"—like a boy who fancies himself cheated or unfairly treated at some game—and is leaving the piano open, as much as to hint to us that "we can go on if we like, and see what we make of it," with a sort of "*après moi le déluge*" sniff and toss of the head, when the Dean, who has been rousing himself gradually, and who has got into a sitting position reading what we thought up to now was an old number of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, but which turns out to be a piece of music, asks the Composer, in a very diffident manner, if he is acquainted with "*My Fair One, my Fond One*," words by—

"Oh yes," answered the Composer, "Why?" And then, in trying to imitate HAILSHER'S habitual politeness, which is unnatural to CULLINS, he falls into the hopeless mistake of inquiring "if what the Dean has there is the song in question?" Of course it is. The Dean is up on his legs in an instant. So is HAILSHER. So am I.

The Composer—weak again—the momentary weakness of Genius—has placed it on the music-stand, and is actually trying it! Appa-

rently, he rather likes it. It seems to suggest something else to him. (N.B., notice, generally, that everything "suggests something else" to a Composer.) But, at all events, one thing it does suggest is that he should ask the Dean, "Do you sing this?" probably expecting the Dean to reply, "No; that he had only brought it for the Composer to try."

But no such luck. Does the Dean sing it? Doesn't he, rather! Hasn't he got the Composer in his toils for once? Won't he now repay him tenfold for the Composer's rude remarks about his shooting, or about his appetite, or about any other subject on which the Dean may happen to be a little tender?

The Composer, temporarily subdued, sits down to accompany this song; and the Dean, opening his chest, begins the serenade in a voice that fetches the Invisible Captain out of his berth, that makes all hands rush up on deck, and utterly drowns the Composer's piano accompaniment. There are five verses, and he won't let the Composer off. He urges him on by raising disputes as to what the composer of the song exactly meant in the following verse—which thereupon he sings, and his victim is forced to follow him. Then he appeals to CULLINS'S cultivated taste and operatic experience as to "how" the two lines in the next verse should be given—and CULLINS, a bit flattered, but really struggling to get away, finds himself playing that too. And having got so far, of course CULLINS goes on to the end—then rising hurriedly, says "Yes—a very good song, but it hardly suits your voice"—and dashes up the companion, when we fully expect to hear a wild, agonising shriek, a flop in the sea, and then a cry from the night-watch of "Man overboard!"—but it's all right, he is aft, wrapped in an ulster, silent, collapsed, and trying to revive himself with the soothing pipe. *Happy Thought*.—Piping his bird's eye.

There are other musical evenings on board the *Amarantha*, but this does not occur again. So I note it, for it is a memorable night in Loch Ryan—our last night here—for to-morrow we are actually away. "Far, far upon the sea, The good ship is bounding free," I sing to the Composer, quoting HENRY RUSSELL'S popular old song, as we turn in.

"Bounding free," grumbles the Composer from his berth. "I hope it won't. There's a dence of a breeze getting up outside. However it will be better than stopping here doing nothing, except . . . But the Dean doesn't catch me again," he murmurs, as he turns over on his side with his face to the wall.

When I say, lightly and pleasantly, "turn in," meaning thereby my getting into my berth, I convey an inadequate notion of the difficulty. Getting into a berth is putting yourself away on a shelf—like a standard work in a library, but the standard work has the advantage of being carried up by somebody and carefully deposited there. But the process of mounting into the best of berths is not easy. First I get on the sofa below and examine the bearings. I see two little brass fastenings. If these are undone won't the bedclothes all come out, or can I fasten them up when I'm once in and remain in an unrumpled nest? After grave deliberation I decide against undoing the fastenings, and upon taking the extra three inches step up which this entails. In doing so I find, that while elevating my right leg,—putting, that is, my best leg foremost,—before giving myself, as it were, "a leg up," my left foot treads firmly on the border of my classic robe,—[*Night Happy Thought*.—"I am more an antique Roman"—in my undress.]—and my right leg, being quite unconscious of what the left leg is doing, gives a heave up on its own account, when cr-r-r-ack goes the drapery that JULIUS CÆSAR might have worn without frightening CALPURNIA.

Happy Thought.—Classic and SHAKESPEARE. "See what a rent the envious *Casca* made." I am the *Casca*—being envious of the Composer's slumbers. He is fast asleep. Not even the tearing of the classic robe has aroused him. He has fallen asleep as suddenly as people do on the stage, in a melodrama, when something awful's going to happen. Something awful has happened—something awfully uncomfortable at least to me—but I roll myself up in my berth, and then come my—

Night Thoughts.—Will he snore? He appears a little restless. Perhaps this is always the case with a Composer when he's composing himself to sleep.

Shall I wake him up, and tell him? No—I'll think:—We sail to-morrow—hooray!—glad when we're off—queer sensation in the berth—"snug, pernicious snug," as somebody says in *Nicholas Nickleby*—the slightest motion—pleasant rather than otherwise—but shouldn't like to be always in harbour—or in a lake—wonder—wonder—if—ah—yes—I think I'll . . . wonder—if he snores . . . because if he snores . . . I shall . . .

I am startled by a loud and angry voice:—

"Hullo! Hi! Hang it, wake up! You do snore so confoundedly I can't get a wink of sleep!"

It is the Composer addressing me!!

ENGLAND AND FRANCE (*inter alia*).—Free Ports and free Clarets. "Open Docks whoever knocks!" *Vivent DILKE and Silk!*



TIME'S CHANGES.

Old Schoolfellow. "DEAR ME! WHY, WHEN YOU AND I WERE AT ETON, YOU WERE A CURLY-HAIRED BOY WITH A SLIM FIGURE; AND NOW YOUR HAIR'S SLIM, AND YOUR FIGURE CURLY!"

SIGNS OF THE SEASON.

THE partridges are falling fast, and the leaves have just begun To turn, and, as the pheasants fall, will soon fall, too, like fun. The goose is eaten with apple-sauce; and in case you fail to pay, You may shoot the moon, but your quarter's rent is due on Michaelmas Day.

The birds have bolted that bear the name of St. Patrick's doughty Dean,

The flying pickaxes have flown; not a Swift is to be seen. The martens and the swallows all, that in council swarm at eve, Ere they sink to sleep in the osier-beds, erefoons are bound to leave.

There are symptoms of the season's change on the earth and in the air,

And the citizens of London meet to choose the next Lord Mayor. For the great LORD MAYOR himself goes out, as a fleeting annual flower,

Oh, the transitory tenure of his Lordship's pomp and power!

But that's the Concrete Lord Mayor; for the Abstract Lord Mayor blows,

Perennial as an amaranth, or an everlasting rose, In a metaphysical Mansion House where intrinsic turtle steams, And we sniff the transcendental soup at our dinners in our dreams.

Yet sad it is to think how short the Concrete Lord Mayor's span, But now a Lord, then yet again but a simple Alderman! How falls he from his high estate, oh dear, in one brief day! Heigho, the glory of the world so passeth all away!

AT THE OLYMPIC.—An appropriate song for a Lady with such a name as "MARION HOOD" would have been "*Never again with you, Robin.*" It can be repaired when Lord Bateman comes out at the Opéra Comique, and *Patience* on a Monument goes to Mr. D. CARTER'S New Theatre, *The Savoy*.

AN AUTUMN VALENTINE.

FORESTS are fair when the suns of September
Wane, and the gloaming grows deeper in gloom;
Sunsets are red as the rosiest ember,
Seen when the lamps are alight in the room.
You too, *carina*, like leaves in October,
Change with the season to startle the town;
Quakerlike colour, seductively sober,
Shows a blonde beauty looks bravest in brown.

Fitting it is too, at time like the present,
When in the covers the sharp shots are heard,
That the adornments you filch from the pheasant,
Serve to remind me you're fair as that bird.
What though my shooting my friends voted splendid,
Though *Land and Water* has echoed my fame,
You give one glance, and my short flight is ended,
You have an eye has a deadlier aim.

Sometimes the softest of possible serges
Drapes you, and seems the one thing you should wear,
While from the neck of the bodice emerges
Daisy-like frills that are fatally fair.
I am not learned in seam and in gusset,
Dressmaking never was taught by the Cam,
Yet nothing rarer than that robe of russet
Ever was fashioned, quite certain I am.

Once at Lawn-Tennis the tints of the sunset
Found a red rival in frock that you wore;
Haply I think you remember that one "set,"
In it I vowed to be jealous no more.
While on your head perched a cap so coquettish,
Even a hermit had danced at the sight;
Weren't you a wee bit exacting and pettish?
No, no! Of course you were utterly right.

Yet what avails this my list of your dresses,
Though I should chance to remember the rest;
Quite in a puzzle, your Poet confesses
He has no notion in which you look best.
No matter what freak of fashion you follow,
How frills and flounces and furbelows fall,
One thing is clear, you beat other girls hollow,
And as to dresses—look best in them all!

THE LITERARY "INTERNATIONAL."

Monday.—General assemblage of all the Delegates. Unanimity indescribable. Interesting paper on Rights of Chinese Dramatic Authors in Siberia. Discussion. Business done:—Inkstand at President's head. Capital dinner at the Something Hof.

Tuesday.—Highly practical day. Question before the Congress: "Ought Magazine-writers to wear revolvers, and receive public burial at the hands of Humanity?" Argument protracted. Business done:—Three Bulgarian Novelists put by acclamation under the pump. Excellent banquet at the Something Garten.

Wednesday.—Most interesting sitting. On Motion being put that, "In the opinion of this Congress, *Black-Eyed Susan* is an unblushing adaptation of an unpopular Russian farce," President was carried unanimously to the window and thrown out. Business done:—His head broken. Very pleasant little entertainment at the Graf von Somebody's later.

Thursday.—"American Copyright" question on this morning. Bowie-knives and six-shooters used freely among the reporters. Some excitement, ending in a Fiji poet running a rather nasty and unexpected muck among the Entertainment Committee. Business done:—Military called out. Delightful dinner at Burgomaster's.

Friday.—Question for discussion this morning: "Ought unsuccessful Dramatic Authors to receive £500 a year, a decoration, a public statue, and their cab-hire from their respective States?" Animated meeting. Business done:—Vice-President of Economic Section lynched. Excellent dinner at a Something Haus.

Saturday.—Exciting day. Question before Congress—"The Theoretical Rights of Publishers in the Caucasus." Capital speech by a Patagonian penny-a-liner. Unanimity indescribable. Chairman of General Business Committee and Presidents of Representative Sections suddenly blown up by dynamite. Business done:—The roof off, and a state of siege declared. Adjourned subsequently to Railway Station in disguise, with head bandaged. Nice little dinner, in a false nose, with Professor Von Something at buffet before train starts. Off for home—tolerably well, with one eye. A thoroughly delightful and entertaining week.



SPECIMEN OF OLD BAYEUX TAPESTRY.

ILLUSTRATING SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL EVENTS DURING ONE OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR'S CAMPAIGNS.

TALES BY A STOUT TRAVELLER.—No. 1.

Introduction Preliminary and Prefatory, showing not how I became Stout, which is merely a detail, but how I became a Traveller, apart from beer Entire.

I AM stout, very; some have called me extra double stout; a fellow did so as I entered an omnibus one wet day. I withered him with one of my looks, for I glory in my fine proportions; and indulging in this thought, I sprang from my couch like springbok at dewy morn, though later than usual, for I was anxious to get to work; so I at once seated myself, threw on my lightest dressing-suit, at the same time opening the window, and stirring the fire by my writing-table, to which the girl sets light early every morning. Anxious to finish off my great work—a lecture I was preparing for public delivery, being about to read it in private at the house of a friend, to a few near relations, distant that very night by rail many miles away; in fact, a maiden effort, which had engrossed much time and thought, my aim being to render it impromptu in style, combined with an elementary air; and therefore, I worked at it near the fire with the window open, so as to secure those characteristics so essential to brain power.

At that moment the kitchen clock struck the hour of noon, "Would it were midnight," I murmured; and then reflected that it was so in New Zealand, so that if I shut my eyes it would be the same thing. Imbued with this knowledge, which is power, I rose from my seat and grasped my MS., marvelling how time had slipped through my fingers unperceived, an example which my undried pages proceeded to follow by slipping on to the floor.

I gazed at my fluttering work as it lay scattered about, a state of things much increased by a gust of wind, which, bringing in my breakfast, much accelerated, though only tea and toast, through the door, suddenly thrown open at the very moment when I was struggling violently on my knees in order to get under the bed to abstract some truant sheets, from which I only emerged in time to rush on all fours to the grate to rescue several others from the devouring element, and secure those still held back by the fire-irons, two of which—the sheets, not the fire-irons—were discovered weeks after on the top of my wardrobe, a considerable portion of which had been carried through the open window into the garden, after which I rushed headlong, clearing the paling with a bound on both sides at once.

I may as well here state, by way of parenthesis, that my lecture is written throughout in this same concise, clear style, over which I leapt like a greyhound from the slip, (I see I have left out the words "through the window, as it was the ground floor," but no doubt the printer's devil would have perceived and supplied, irrespective of copy, the omission from his inner consciousness,) in order to collect my scattered brains, which I saw being blown rapidly out of sight. In pursuit of which object I rushed madly through the gardens, gathering up my work in armfuls in spite of a heavy wash on the one side, a line of which caught me across the throat, impelled as from behind by a prod from a clothes-prop levelled at me, though I have reason to believe designedly, by a furious female to whom I paid no attention. I then ducked through the linen in an opposite direction to secure my remaining sheets, still wet, carried over the other side, on leaving which I was pinned by a furious bulldog, who, having broken his chain, seized me by the tail of my dressing-gown just as I had succeeded in gaining the apex and was balancing myself thereon in order to drop gracefully into my own precincts, whence I gained my own room, regardless of everything but the object I had in view, and rejoiced at having recovered my imperilled treasure, the place of which nothing could have supplied on earth. I re-seated myself, and proceeded to write in a bold hand on the first sheet of my MS. the title of my lecture—

A TREATISE ON SPONTANEOUS ABSORPTION.

(By an Untried Hand.)

"No allusion to Central Criminal Court, old Man?" inquired the voice of JACK WITTERLEY, who, having entered the room (unperceived by me), was looking over my shoulder.

JACK is not a bad fellow in his way; he is, in fact,



THE HOLIDAY TASK.

Fred (who has to write his Diary in French). "OH, BOTHER IT! HOW AM I TO PUT: 'AND THEN I PULLED STROKE IN A FOUR-OARED GIG'?"

Ethel. "OH, PUT 'ET ALORS J'AI TIRÉ COUP DANS UN QUATRE-RAMÉ GIGUE,' OF COURSE!"

Fred. "ALL RIGHT!"

[Puts as told.]

good at bottom, in scientific matters, though simply practical, being a deep-sea diver, who can walk and talk for miles under water without apparatus or inconvenience, which naturally renders him superficial as regards the abstract.

"I have no time to talk, my dear fellow," I observed. "I'm off by the five o'clock train."

"It is not three yet," he replied.

"Well then," I said, "sit down, and I'll read you a portion of my lecture to fill up the time."

"Lend me some money, and I'll get myself a bit of baccy first," he replied, as he vanished like smoke from the room with half a sovereign, to return no more till twenty minutes to five, when he dashed back exclaiming, "If you're going by the five o'clock, you must look slipshod, old man. Here, I'll help you pack, while you put on your togs."

I was going to ask him to explain his unaccountable absence, and request him to adopt, in speaking to me, phraseology more in harmony with the language of science, but I had no time, for he proceeded to thrust my dress-clothes and my MS. into my travelling-bag, all of a heap, observing, as he glanced at my papers, "What a washed-out smudge! Why, you'll never be able to read it!"

"It will be perfectly legible when dry," I replied in a severe tone; for I had written it with the patent inkless pen, warranted to dry a deep jet.

Although the station was near, there was little time for conversation; JACK had, however, thoughtfully brought a cab, into which he bundled me, so I reached the railway, at the door of which I was detained by a dispute as to the fare with the cabman, who stated that he had been engaged for the last two hours by the other gent, who had been driving slowly round the Regent's Park, "Smothering the vehicle and a lady with baccy," as the man said. I paid the money, and entered the station just in time to see the tail of the train in motion and disappearing from my view.

AN EASTERN DESSERT.—Colonels for KHEDIVE; Nuts for the Porte.



THE FIRST OF OCTOBER.

SPORT!—OR, HOW WE KILL PHEASANTS NOW.

ON BOARD THE "AMARINTHA."

On the Move—Breakfast—Off at Last!

We wake very early—I mean myself and the Composer, my "stable companion." We both become aware of each other's returning consciousness at about the same moment, and each apparently astonished to find the other still there, exclaims "Hullo!" Having thus given satisfactory signs of life, the Composer's head above the bed-clothes, suddenly stares at me with an alarmed expression, and exclaims, "I say, are we moving?"

Are we moving? Well, I seem to notice a trickling, as it were, of running water close by my left ear; and, on becoming more and more attentive to phenomena, I can decidedly observe a very gentle movement—the slightest possible swaying. On the whole I am inclined to think that the Invisible Captain has summoned his phantom crew (for I've not yet seen all the crew—only four of them in the gig, and there are eight more somewhere about—in the fo'c'sle), and while we slept has cut us adrift—I mean has unmoored us—and has hoisted sail, and we are now—where?—out at sea?

We meditate for a while. The oscillation does not increase. The sound of the trickling water is musical and soothing. If when in a berth, while "under weigh," one never experiences any more disagreeable motion than this, then we both conclude that the berth is the best place to stop in. *Happy Thought.—J'y suis, J'y reste.*

A movement on deck: people walking over our noses. Slushing of water as it were over our faces: a good deal of running about, and apparently banging with muffled hammers, as though some refined pirates had come on board, and were commencing to do for us by some gradual process of "battering us down," and then, perhaps, pouring in boiling oil through the crevices, until we were killed like the *Forty Thieves* after *Morgiana's* dose.

Happy Thought.—And more than that—absolutely brilliant—*The Forty Pirates*—ah! but how get in the words, "Open Sesame?" I see—*The Forty Pirates of the "Open Seas Army!"* An Arabian Nights Nautical Opera, in Three Acts. If the Composer will only see it, our fortunes are made! But he won't see anything. "I'm sure we're moving," he says, nervously. "I wish I hadn't woke up. It was your snoring did it," he growls. "I only wish I could go to sleep again." Evidently my "stable companion" is not to be trifled with at this particular moment. He is testy. Let me see, there is a Composer called "Testy,"—no, that's *Tosri*. I try to amuse him with this, but he becomes grumpier and grumpier, and requests me not to bother him as he wants to go to sleep again, if he can. In order to assist his slumbers I hum to him as peculiarly appropriate the well-known air, "*Let me dream again! Waking is such pain!*"—as it will be to him if he's not a good sailor—"Oh, do not wake me, let me dream again!"—but he only becomes violent—not much room for being violent, laid up on a narrow top-shelf like old clothes in a cupboard,—and wants to know "if I can't be quiet for five minutes and let him go to sleep."

Happy Thought.—"Five minutes allowed for refreshment." He is still restless. I propose calling the Steward. "What for?" he interrupts, starting up at right angles to his shelf. "For coffee and toast, preliminary breakfast, something to do," I explain, and down he goes again, somewhat soothed by the suggestion. But how to get at the Steward? There are no bells. Odd this, when everything on board ship, as I have hitherto understood, is always regulated by bells. The "watches" are regulated by bells—or ought to be. Is *Cullins* to get out of his berth and call the Steward, or am I? He flatly—"flatly" is the position he has now taken up in bed—refuses. I point out to him, reasonably enough, that he is next to the door, and that it can be no possible trouble for him to—, but he replies, shortly, "Door be deed!" (*Note.* Irritability of genius;—Genius considered as a "stable companion" for one week only.) We regard one another curiously across the cabin. It is a sort of chess problem,—white to move—(we're both in white)—but what's the next move, and who's to make it? Suddenly we hear a stentorian voice singing a verse from "*The Saucy Arethusa*," mixed up with the "*Bay of Biscay*." It is the Dean's. He begins "Loud roared the dreadful Thunder," of which he is apparently attempting to convey an idea by loudly roaring himself. *Happy Thought.*—Who's to move? The Dean shall solve the Gordian Knot—our Dean *ex machina*.

The Dean is one of those hearty and very muscular Christians who like to begin a day as they are going on with it, and who, having fetched himself out of bed by his own innate physical force—*Happy Thought.*—Blown up in the air by combustion of animal spirits,—finds it absolutely necessary as a safety-valve to let off the rest of his steam by knocking at other people's bedroom-doors—playing on them with his fists like the mechanical toy of the rabbit and the drum—and shouting out "Now then, Lazybones! Up you get!" But you don't—and that's where you have the pull of these exuberant characters. We hear the Dean playing rabbit-and-drum at *HALLSHER's* cabin-door.

Happy Thought.—"Cabin-door" sounds as if *HALLSHER* were an Irish peasant, and the Dean were coming to him as a bailiff for rent.

Another Happy Thought.—Notes for a new book, *Aunt Sally's Yacht*: sequel to *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. Fine figure-head.

HALLSHER, from within, replies in a patient tone—suggesting the epithet which was applied to Ulysses of "the much-enduring"—that he does not intend to rise for another two hours; and this being evidently a hint that any further disturbance will be resented by the much-enduring one, is at once taken, as a blind horse is popularly supposed to take a nod, by *BOLBY*, who is about to storm the "companion" when he is arrested by cries for help from our cabin. He pauses, and shouts, "Hallo! What's up!"

Happy Thought.—What's up? We're not—but the Dean is, and—(this we formulate in a politely put request)—he can, if he will be so good, summon the Steward to attend to us.

He calls us "lazy!" tells us that we ought to be up on deck and plunging in the sea, and we acknowledge humbly and still from our shelves—where we lie winking at one another like a couple of aly sea-dogs, in anticipation of the success of our artful device—that we ought to be up, but *can't* rise till we have seen the Steward. This

touches the Dean, who thereupon summons the Steward from out of some ingeniously-contrived sleeping arrangement which, judging from the clatter he makes on being suddenly aroused, he is sharing with the knives, spoons, forks, tumblers, cruet, and pickle-jars. In a quarter of an hour he brings us our preparatory coffee, and CULLINS seizes this opportunity for inquiring "if we are really moving?" He answers that we are not, but that we shall be very soon. After he has retired, CULLINS professes utter disbelief in the statement, which he considers the Steward made merely out of a kind desire not to upset us too much so early in the morning. We both agree that there is a swaying motion.

Happy Thought.—A couple of Nautical Galileos—"But it moves—for all that." * * * *Breakfast.* 9.30. Not yet off. "We shall have a roughish time of it when we once get out," observes HALLSHER; "so I advise everybody to make a good breakfast." His is not theory without practice. He is a dainty and gentle but ample breakfast-eater.

Four more different specimens of breakfast-eaters could not well be gathered round one table. HALLSHER professes to make a good breakfast, and does so, gently, calmly, thoughtfully, helping himself as politely as he does anybody else; his right hand pours out tea for his left hand with the greatest possible pleasure, and he supplies his own plate with butter as if it were a visitor to whom he wishes to pay the utmost attention. I should on the whole, were I called upon to distribute prizes, award him the first as the model breakfast-eater.

HALLSHER meditates for some time silently, looks kindly and sweetly round at the eatables and at everyone else's plate, as if to see what is the popular dish, and then gradually makes up his mind and says, smiling pleasantly, to the Composer, "Will you give me some of that pie, please?" These requests are always made to the Composer, who, somehow or other, invariably manages to get everything that everybody else wants all about him, and then pretends he can't see them, and grumbles at being disturbed.

BOLBY is a boisterous breakfast-eater. He intersperses his feeding with occasional bursts of harmony—much to the Composer's annoyance—as, for instance, when he has finished an egg he breaks out into the opening chorus of the Camp Scene in *Roberto*—(generally popular with noisy men who indulge in "snatches" of melody out of sheer overflow of love for their fellow-man)—and sings, *fortissimo*, without words, "Rum tum tum tum tum ti do—Rum tum tum tum tiddle tum tay—ha! ha! ha! yes 'tay' by all means"—hands his cup, *per me*, the Composer making no offer—and HALLSHER smilingly inquires, "Tea?"—to which the Dean replies, "If you please," and beams on everyone with a knife in one hand and a fork in the other, with which he emphasises the tune on the table as he continues—"Rum tum tum tum" (looking at the ham), "tum ti do" (regarding a heap of pie on the Composer's plate), "Rum tum tum tum tiddle tum"—and he breaks off at the last note with "Yes, I'll have some pie. Now, CULLINS, my lad, all hands for pie!" Whereupon CULLINS, who can't spare any hands at that moment, and who does not like being addressed as "my lad," very ungraciously, assists him to whatever in the pigeon-pie he would least like himself, and observes, surlily, "Now, I hope you'll be satisfied." "In time, old man," replies BOLBY,—and then, after taking three pieces of toast on which the Composer had had his eye, and helping himself to butter, which he puts on my side, out of CULLINS's reach, he settles down to the pie.

The Composer gets everything eatable and drinkable in front of him, "within easy reach," as the house-agent's advertisements say, growls over his food, and finally pushes his empty plate away from him with an air of profound contempt. As for myself I am only an amateur at this meal, and cannot expect to hold my own with three professional breakfast-eaters.

Breakfast over. Appearance of the Invisible Captain. The mildest, politest, smilingest, steadiest, thick-set, trust-worthiest looking person—just the very man for the place. A convenient-sized man, too; as on a yacht—even in a 140 tons'—where, after all, accommodation, unless it has been most craftily planned, is limited, the less space a man can take up the more valuable he is.

The Captain says we shall have a stiffish time outside. We watch HALLSHER. Will he blench at the last moment? No. He nails his colours to the mast, and says, "Well, Captain, we all want to get on—we'll risk it." "Very good, Sir," replies the Captain, looking upon us, evidently with an air of kindly pity, as four land-lubbers who don't know when we are well off. Then, as an excuse, HALLSHER hastens to inform the Captain that one of his guests (myself) has received a telegram on business, and must be at Oban by a certain date. This is true. It gives us an object. To Oban! Oban or Westminster Abbey! or pedestals at Madame Tussaud's, with a number and an advertisement in the papers that we have been "recently added to the collection?" No more words—the Captain is satisfied, and in another minute the orders are given, and the sailors are at work weighing anchor and then hoisting sails.

The Composer becomes thoughtful. He says he thinks it will be pleasanter to "go on deck than to remain in a stuffy cabin"—he means a cabin where he has been stuffing. His temper is decidedly

not improving. There is certainly a stiff breeze, or, as it blows about, I should prefer to call it a loose breeze.

There are several breezes springing up, it seems, in different directions, judging by the few boats we see coming in or going out. The Irish steamer from Stranraer has started. We watch her with interest, as we are in her wake, and she is evidently "getting it."

I draw his attention to the peculiar utterances of the sailors as they haul up the sails. Couldn't he set them to music?

"Pooh!" he snaps me up—(*Happy Thought.*—A "snappy" Composer,")—shortly, "It's been done." Everything I suggest to the Composer seems to have been done before by somebody else.

I try to catch the phrases, and note the sounds: they tug at a rope in a row—never less than five men at one rope—ejaculating, spasmodically, at intervals, "Hey! hip!"—a pull—"Hey jelly boo!"—another pull—"Hey! hip!"—another and a stronger pull—"I told you so!" Then again, "Hey hip! Hey jelly boo!" I cannot make out what effect "jelly boo" has on the sail. None, apparently, as though it has rustled and flapped and creaked, it doesn't seem to have risen half an inch. Why can't all this be done by machinery—like reaping and threshing? "Oho! Hey! Hey! O-Ho!" The first sail has gone, like *Tom Bowling's* better part, "up aloft."

Then the Captain says, shortly, "Ease away!" and presently, after a lot more energetic "Hey ho! Hey jelly boo!" he suddenly stops it all with a supercilious, "Belay that!" which does sound uncommonly like "Hold your row!" and certainly has the same effect as that command would have had coming from authority.

Then we haul the "taykel"—(is this "tackle"? *Note for Nautical Book.*) Then they all go at the mainsail with a new set of expressions. "Up with her! Ho!" "Up with her, quick!" "Up with her!" Then, as she doesn't seem to yield to their obsequious persuasiveness quite so readily as they had imagined she would—a very coquettish and perverse female this mainsail seems to be—they look aloft, and putting fresh energy into their movements, cry out, "Hey ee hip!"—and it goes up perceptibly about an eighth of an inch—"O tea track! O gee bo!" This last "O gee bo!" is more exhilarating, and the sail mounts quite half an inch. The men much delighted and encouraged by this progress, resume their "O tea track! O gee bo! O jelly bo!"—but the sail seems to think she has given way sufficiently, and that to take a step farther might compromise her dignity, when the Mate, evidently losing all patience with such obstinacy, braces himself up, or rather hitches himself up, for one grand final effort, and the crew follow his example. The Mate won't stand any more nonsense; and, as if he were a bold buccaner ordering off a troublesome female captive to instant execution or to the dungeons in the secret cavern among the rocks, he roars out, with bluff determination, "Now, my lads, away with her!" and to it they go with a will—one old man nearly coming on his back in his excitement—all gasping out the words of this mysterious nautical incantation scene, "O tea track! O gee bo! O jelly bo! O tea track!" and the sail is just up to the top—another half-inch will do it—when they all bawl out "Oho!" and the unwilling virago of a sail struggling, writhing, and fighting to the last, is hauled up, bound, as it were, hand and foot, hung with a powerful jerk mast-high, and—and—we are actually under weigh!

"Well off now!" exclaims BOLBY. I hope we are. We all seem to be enjoying ourselves, except CULLINS the Composer.

Under weigh!!—in another second a quarter of the deck is under water, but it rushes out again at the scuppers—and now we are sailing—all on one side—sprawling about anyhow, as being taken by surprise—and fairly off at last. "For where?" I ask—"what sea?"

"The Atlantic," answers HALLSHER.

"The Atlantic!" gasps the Composer. "You don't mean to say"—And then the cane chair slides away with him, and he is very nearly shot over the bulwark, but for the fortunate accident of coming sharply against the skylight of our cabin, which brings him on to the deck, where, until we "go about again," he prefers to remain.

The Atlantic! I don't think that in his wildest dreams he had ever an idea of meeting the Atlantic personally, being under some sort of impression that, once on the Atlantic, you were hopelessly at sea until you suddenly discovered America—like COLUMBUS.

The Dean points out a small vessel outside, dipping her bows every minute, and playing see-saw fearfully.

"Shall we do that?" CULLINS inquires.

"Well," replies the Dean, "We shall be where she is—and doing much as she does."

I look at the Composer. He is silent, and gradually turning a pale unearthly green. Song for him.—"Of what is the old man thinking, as he sits in that low cane chair?" There is a fixed expression on his suddenly worn and changing countenance which seems to say, "Silence all! I am going to meet my fate! Behold me and the Great Atlantic together at last!"



A NEW MOVE.

THE BLACK BISHOP MATES—AND WINS.

ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

James Abram Garfield.

BORN, NOVEMBER 19, 1831.

DIED, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, SEPTEMBER 19, 1881.

SILENCE were best, if hand in hand,
Like friends, sea-sundered Peoples met;
But words must wing from land to land
The utterance of the heart's regret,
Though harsh on ears that Sorrow thralls
E'en Sympathy's low accent falls.

Salt leagues that part us check no whit,
What knows not bounds of time or space,
The homestead feeling that must knit
World-scattered kin in speech and race.
None like ourselves may well bemoan
COLUMBIA'S sorrow; 'tis our own.

A sorrow of the nobler sort,
Which love and pride make pure and fair;
A grief that is not misery's sport,
A pain that bows not to despair;
Beginning not in courtly woe,
To end in pageantry and show.

The Great Republic's foremost son
Struck foully, falls; but they who mourn
Brave life cut short, good work half done,
Yet trust that from beyond Death's bourne
That blameless memory's gifts may be
Peace, Concord, Civic Purity.

Scarce known of us till struck for death,
He stirred us by his valiant fight
With mortal pain. With bated breath
We waited tidings morn and night.
The hope that 's nursed by strong desire,
Though shaken often, will not tire.

And now our sables type, in truth,
A more than ceremonial pain.
We send, Court, Cottage, Age, and Youth,
From open hearts, across the main,
Our sympathy—it never swerved—
To Wife he loved, to Land he served!

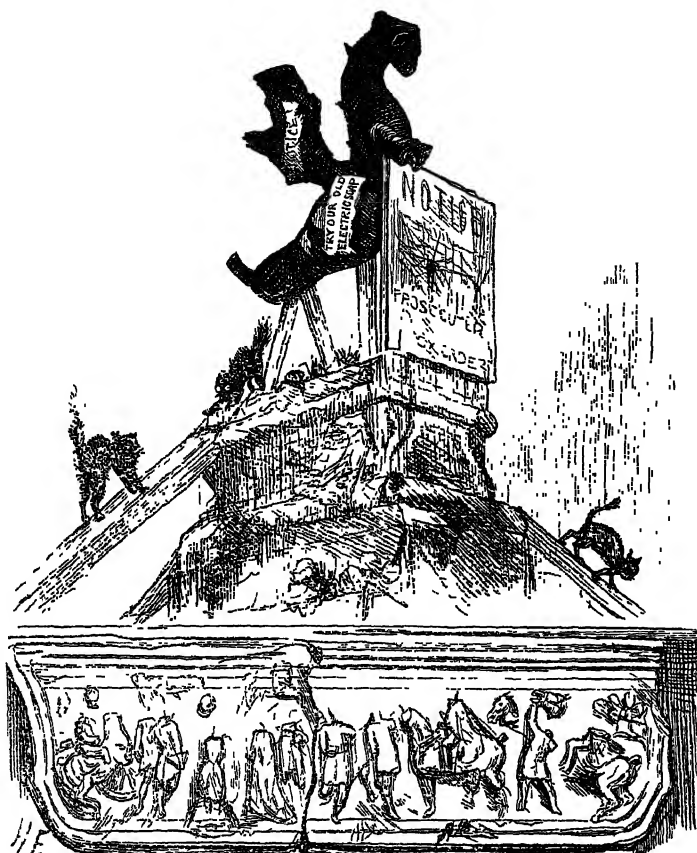
"WATER, WATER NOWHERE, AND NOT A DROP TO DRINK!"

It appears that some six weeks ago several respectable West-End tradesmen, finding their supply of water suddenly cease, summoned the Grand Junction Waterworks Company for certain pains and penalties for the fearful inconvenience to which they had been exposed. After six weeks' delay, the case was heard last week, and the following lucid and satisfactory judgment delivered.

These summonses are taken out under the 43rd section of the Waterworks Clauses Act, for omitting to supply water to Mr. JAR'S Mourning Warehouse, where very large quantities of water must of course be in constant requisition. So far so good. But in 1878 he contracted with the Company to be supplied under 15 & 16 Vict., c. 157, s. 49, which was a private Act incorporated with the other Act. The Act of 1852 had also been incorporated with another Act, by which power was given by the former Act to make special contracts. If the Legislature had meant something else, they would have mentioned it. The Act of 1852 excepts section 35 but not 43; therefore the Company is liable to the penalties imposed by the Act of 1847. So they were fined £10, and £6 6s. costs. Of course notice of appeal was given. If this is not satisfactory and intelligible to every consumer of water in the Metropolis, it only proves that his brain, like much of the water supplied to him, is about as clear as mud.



A COMMON SORROW.



PROPHETIC.

VIEW TAKEN OF WHAT THE TEMPLE BAR MEMORIAL WILL PROBABLY BE IN A FEW YEARS' TIME, BY OUR ARTIST, WHO REMEMBERS THE SAD FATE OF THE STATUE IN LEICESTER SQUARE. DEDICATED TO ALDERMAN LUSK AND THE ART-LOVING PUBLIC OF LONDON GENERALLY.

O FAIR TRADE!

(Song of a Reciprocity Abdiel.)

AIR—"O Fair Dove!"

METHOUGHT the stars on our side did fight,
With our Fair Trade flag unfurled;
I said "I will holloa and put things right
In this mad one-sided world."
We raised our cry; we went so fast
That the Rads shot angry scorn;
But now, with our brand-new flag half-mast,
We mourn, and mourn, and mourn.
O Fair Trade! O Fond Trade!
O Trade for Old England best.
Let me alone, for that dream is flown,
And my bosom knows not rest.

JAMES LOWTHER stood, with right good will
Flouting Free Trade away;
I looked for applause, but all was still,
It is clear that the cry won't pay.
I went to hear Lord RANDOLPH speak,
But no favouring signs could I trace,
And amusement's smile at the lordling's cheek
Rose up in the People's face.
O First Love! O Last Love!
O Love of this True-Blue heart!
To think you should come to be called a hum
When you'd made so fair a start!

Sir STAFFY spake behind his hand,
His voice was bland and sweet:
Methought he said, "The *crux* of Land
This way we may not meet.
Of bread that's dear the Plebs won't hear;
I take no place, no part
In dwelling more on this old score,
'Tis only a false start."
O Fair Trade! O Fond Trade!
One heart, of joy forlorn,
For thy fair hopes, thus overcast,
Doth mourn, and mourn, and mourn.

TWO OLD OFFENDERS.—Newgate and Old Bailey condemned at last! "Oh, Old Bailey, unfortunate Old Bailey!"

A DIP INTO ASIA.

To get from Samara to the real Asiatic boundary—the Ural River, just outside Orenbourg, was a long journey in CATHERINE'S day, and is not made much shorter by the existing railway. The trains that run through this reclaimed Steppe country are of the slow and sure order, and are easily raced by jocular Tartars on horseback. The Tartar may catch a train, but the train can hardly catch a Tartar.

Orenbourg is unmistakably a border town, half Russian and half oriental. Camels stalk with dignity across its sandy plains, and minarets relieve the monotony of domes and pear-shaped cupolas amongst its temples. Open truck omnibuses, like the Irish Bianconi cars, drive to and from the fair held across the Ural River outside the walls, and these cars are filled with Khivans, Bokharans, Khirghese, Bashkirs, Serts, Khokans, Turcomans, Circassians, Cossacks, Russians, and Jews. The fair or market is held in a "Bazaar" on the Asiatic Steppe or Prairie. This Bazaar is a large square enclosure, like a huge provincial cattle-market, surrounded by rows of dark arches filled with Bokharan carpets, and other Eastern produce, which have been brought for thousands of miles across the Steppes by caravans of bullocks and camels. These arches are like the potato-caverns in Covent Garden Market, and as you walk round the rough arcade which is built in front of them as a protection from sun and rain, and peer into their gloomy depths, you see the dusky faces of men who have hardly yet exchanged the calling of brigands for that of merchants. They will sell you a carpet or cut your throat with equal pleasure. In the open yard which forms the centre of the market, standing ankle-deep in animal refuse, are horses, mares, donkeys, dromedaries, and camels. The excitement of their motley owners almost equals that of twenty-franc speculators on the Paris Bourse, and business is conducted by a violent clapping of hands. If the veiled Khirghese women riding on camels behind their hooded husbands did not make you feel that you have left Europe behind you, you would soon be brought face to face

with the fact outside the fair. On your road to the land of Mazeppa, across the balmy Steppes, you pass through a Khirghese camp—a settlement of bee-hive looking tents, that are pitched upon the black earth and virgin grass. The butcher's shop stands by the road-side—the wheel-track across the prairie. It consists of a wooden frame, not unlike a square gallows, from which bleeding pieces of sheep and horseflesh, covered with flies, hang roasting in the burning sun.

As you drive across the scented plains of Central Asia, with millions of sloping, treeless, untilled acres before you stretching to the walls of China or the doors of India, you wonder why the rich black virgin soil has never been cultivated. This is not the only thing that astonishes you while travelling through European Russia to Russian Asia. You wonder why a Russian farmer lives in a hut built of wood and mud in undrained fields on one side of a frontier, while a German farmer contrives to create a neat brick house and a trim looking farm on the other.

The journey into the Steppes, even for fifty or a hundred miles, is a new sensation, in more senses than one. A ride in a Tarantass is a novelty. A Tarantass is a large basket-cradle, placed upon a frame of poles—a favourite Russian substitute for springs, and fixed upon four wheels. The cradle is half filled with rugs, and on these rugs you lie as comfortably as you can. Like certain physis, you are well shaken before you are taken. Another novelty is to see the bones of dead camels and horses lying by the roadside, or the long melancholy line of a camel-caravan passing slowly on its way to the Orenbourg fair. The smooth undulating plains stretch in every direction as far as the eye can reach. The air is fresh and soft, and comes to you touched with the scent of wild thyme. There is a soothing calm, such as you only feel when alone in the middle of Exmoor or Salisbury Plain. [* * "Dip" to be relighted next week.—ED.]

ANOTHER COMET!—More where that came from. "The cry is still they comet!"

WHAT THE SULTAN ISN'T.—A Turkish Firm 'un.

THE ÆSTHETE TO THE ROSE.

(By Wildgoose, after Waller.)

Go, flaunting Rose!
Tell her that wastes her love
on thee,
That she nought knows
Of the new Cult, Intensity,
If sweet and fair to her you be.

Tell her that's young,
Or who in health and bloom
takes pride,
That bards have sung
Of a new youth—at whose
sad side
Sickness and pallor aye
abide.

Small is the worth
Of Beauty in crude charms
attired.
She must shun mirth,
Have suffered, fruitlessly
desired,
And wear no flush by hope
inspired.

Then die, that she
May learn that Death is pass-
ing fair;
May read in thee
How little of Art's praise
they share,
Who are not sallow, sick,
and spare!

FAIR AND FASHIONABLE.

In the Guildhall, Plymouth, on Wednesday last week, for the benefit of the South Devon Hospital, the Princess FREDERICA of Hanover opened an "Old English Fair." An experiment this, obviously, of real Fair Trade. It is reported to have been highly successful.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 51.



REV. GEORGE GRANVILLE BRADLEY, D.D.

"BLESS THEE! THOU ART TRANSLATED!"

"THE COMING OF ARTHUR."

HE comes indeed, in TENNYSON'S own words, "like a modern Gentleman," in the person of America's new President. He comes, too, like the blameless king, at a time of darkness and pain. England's best hope for America—and for him—is that like the Poet's "ideal knight,"

"Not swaying to that faction or to this,"

he may come as a presage of purity and a promise of unity to the State he is so strangely, sadly, and unexpectedly called upon to sway.

Bust Up!

THE Corporation of the City requesting Mr. GLADSTONE to sit for a bust, to be placed in the Guildhall, is rather like what Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM calls offering "a sop to Cerebus." The Corporation had better look sharp about it, or perhaps it will be "Bust up!" itself from a design by W. E. G. *Abisit omen!*

WE are under the impression that somewhere or other we saw advertised "The Combined Low Water Association." What would their capital be? There's something touchingly sympathetic in the title, and if such a band of brothers doesn't exist, the sooner the idea is acted upon, and the Association started the better.

"THE COTTON CORNER."—In the work-box.

WESTMINSTER IMPROVEMENT COMMISSION.

A MEETING of the fortunate holders of the tempting securities known as Westminster Improvement Commission Bonds was held the other day at the Westminster Palace Hotel, Sir HENRY ARTHUR HUNT, C.B., presiding, for the purpose of electing a Commissioner to fill up a vacancy. This was accordingly done; and here the business should have terminated; but, strange to say, an apparently discontented Bondholder was unreasonable enough to actually want to know something about the prospects of the Bondholders!

Here was a man who, from the mere simple circumstance that upon the paltry million of money sunk in the scheme, not one penny of interest had been paid since 1854, actually only about twenty-seven years ago, thought he had some ground of complaint, and was entitled to know what had become of his money! But the Chairman was equal to the occasion, and of course, very properly, declined to give the information so strangely required.

He knew his duty too well. They were assembled to elect a Commissioner, and he (the Chairman) being a Commander of the Bath, of course considered a Director of the New River Company to be the right man for them. He had therefore proposed him, they had elected him, and the business was at an end.

Such is the perversity, apparently, of the nature of some of these fortunate Bondholders, that they actually expressed much dissatisfaction at what they so unjustly called the secrecy of the Commission. Secrecy! When the Chairman had told them, in the plainest possible terms, that they might go and talk to the Clerk, if they thought it of any use.

No doubt in the course of time—say in another twenty-seven years, or so—they may probably hope to receive some interest. Should they be so unreasonable as to expect it earlier, Mr. Punch sincerely wishes they may get it.

WOODCOCK'S PILL.

"Tax foreign iron, foreign machinery, foreign work, foreign silk, foreign calico, foreign linen, foreign wine and beer, foreign luxuries,—in fact, all foreign manufactured articles."—Lord Randolph Churchill at Oldham.

ALL foreign luxuries, dear WOODCOCK? Think, And from the sweeping scheme you'll surely shrink. Tax! Tax! Sole remedy for all things ill, Your panacea is a regular pill.

"All manufactured articles." The phrase Applies to "foreign work"—and foreign plays.

"All (English) work and no (French) play," alack! Would make a dullish boy of British JACK.

French novels, too! But WOODCOCK'S pride, perchance, Abhors the "poisonous honey stolen from France."

And if you think that from a foreign mart All that is French in Literature and Art

Perchance corrupts their purity and truth Who're not—like you—among our "Golden Youth,"

Then tax 'em! Tax the novel, picture, play! "Protect" poor lads—our Golden Youth can pay.

Here's ethics in a nutshell; lay a tax on All, everything, not purely Anglo-Saxon.

Your politics, dear Lord, are rather fun, But as a Moralist you're quite A 1.

One question, though—'tis well to be exact— Would you tax all that's foreign—to the fact?

It is stated that only four hundred Cedars of Lebanon remain. How many were there, and where are the se-ceders?



CONTUMACIOUS.

Magistrate (in an undertone to his colleague). "THIS MAN HAS BEEN SO OFTEN BEFORE US FOR POACHING, I THINK WE SHOULD FINE HIM FIVE POUNDS."

Prisoner (overhearing). "YOU NEEDNA FENCH YOURSELVES, GEN'LEMEN!—FOR DEIL A PENNY YE'LL GET!"

A GOOD FIFTY YEARS' WORK.

FIFTY years ago, if Mr. G. P. R. JAMES's celebrated ubiquitous "Stranger" had peeped into a room on a second floor in Jermyn Street, he might have seen a show of British Admirals calculated to astonish him, and to make a British schoolboy's heart beat briskly. HARDY, CODRINGTON, YORKE, BLACKWOOD, KEATS, COCKBURN, DE SAUMAREZ, EXMOUTH, SIDNEY SMITH, BRENTON, these surely are names to conjure with amongst boys and Britons. The Admirals were not assembled to consider the best means for repulsing a new Armada, but to promote a project of Commander W. H. DICKSON's ("bully" for DICKSON!) for establishing a school for the sons of the less affluent officers of the Royal Navy and Marines.

On the 27th July in the present year, if the same Stranger—"Strangers" are all immortal as well as ubiquitous—had looked in at the Royal Naval School, New Cross, he would have witnessed the satisfactory outcome of the scheme of Commander DICKSON, the muster of the Admirals, and the patronage of the "Sailor King." He would, in fact, have seen Sir THOMAS BRASSEY, M.P., Lord of the Admiralty, distributing prizes to the pupils of the now well-established Naval School, prizes which, from the number of "marks" they had totalled, the pupils would seem well to have deserved.

A good fifty years' work has been that of the Royal Naval School, as all may see who care to overhaul its "log." An institution which can show such a record, is worthy of public support. And one man, it seems, has taken an active share in the whole of that half century's labour of love, Mr. ALFRED EAMES to wit, who has completed fifty years in the service of the Institution, during thirty-six of which he has been Secretary. Half a century's loyal labour in an excellent cause would seem to deserve recognition. Sir THOMAS BRASSEY, on behalf of the Council, made it in the form of an Illuminated Certificate. Some supporters of the school contemplate something more solid in the shape of a Purse. Lovers of England, of the Navy, and of Faithful Service, can hardly do better than help to fill that Purse, which Mr. Punch hopes will prove a "plumper." They can do so by

sending subscriptions of five shillings and upwards for the "EAMES Testimonial Fund" to any of the Navy Agents, to Messrs DRUMMOND and Co., Spring Gardens; or to W. C. EYBOROUGH, Esq., 1, Moscow Villas, Albert Road, South Norwood, S.E., Honorary Secretary to the Fund.

A LAY FROM THE LANCET.

"Bad complexions, blotchy and rough skins, deficient eyebrows and eyelashes, and bald heads, are becoming common characteristics not only of the frivolous or dissipated classes, but of the respectable and sedate community as a whole. These are the consequences of that hurtful recourse to washes, soaps, powders, hair strengtheners and producers and depilatories, which has become general of late years."—*Lancet*.

You were fair till you tried those emulsions and dyes,
Which the chemist and hairdresser offer for sale;
But, oh! why should you wish to make brighter bright eyes,
Or to redden a cheek that is perfect when pale?
Don't you know that those washes and soaps must do harm—
That there's woe in the compounds that chemists prepare?
E'en the fairest of maidens you'll own loses charm,
When the hair-wash she uses deprives her of hair!

So no wonder that muddy complexions increase,
And that eyebrows and eyelashes vanish away;
But we turn to our *Lancet*, and that gives us peace,
If we follow the rules that it lays down to-day.
Let vile nostrums alone, or abandon all hope
Of a face without blotches and rubicund nose;
But just stick to spring water and plenty of soap,
And you'll find your complexion as fresh as a rose!

Not much confidence can be felt in Egyptian Securities when the property is in the hands of SHERIFF'S Officers.

FOREIGN WATERING-PLACES.

(By Dumbo-Crambo, Jun., on Tour.)



Aches les Bang.



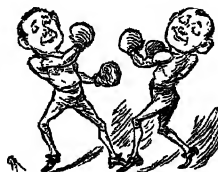
Bad 'un.



Kissingen.



Beer it's!



Spa.



Homburg.



'Os tend.



True Vill.



Boo-long.

POLICE BULLIES.

"Three other witnesses were called, lads about the age of defendant, who all swore that BALLS pushed and hustled the defendant about, and then, because remonstrated with, used his staff.—Mr. HOSACK said the officer had no right to push people about. Half the disturbances and rows arose from errors of this kind on the part of the police. He would discharge the defendant."—*Standard*.

PUSH him and hustle him, knock him about!
Lads in these days have no right to be out;
Look at him with diabolical frown,
Take out your truncheon and knock the boy down.

If he should dare at your doings to laugh,
If he should venture on innocent chaff,
Out with your staff, though as heavy as lead,
Like a brave officer breaking his head.

Hustle the people, and never mind how,
It is your business to get up a row;
Policemen are privileged always to strike,
Knocking the folks about just as they like.

Luckily HOSACK, that excellent "beak,"
Knowing how needful it was he should speak,
Straightway proceeded this bully to scrounch,
Earning thereby the applause of his *Punch*!

A Pipes Professorship.

SIR HERBERT OAKLEY, Professor of Music at the University of Edinburgh, is to be congratulated on having been appointed Composer of Music to Her MAJESTY in Scotland. The musical world, in anticipation of extreme enjoyment, awaits a performance of the pibroch which he may be expected to have composed in that capacity. Of course Her Gracious MAJESTY pays the piper.

HOW TO IMPROVE LONDON.—No. 1.

PORTLAND PLACE.

ONE of the widest and dreariest thoroughfares in the world—so dreary that the hansoms shun it, and the omnibuses wouldn't be seen going through it on any account. With an exception as regards the latter means of conveyance. The three-horsed carriage belonging to the Metropolitan Railway certainly uses a part of it; but only a part. The conveyance starts off fairly enough from the Langham Hotel, as if it intended to gallop straight down to the bottom—to the railings keeping the poor old statue in his place amongst the dusty evergreens in the melancholy crescent adjoining the Marylebone Road. But the gloom is too much for the railway omnibus, and, after travelling in the path of duty about fifty yards, it turns off sharp to the right, as if it could stand it no longer, and seeks distraction and forgetfulness in the homely liveliness of the Portland Road.

Probably it is a feeling of false pride which causes the three-horsed carriage to use the Place at all. It wishes to show that it is unlike other omnibuses, on account of its connection with the Railway Company. For this reason the conductor wears the uniform of a guard, and gets through a great deal of ticket-clipping, and the driver conceals his native horseyness under a huge red umbrella. By this means, and the division of the "insides" into "First" and "Second Class" passengers—which distinction without a difference, by the way, is accepted by the "insides" with a sort of jocular apathy—the idea is fostered that the vehicle is not an omnibus at all, but only a train gone wrong—down Portland Place.

As a rule, in this very dull thoroughfare, there are several houses to let. The boards calling attention to this fact lay special stress on the encouraging truth that to each "desirable family mansion" good stabling is attached. The *affiche* of the Estate Agent seems to say, "Look here, as a personal favour, do take this house. It is stuccoed and old-fashioned, has pokey, low-ceilinged bed rooms, and at the back looks out upon the rear of other houses. But it has this advantage, it has good stabling attached! So, the moment you are once in the place, all you have got to do is to order out your horses, jump into your carriage, and be off!"

So, given a wide, dusty, dismal thoroughfare, with a huge hotel at one end, and a broken-hearted square, in the shape of a crescent, at the other,—how to improve it? That is the question. Well, plant trees, of course. Make holes in the monotonous pavement with its dreary flags, and introduce planes and poplars. Having got from our foliage a nice cool boulevardry look about the spot, we shall now want a few *cafés*. Choose two or three at the corners of

streets running at right angles with the Place. For instance, there is one "desirable family mansion" about half-way down on the right, as you look towards the north, which seems admirably adapted for such a purpose. It is usually very great in railings indulging freely in chocolate and gold. With a tasteful arrangement of chairs, tables, white-aproned waiters, and awnings, this house might be easily converted into a very pleasant *café*, indeed.

Now take the road. It is unnecessarily wide. There is plenty of room for flower-beds in the centre, with here and there a pretty fountain thrown in. We have now got trees, flowers, sparkling water, and *cafés*. Of course we want a band. Build a graceful kiosk in the centre of the Place, hang it with coloured lamps, and there you are, don't you know? Music from 12 to 2 in the morning, and 6 to 8 in the evening. Police in attendance to filter the crowd.

Our dreary thoroughfare will be now becoming quite lively, but still our task is only half done. We look North and South. North, desolate square in the shape of a crescent (I like the Irishism) and South, big hotel. Well, of course, the crescent railings must come down, and the poor old statue must be moved elsewhere, and new shrubs must be planted. A deal might be done too with a squirrel or so, and a few peacocks. Then make some paths, and erect several little open-air theatres, just to amuse the children—on the plan of the Champs Elysées. Plenty of seats, a tunnel under the Marylebone Road into Regent's Park, and an artificial waterfall. So much for the square. Now for the big hotel.

Of course—only one thing to be done. *Pull the Langham down!* Drive Portland Place straight through it into Oxford Street, and come to a full stop at Hanover Square. That melancholy garden should be treated like the lonely crescent. Foolish old statue carted away, railings levelled, and cascade erected facing North now instead of South. Squirrels, peacocks, and *théâtres guignol* as before. Flags and floral decorations, when a fashionable wedding is celebrated at St. George's Church hard by. On these festive occasions Hanover Square would have quite a little holiday.

By this time, Portland Place will have so greatly improved, that further alteration will be scarcely necessary. Stop though, I have forgotten one little detail. While we are about it, we might carry the plan a step further, and *rebuild all the houses!* Of course, my ideas might cost a trifle, but so does every improvement. In this case too, the improvements might turn out profitable investments. For instance, numbers of pounds (in the course of years) might be realised with the Band alone, *by the sale of penny programmes!*

And with this practical suggestion (for I am nothing if not practical) I beg to inscribe myself a London Fairy (as the cabmen call me) or rather,

THE PERI-PATELIC.



OUR ARTIST'S IDEA OF "THE PIPES PROFESSOR,"—
SCOTLAND.

A BALLAD OF BALHAM.

A "BURGLARY scare" say the papers, we dream about thieves in the night,
And wake at the slightest of noises, and listen perchance in affright;
We think of bad men with dark lanterns, who come when there isn't a moon,
To pick up a watch or a necklace, and pocket a fork or a spoon.

Yes, this is the burglary season, we look out revolvers and knives,
And sleep with guns under our pillows, contriving to frighten our wives;
And when the poor P'liceman comes round, to try doors and to look at our locks,
We give him some five or six bullets, which cause a succession of shocks.

For this was the plan of one KIRBY, who lives in the Endlesham Road,
At Balham. The P'licemen went near, and brave KIRBY proceeded to load,
And aimed at the men he thought burglars, but K. was a very bad shot,
Or the P'licemen, as folks say in slang, would have caught it uncommonly hot.

"There are thieves in the house," said the P'lice, and rushed in on that terrible
night,
And they met the redoubtable KIRBY defending the very first flight
Of his stairs; "There's the burglar!" they cried, and the truncheon came
down on his head,
And inflicted a wound on his scalp, so that K. had been better in bed.

We are told "explanations ensued," which to all must have been a relief,
While the Doctor bound up KIRBY's head, as he showed that he wasn't a thief:
And the P'licemen, revealing their numbers, soon proved that they came to
protect,
And rejoiced that the ready revolver had not had its proper effect.

Good folks from this Ballad of Balham may all take a lesson to-day,
Don't shoot at strange men in your gardens in such a promiscuous way;
And, Constables, pray you be careful, when householders get out of beds,
Don't treat them like KIRBY of Balham, and break their respectable heads!

LORD HARTINGTON, having promised to preside at the annual dinner of
the Yeovil Agricultural Society, Nov. 4th, has naturally made this *mem.* in his
Diary: "W. E. G., Leeds;—Myself to follow."

IN THE PEACOCK ROOM!

A Variation.

HER blue-green dress on the grey-blue floor
Lay in folds all tumbled and hilly,
Like the waves that break on the smooth sea-shore,
Or the crumpled leaves of a floating lily
When the rain-drops beat and the wind blows chilly,
And we dawdle indoors and vote it a bore.

Her black curls fell on the black oak chair
Like seaweed tangles that curtain the rock,
Or the skeleton-key as it slips from the lock
When over the coal-pan, left on the stair,
The burglar stumbles—hearing him swear,
You would say that his shin had received a shock!

And she poured it forth from a grey-brown pot
In a brown-green stream, and out of the cup
Into the saucer, because it was hot;
And she whispered thus, as she lifted it up,
"When in the blues—if it is but a sup—
You will mix it green, if you know *what's what!*"

ANYTHING FOR A CHANGE.

A GENTLEMAN, who has no further use for them, is
anxious to part with, as soon as possible, a couple of
full-sized, ring-striped Dalmatian Rattlesnakes (rattles in ex-
cellent condition). Quite tame, and not irritable by daylight.
Can be seen at neighbouring Police Court. Advertiser would
take in exchange a dozen of any well-known Antidote, Ton of
best Sticking Plaster, or Three Months' Medical Attendance.
No objection to small Permanent Annuity.—Direct to TRUSTING
TOMMY, Hospital for Incurables.

WANTED, in exchange for a handsomely finished set of
Early English Ninepins (genuine Lowther Arcade, with
box and balls complete), a 250-ton double-screw Steam Yacht,
with Crew, Captain, full stranded Band, and Provisions for Three
Months, all in perfect condition. No Agents.—Enclose three
stamps as guarantee, to LITTLE BOGS, P.O., Brixton Rise.

RARE OPPORTUNITY. —Powerfully built, useful,
elegant-actioned black and bay Cob for Sale. Could be
used in omnibus or entered for next Derby. Took part in the
original Charge of the Light Brigade. Long experience since
in first-class hearse business. Removable tail. Is circus-trained,
and waltzes in harness when required. Finds its own shoes,
and can run dark; and thoroughly understands being "got at."
Would be exchanged for a decent quantity of Petroleum.
N.B.—Invaluable to Restaurant in improving neighbourhood.—
Address, Honos, Jockeying Club, Screw Market.

GREAT BARGAIN.—Piano by CRAMMER & Co. Fine
upright instrument, merely a little overstrung. Wants
change of air. Having a double *cheque* action, offers grand
chance to young Composer without capital. Keyboard missing,
but can be played with equal effect as a harp. Might be made
useful by an enterprising Electric Telegraph or Hair-Brushing
Company. Only parted with by owner on his receiving a
sentence of five-and-twenty years' penal servitude. Lowest
price, £80, of which £79 15s. could stand over indefinitely, at
sixteen per cent. Glad to hear from Chapel of a Lunatic
Asylum.—JEMMY, Musical Department, Portland Roads.

THE INFANCY OF MUSIC.

(Ode and Paid to the Pipes Professor.)

WHEN Music, Heavenly Maid, was young,
With nerves that were not finely strung,
She made a fearful bag of tricks,
Like awful haggis stuck on sticks,
The sticks she pierced with piping holes,
And blew like bellows blowing coals,
The sound produced (we don't abuse her),
Was worse than Romish *Corna Musa*.
Such pipes though framed the Scotch to please,
Are not the savage pipes of peace.

SUDDEN TRANSFORMATION.

ALDERMAN ELLIS, since he became Lord Mayor
Elect, is quite another man, in fact, he's "Somebody
ELLIS."



THINGS ONE WOULD RATHER HAVE LEFT UNSAID.

Jones. "I WILL!"

TALES BY A STOUT TRAVELLER.—No. 2.

A WAIT AT WILMINGTON.

"PHEW!" I exclaimed, as, overcome by excessive heat, and somewhat tired, I lounged in the verandah of an hotel down South.

"What the blank do you mean by 'pew!'" exclaimed my next neighbour, seated about six yards from me, and whom, up to that moment, I had imagined to have been asleep.

I made no reply to his query, not feeling inclined for conversation. I was weary, having been travelling all night.

After a few moments' silence, my companion raised himself from the crouching position he had hitherto occupied in a rocking-chair, and, having indulged in a stretch and a yawn, he turned himself towards me, and again demanded "what the blank I meant by 'pew!'"

"Blank" is not the expression he used: *cela va sans dire*. I replied, "I merely meant that it is very hot." I spoke in a bland and conciliatory half-sleepy tone. "Hot!" he added. "That's so. It's as hot as —" Well, you see what sort of man he was, and can imagine his smile.

I have stated that I had adopted towards my interrogator a bland and conciliatory tone, and I had my reasons for doing so, as, during the time he occupied in rousing himself, I had ample opportunity to discover that he was not only what is politely termed in America *inebriate*, but of most repulsive, savage appearance.

He was short, crooked, and had a clump foot, which he evidently was anxious to conceal, for he sat with it doubled under him; one arm was withered, and he had the ugliest one-eyed face I ever beheld, to which one bushy eyebrow, placed, by a law of compensation, over his sightless orb, gave an expression bordering on Satanic; in fact, his whole appearance savoured, as did his language, closely of the diabolical. I shuddered as I contemplated him, and started when, after a pause, he signalled me to draw my chair more closely to his.

I can't say whether I was fascinated or afraid. I think it was the latter feeling that influenced me as I obeyed his monition. He then said, inquiringly, "Stranger?"

I assented.

"Britisher?" he continued.

"Yes," I replied, more boldly, as the *Civis Romanus* feeling came over me.

"Ah! thought as much," he replied, in the moody tone of a savage despot divided in his mind as to whether he would kill a captive at once, or torture him slowly to death. "Well," he continued, "you can't help that; but look it here, I hate you all!" and he glared at me with his eyebrow.

I think I was going to offer him an apology for the accident of my birth, when he continued, "I like the look of you though, and I'll give you a drink."

I smiled feebly as he drew from his pocket a small bottle, which he handed to me, but withdrew at once, evidently from a sense of politeness, and thinking that he ought to inspire confidence by drinking first. With this view he raised the bottle to his lips, and drained it.

"Run out!" he observed, as he replaced the bottle in his coat-pocket, an action which enabled me to see that he had a revolver in the pocket made, according to the custom of the country, to carry that weapon at the back of his pants.

Thereupon I rose from my chair and muttered some fictitious allusion about breakfast, of which meal, or the apology for it, I had already partaken.

"Breakfast be eternally lost!" he exclaimed, only he put it more tersely. "You have had it, I saw you at it when I came in;" and as he spoke he laid his hand on my arm and forced me down into my chair again with the force and grip of a gorilla.

What was to be done? I could not grapple with him, for he was as powerful in person as in language; and besides he carried a formidable bludgeon; I could not fly, he had a revolver in his pants, the contents of which I felt certain he would discharge at me if I attempted a retreat however speedy. Yet for all this he was only a small, elderly cripple, against whom it would have been ignominious to call for aid; besides, I had no charge to bring against him, except that his looks frightened me, which would have been a degrading admission. Moreover, I felt convinced that on my slightest attempt to raise an alarm, the revolver would have done its fatal work long before assistance could have reached me. So I resolved to remain passive, and was subsequently convinced of the wisdom of this decision. At one time I had an idea of appealing to the passers-by, who were frequent and numerous. They all went on their way, however, with hurried step and averted gaze, in spite of the vociferous attempts on the part of my new acquaintance to attract their attention. In vain he called to one most disreputable-looking person, "Look it here, SAM, I'm out, that's a fact!" and to another, "STILAS! you derved old beat, I'll stand a drink," and so on, shouting to one, whistling to another, all in vain, till after a few more ineffectual attempts of this kind, he turned on me with an air of savage satisfaction, as much as to say, "I've got you, anyhow," and then said, "Have you remarked how them cusses, all my intimate friends, have passed by without noticing me?"

I said "Have they?" as though I had not noticed their behaviour.

"Have they!" he replied, as he took out his revolver, and eyed it. "Have they!" he continued. "What do you mean by 'Have they?' Of course they have!"

I was framing a reply suitable to the occasion when, replacing his revolver, he said, "That's so; but never mind, I like you, and we'll have a drink." With these words, he proceeded to draw another bottle from another pocket. I felt relieved, for a glance at it satisfied me that it did not contain drink. It was of the size and form of those green glass bottles in which capers or hot pickles are usually enclosed. I could see, moreover, that it contained some black objects.

As my friend gazed at it, he laughed in a low, chuckling tone, and was about to replace it in his pocket when, as though by a sudden inspiration, he thrust the bottle into my hand, and said, "Keep 'em—they're precious."

"Certainly, if you wish it," I said, innocently. "You are very kind. But what are they?—Pickles?"

"Pickles!" he exclaimed; and his eyebrow went up and down as though worked mechanically. "Pickles be derved! No—snakes—vipers! Ah! and deadly ones, too. No man ever survived ten minutes after a bite



A BULL-FIGHT.

from one of them critters. I've tried 'em on one or two. They're precious hard to take alive. They're yours—take 'em. I wouldn't give 'em to every one. I like the looks of you."

I said, "Oh, if they're so precious, I will not deprive you—"

He interrupted me violently, "Keep 'em; not in your hind pocket—they might get out. Carry them in your vest, and then you can keep your eye on them. But take 'em you shall."

Trembling, I made an attempt to grasp the bottle.

(To be continued.)

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM thinks the greatest luxury at dinner is, when they're in season, to have a dish of Plumber's Eggs. "They must be expensive," she adds, in a letter to her Niece; "because, when I mentioned my taste to Mr. WAGSTAFFE, he informed me these Plumber's Eggs came from a long way off, being generally found among the Glaziers of the Swiss Mountains, being laid by the sea-birds (a sort of duck) that stay at home with their *Mère de Glass*."

THE HERRING HARVEST.

"About 100 boats entered Whitby Harbour the other day with catches of herrings ranging from 5000 to 40,000 per boat. The total quantity was enormous, and special trains had to be put on to get it away."—*Standard*.

Oh, merry is the herring that swims within the sea,
And gallant is the Whitby lad that brings the fish to me;
He sails from off a stormy coast where ancient legends say
The sea-birds dip their wings above Saint Hilda's shrine each day;
He battles with the fierce north wind, and with the restless foam,
And dares a thousand dangers till he brings the herring home!

Oh, dainty is the herring that lies upon the dish,
When fresh, the gourmet owns it is a very welcome fish;
For herrings smoked a hungry man will surely thank his host,
And well the Garrick diners know the bloater's roe on toast.
A health then to the Yorkshiremen who sail from Whitby Pier,
And may their harvest of the sea be plentiful this year.

ON BOARD THE "AMARINTHA."

WE have hauled up our peak, we have squared our halliards, we have taken in taykel, we have hauled up the stay-sail. We fly along, we don't use the spinnaker, the hatches are battened down, the tiller is tied with a rope, and the man at the tiller holds on by another rope. HAILSHER, wrapped up in patent leggings, mackintosh, and with a sou' wester tied over his ears, is curled up on the taffrail examining the waves through his eyeglass. BOLBY, in an entirely fresh suit, consisting of a rough pilot coat, an oilskin hat, and a pair of seven-leagued boots reaching up over his knees, reminds me of the theatrical portrait of "Mr. So-and-So as Will Watch, the Bold Smuggler," only without the belt and pistols, though he might have easily stowed these away under his capacious pilot-jacket; while CULLINS, whose complexion at this moment has assumed the faint tint of a Spanish olive that has been some time out of bottle, might, on account of his limp and dejected appearance, be taken for a prisoner, whom the Bold Buccaneer, sailing under the burgee of the Death's-head and Cross-bones, is conveying to a secret cavern in some distant Pirate's Isle, with a view to a subsequent ransom being offered by the Composer's "friends at a distance," who under these circumstances would be "requested to take notice," and stump up. Were this really the case, I fancy the Buccaneer's speculation would be a bad one.

With every button of my Ulster doing its duty, my collar turned up, and my deerstalker pressed tightly down, I defy the elements, stand by a bulwark, and keep a firm grip on the rigging.

Here's a wave coming—up we go—down we go. Here's another bigger than the first—bang—and though we dodge, and though, without-daring to let go of my rope, I get as much as I possibly can of myself hidden for a second behind the bulwark, it bursts over us with the force of a small waterspout, and we are shaking ourselves like Newfoundland dogs after a bath, and laughing, to show what careless, hardy, daring, devil-may-care Rovers we all are—all except the Composer, who takes what he gets of his ducking with the utterly resigned air of a man who has given up all hope, and to whom I quote the Shakspearian line, "Let Hercules himself do what he may, The"—when he stops me with a sad reproachful look, which lasts but the space of a flash of summer lightning, and then his eyes resume the fixed, vacant stare of one of Madame Tussaud's life-like effigies in wax, to which, on the whole, in colour and rigidity of position, he bears a striking resemblance.

Waves come at us from every direction. There are a lot of waves going, as it were, the wrong way; these, coming into sharp collision with others going the right way, jump up, flood the deck, wet the Composer's shoes—he has twice tried to tuck his feet in under the chair, but the water "made for them" with malice aforethought, running in at them each time as a cat might after a mouse, and so he has given up even this slight attempt at making himself comfortable),—and then rush out tumultuously at the open scuppers.

Personally, I am glad of the wind and wetting; it keeps me fresh—and well. I think I'm well. The excitement of this ocean steeple-chase—the ship being the sea-horse, and taking all its fences magnificently—prevents my experiencing any decided qualms, and I exclaim aloud, "Ah! this is indeed enjoyable!"

"Isn't it?" cries the Dean.

"Delightful!" says HAILSHER, politely nodding his approval of the sea's proceedings up to this point.

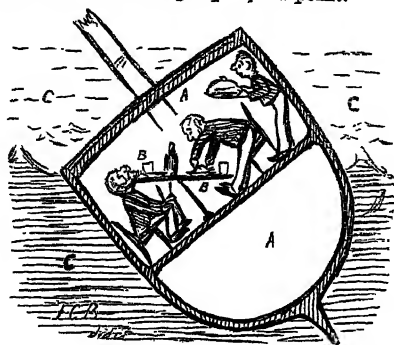


Diagram showing relative positions of Yacht, Table, and ourselves. (Yacht looks a little too like a tee-to-tum, but the intention is clear.) A.A. Yacht. B.B. Ourselves and swing-table. C.C.C. Evident.

dance? Will not the cabin be stuffy? It has been shut up all the morning; and won't everything be see-sawing.

"I shan't come down," the Composer says, shortly and decisively, in answer to the Dean's hearty invitation.

"Shall I send you a sandwich and a glass of brandy-and-water on deck?" asks HAILSHER, very cautiously descending the Companion,

and guarding his head as if expecting some practical joke from an exuberant wave. The Composer nods assent.

I am hungry, and a yacht's cabin is not like a steamboat's saloon. I will risk it; and, after a cheerful nod to CULLINS, intended in a charitable spirit to impress him with the notion of how very well I am, I watch my opportunity, make a fairly good shot for the opening, and descend backwards. My sea-conscience says, "Are you doing the right thing?" I have my doubts. I fall against two wrong doors, and then reel into the cabin.

The Steward is there, all sideways, with a tray, apparently making a violent but vain effort to walk up a hill; the Dean is there, slanting in a totally different direction; HAILSHER is standing up at what was a sober, sensible table, but which is now only an intoxicated eccentricity, sloping downwards, and doing its best to shake everything off on to the cabin floor.

The piano is going up in the air, the chairs are dancing—I don't know which way to go—I grasp at nothing in the air like an after-dinner *Macbeth* seeing several daggers—and, worst of all, there's the whole scene before me repeated in the looking-glass, where the muddle seems to be made twenty times worse. Oh, dear! now there are two HAILSHERS struggling with ham, and two Stewards going up hills with brandies and sodas on trays, and two Deans rolling about with loaves of bread, and an awful figure, with staring eyes, yellow face, and rough hair, bearing a strong family likeness to myself, but startlingly suggestive of what my appearance might be after a few years of life as a bushranger,—and before I have recovered from the shock which the mirror's reflection of myself has given me, someone or something—I fancy at the moment it's a chair—hands me a plateful of ham and some bread, when, all at once, I am seized



In a Gale.—Tacking for Mustard.

with an uncontrollable yearning for mustard, and I say, "I'll come for it," meaning the mustard-pot,—when, in making one step to the right towards the table, I find myself shot off by some invisible force in exactly the opposite direction, where I arrive, in an attitude of supplication, clutching the edge of the sofa with one hand and saving my plate with the other. Then I pause for breathing time, and all I notice is that the Steward is still vainly toiling up hill with the same brandy and soda on a tray, which he is vainly trying to deliver to HAILSHER, who seems as far off as ever.

I get on to my knees, and collect my food. I am still determined as to mustard. The Dean's voice—I only see a shadowy form of him, with an uncertain outline, in the glass—says, "Here it is!" and on all fours I make for the direction whence the voice proceeded, leaving my plate on the floor. Somehow, HAILSHER hands me the mustard—that is, I am suddenly thrown forward with a lurch to receive it, and find myself on a level with HAILSHER's hand in which is the mustard-pot. The Steward is slanting backwards on his heels, engaged, apparently, in a frantic struggle with a cupboard. A minute more of this topsy-turvydom, and it will be all over with me. *Happy Thought*.—Champagne! One glass!

The Dean, who seems to be rolling about the place, gives me the champagne,—I think it's the Dean who does this, though the Steward's legs are mixed up with it somehow,—but anyhow I know it isn't HAILSHER, as he appears to be "setting," as they say in quadrilles, to the ham, and he and his *vis-à-vis* are doing an eccentric dance from side to side. I just see this, as I drink off my champagne, which I take kneeling, as though I were a Jacobite pledging "the king over the water," and then feeling that one second more below will settle, or rather unsettle me effectually, I make a wild dash for where I think the door is, bump up against the side, jerk to the right, stagger to the left, fall sideways into a recess where the water-proofs ought to be, stagger out of this, go head foremost against a side cabin-door which doesn't yield to pressure (thank goodness!) then fall back on the second step of the companion,—seize the companion-rail, dash up the stairs—bang my head against the cover which has been shut down, ejaculate forcibly, struggle to remove

it, crawl out on deck, stagger upon my legs once more, gasp, regain my position, and my firm grip on the rope of safety!

How do I feel? How am I? I *think* I'm all right. I question whether taking just that extra inch of ham was quite judicious, but the champagne, coupled with my determination to come on deck, saved me. Another five minutes! No more qualms—a magnificent wave is coming full at us! I will not duck my head! Prepare to receive wave! Shoulder arms! Present! *Water!! Bang!!!*... Delicious! Delightful! I am a giant refreshed with salt water! And—which is everything to me—I am warm and comfortable, an effect that I feel is entirely due to that one glass of Pommery! If challenged to make another rhyme, I would sing the praises of that "glorious vintage of champagne," as a certain remedy for *mal de mer*. I will tell this to the Composer. It will do him good. Where is he? There is the vacant chair. Has he—while we've been carousing below—has he been washed overboard at last? The man at the helm will know. He says that the Gentleman didn't feel quite right—he has gone below.

So the day wears on. Rougher and rougher—and always more or less within sight of Ailsa Craig, covered with seabirds, like white pocket-handkerchiefs spread out to dry.

Arran in view. Comparatively still water. I descend to see after CULLINS. I find him behind the cabin-door. Better in colour and general tone: but inclined to take a despondent view of the future.

He freshens up: and when we are once more anchored stem and stern in Lamash Bay, he is as ready for dinner as the rest of us.

We notice that he is more amenable, and less grumpy. He is almost cheerful, and very nearly polite, if not absolutely considerate.

He does not feel up to music, so we sit silently enjoying the calm beauties of a moonlight night in Lamash Bay, and then turn in. All tired.

"I say," observes my "stable companion," as he sits by the side of his berth, *en déshabillé*, rubbing his knees thoughtfully, "I say——" I am all attention.

"You're going away after a week of it, ain't you?"

I sincerely regret to say I am. In fact I must.

"I shall go with you," he says.

I point out to him that this course will be most rash; that he is throwing away six weeks of pleasure because he has had one day's bad experience: I assure him that he will get more and more accustomed to it as he goes on: I remind him that NELSON was always ill,— "at starting" I add emphatically, foreseeing his objection to the eminent example as a case in point of *not* having got over it: and I finish with, heartily, "You stick to the ship, and you won't be ill again!"

"Ah!" he exclaims, with a dissatisfied air, "I don't so much mind being ill; but——" and here, in his classic costume, he climbs into his berth, and shivers.

"You don't mind being ill!" I repeat, astonished. "But—*what*?"

"Well, I don't mind so much being ill,"—he returns, in a tone of most intense annoyance,— "but *everything's* so damp!"

I have no answer to this. Our conversation ends. He is right; there is a good deal of dampness about, specially in the berths. The things have a way of clinging affectionately to you, and you do feel strongly inclined to find fault with somebody for their not having been thoroughly aired. But I say to him, "Isn't it often the same at the sea-side?"

"Not exactly the same," the Composer replies, discontentedly, as he turns his face to the wall, and in a few minutes we are both sweetly asleep in the utter calm of Lamash Bay.

LEEDS AND LEADS.

(Cross Questions Concerning the Coming Speech.)

BY AN EXPECTANT LIBERAL.

WHAT will he say? Will he smash the Fair Traders?

Denounce, and suggest how to stop, the dark deeds

Of Parliament's mad and malicious degraders?

Who knows? To repulse Opposition invaders,

We wait for the lead of our Leader at Leeds.

BY A WATCHFUL TORY.

What will he play? Oh, we know he can stump it,

But at quiet rubbers he seldom succeeds.

He's a voluble Fox,—and no match for a dumb PETT.

Whatever his card, we must manage to trump it,

But wait to find out what he leads with at Leeds.

Fire-Water.

GODALMING has achieved a triumph. Its fireworks are water-works, and the little town is electrically lighted by water-power. "How do you do it?" inquired a simple stranger. The Godalminger took him down to the water's edge and fully answered the question by saying, as he pointed to the river, "That is the Wey."

ROBERT AT THE SEA-SIDE.

I've bin spending my long Vacation of a fortnite at Northgate.

Northgate's a nice quiet place, Northgate is, tho' it quite fails in most things that constitoots real enjoyment at the sea-side, such as Bands and Niggers and Minsterels and all that.

It's a grand place for weather, for it generally blows hard at Northgate, and wen it doesn't blow hard it rains hard, which makes a nice change, and a change is wot we all goes to the sea-side for.

It seems a werry favrite place for inwaleeds, for the place is full on 'em, Bath cheers is in great demand and all the seats on the Prade is allus occyepied by 'em.

Dr. SCRATCHEM too sends most of his favrite cases there, and you can't walk on the Peer without facing lots on 'em.

BROWN says the place makes him as sollem as a Common Cryer, and he hasn't had a good hearty larf since he came here, but then BROWN isn't quite satisfied with his Lodgings, and has acshally recommended his Land Lady to turn her house into the Norfolk Howard Hotel, *Unlimited*, so perhaps she may account for his want of spirits. Northgate's rather a rum place as regards the tide. Wen it's eye it comes all over the place and makes such a jolly mess, and wen it's low it runs right out to sea and you can't see it. BROWN tried to persuade me as how as one werry eye tide was a spring tide, but as it was in September I wasn't so green as to believe that rubbish.

It seems quite a pet place for Artists, I mean Sculptchers, at least I s'pose they must be Sculptchers, and that they brings their Moddels with 'em, for the Bathing Machines is stuck close to the Peer, so dreckly after breakfast the Moddels goes and bathes in the Sea, and the Sculptchers goes on the Peer, and there's nothink to divert their attention from their interesting studdys, and many on 'em passes ours there quietly meditating among the Bathing Machines.

BROWN says, in his sarcastic way, it's the poor Sculptchers as comes here, who can't afford to pay for their Moddels, so they comes here and gets 'em free gratis for nothink.

There's sum werry nice walks in the nayberhood but I never walks 'em, for it seems to me that the grate joke of every Buysider and Trysicer, and the place swarms with 'em, is to cum quietly behind you and see how close he can go by you without nocking you down. I'm sure the jumps and the starts and the frites as I had the first day or too, kep my Art in my mouth till I thort it would have choked me.

How Ladys, reel Ladys too, can expose theirselves on such things I can't make out. I herd a young Swell say that wot with them and what with the Bathing Moddels it was as good as a Burlesk!

We've got werry cumferrabel Lodgings, we have, just opposite the Gas Works and near a Brick Field. When the wind is South or West we smells the bricks and when its East we smells the Gas, but when its doo North we don't smell nuffen excep just a trifle from the Dranes, and so long as we keeps quite at the end of the werry long Peer we don't smell nuffen at all excep the sea weed.

Our Landlord's a werry respeckabel man and the Stoker on our little Railway, and so werry fond of nussing our little children that they are allus as black as young Sweeps. Their gratest treat is to go with him to the Stashun and stand on the ingin when they are shuntin, so preshus little they gits of the sea breezes.

We've had a fust rate Company staying here. I've seen no less than 2 Aldermen and 1 Warden of a City Compny, but they didn't stay long. I don't think the living was good enuff for 'em. It must be a werry trying change, from every luxury that isn't in season, to meer beef and mutton and shrimps! and those rayther course.

I think our Boatmen is about the laziest set of fellows as ever I seed. So far from begging on you to have a soft Roe with the Tide, or a hard Roe against it, they makes all sorts of egscwees for not taking you, says they're just a going to dinner, or they thinks the wind's a gitting up, or there ain't enuff water!

Not enuff water in the Sea to flote a Bote! wen any one could see as there was thousands of galluns there.

I saw some on 'em this mornin bringin in sum fish, and asked the price of a pair of Souls, but they axshally said they didn't dare sell one, for every man Jack of 'em must be sent to Billingsgate! but werry likely sum on 'em might be sent back again in the arternoon and then I could get some at the Fishmonger's!

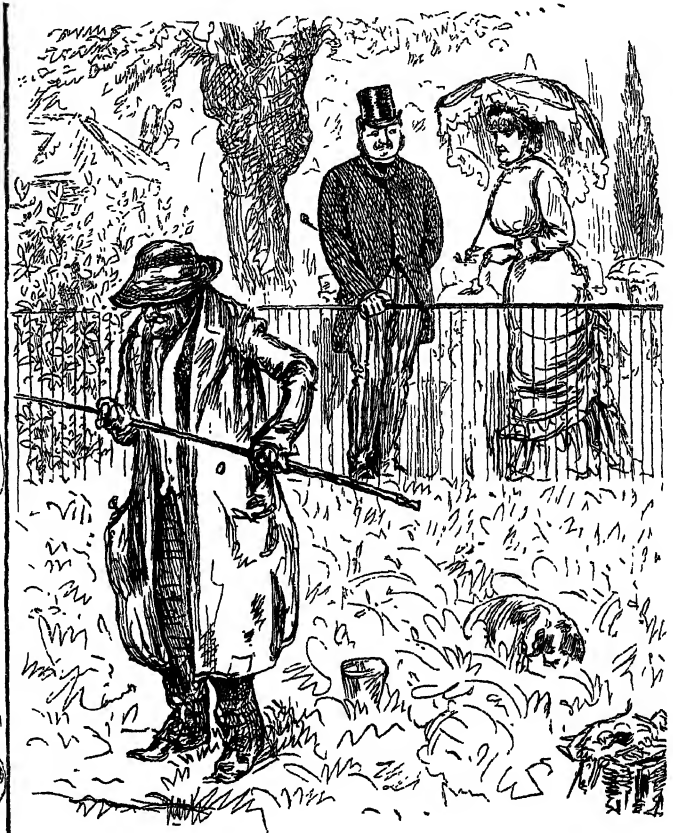
What a nice derangement!

There was the butiful fresh fish reddy for eating, there was me and my family reddy to eat 'em, but no, they must be packed in boxes and carried to the Station and then sent by Rale to London, and then sent by Wan to Billingsgate, and that takes I'm told ever so many hours, and then carried back to the London Stashun, and then sent by Rale to Northgate, and then carried from the Stashun to the Fishmonger's and then I'm allowed to buy 'em!

Well if that isn't a butiful business like arangement, my Lord Mare, I should like to know what is.

However, as I wunce herd a Deputy say, when things cums to their wust, things is sure to mend, and I don't think that things can be much wusser than that.

(Signed) ROBERT.



A ROMANCE IN TWO CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

THE FIRST TIME GEORGE AND MARY MET WAS AT MRS. DIXON'S GARDEN-PARTY, AT PUTNEY. AN OLD GENTLEMAN WAS FISHING. ALL SHE SAID WAS, "HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE CATCHING ANY FISH." GEORGE ONLY ANSWERED, "TRUE HAPPINESS LIES IN ANTICIPATION." SHE THOUGHT HE MUST HAVE AN ORIGINAL MIND, AND SECRETLY LOVED HIM.

CHAPTER II.

THEIR NEXT MEETING WAS AT THE SAME PLACE, UNDER THE SAME CIRCUMSTANCES. THE SAME OLD GENTLEMAN WAS FISHING. "HE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE CATCHING ANY FISH," SAID GEORGE. "TRUE HAPPINESS LIES IN ANTICIPATION," SAID MARY. "WHAT AN ORIGINAL MIND!" THOUGHT GEORGE, AND HE FELL IN LOVE WITH HER. [They are now Married!]

AN UNEQUAL MATCH.

Constable A 1 speaks up—

"Not a happy lot?" You've hit it,
Mister GILBERT, to a T.
Parties chaff the Force, and skit it,
Pictier it all Cooks and spree.
Pantermimes are most 'alf "Bobby,"
But in days of culchered crime,
Polished prigs, and burglars nobby,
Our life ain't no pantermime.

Burglars—not pertikler gentry—
'Ave the pull of us too much.
If you go and plant a sentry,
Wy, you rig the man as such.
Musket, side-arms,—very proper.
If so be there's mischief out,
On that same he'll put a stopper,
Sharp and sudden, there's no doubt.

You don't arm him with a candle,
Neither pop into his fist
Eighteen inches of mop-handle,
Theft and Murder to resist.
He's a soger—he is, bless 'im!
And you're careful, offly so,
'Ow you arm and 'ow you dress 'im,
Lest that he should come to wo.

But a "Bobby"—that, of course, is
Quite another pair of shoes;
All that's wanted for the Force is
Somethink good to numb and bruise.
So you arm him with a truncheon,
At close quarters no bad tool
Burglar's nob to land a punch on,
Or a rough's hot spite to cool.

Jemmy, knife, or knuckle-duster
Hand-to-hand I do not shirk;
Keep your head, and do not fluster,
And the truncheon does its work.
But the pistol is yer master,
'Tisn't always thieves will close,
And a bullet travels faster,
Than the nimblest Peeler's toes.

Don't seem a fair match, percieisly,
Staff agen six-shooter. No!
Says the Public,—p'rhaps quite wisely,
Arming Bobbies is no go.
Very well then, Gents. A 1 is
Quite agreeable; but when we
Are made targets of, the fun is
Somethink as I don't quite see.

Smooth and clear the cracksman's task is,
Heaps of Colts in every shop,
And no questions! Wot I ask is
How his game you're goin' to stop?
'Taint for me to be a solver
Of law-posers, but if you,
Leave Flash JIM his smart revolver,
'Ow about us chaps in blue?

We've to tackle him, that's dooty—
Sometimes one 'gainst two or more—
Say we nabs him with his booty,
Out he whips his neat small-bore!
Down him? Yes, that Blue's but shirky
Who won't try for an arrest;
But a chap feels none too spiky,
With a bullet in his breast.

Beaks and big-wigs, 'ere's the question!
'Tisn't for such chaps as us,
For to offer a suggestion,
We don't want to raise no fuss.
Bar his Colt, there's nought alarming,
To a man, in Burglar JIM,
But if us you can't be arming,
'Ow about dis-arming him?

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM says her Nephew JOHN is quite a tooteetallor now, and drinks nothing but "overrated waters."

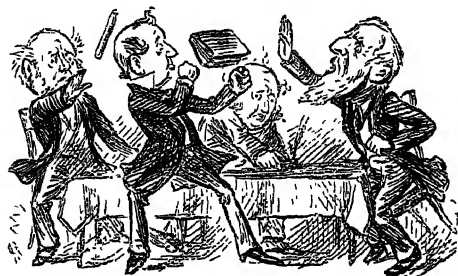
A GREEN spot in Westminster Abbey is wherever you see a Country Cousin with a little Verger.



AN UNEQUAL MATCH.

THE REVISED EDUCATION CODE.

Re-revised by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



1.—A Certificated Teacher will have an opportunity of defending himself, with respect to conduct complained of.



2.—Stipendiary Monitors will no longer be recognised (presumably after the "opportunity" referred to in No. 1).



3.—Arrangements will be made for the provision of an efficient teaching Staff.

4.—The three R's will form the basis of instruction.

A DIP INTO ASIA.

AFTER driving about forty miles across the Steppes, you come to the place where the Mazeppa family have settled down as buyers, sellers, and breeders of horses. The settlement, in fine language, might be called an *oasis*. A bungalow residence, well furnished with Russian luxuries; a farm-yard suggestive of Noah's Ark; a river for boating; a cook who understands sauces; a well-arranged stable containing noble specimens of the best English, Russian, and Turcoman horses; a farm of many acres, three or four hundred Tartar and Russian servants; a drove of a thousand wild horses; and about a hundred thousand acres of rich pasture land, constitute the oasis. Everything is charming except the cabbage-pie at luncheon. In Russia it is advisable to draw the line at cabbage-pie. Like history, it repeats itself. The bedrooms are as full of flies as the inside of a sugar-cask. Russian servants of the confidential class will amuse the ignorant traveller. While waiting at table they laugh loudly at every joke, and behave like a mixture of Figaro and Pierrot.

About ten miles in the Asiatic Steppe beyond the Mazeppa oasis, is the settlement of a rich Khirghese chieftain, perhaps one of the largest horse-dealers in this very horsey country. His tents lie at the foot of some slopes or hills that are rather suggestive of Dorsetshire. He has his own mosque on the estate, his own priest, and two imitation Russian houses, which he has had built from his own design. Between them is an elaborate Russian gateway, which leads to nowhere. He is a "travelled man," and has been to Khiva, Bokhara, Afghanistan, Constantinople, and Mecca. He advances to receive you at the head of his household, accompanied by his priest, who is a rather artful-looking Tartar. He is a fat, jolly little man, and, like most of the Khirghese, has a Chinese type of face. He conducts you to one of the houses. You enter a room which has very little furniture beyond quotations from the Koran over the door, and Turcoman carpets on the floor. You seat yourself on the carpet in the centre of the room, your host sits in front of you, as if he were kneeling, and you are served with almonds, dried raisins, and dates from Bokhara, and tea which has been brought overland from China. After this you are escorted into the grounds, where several hundred Khirghese retainers are waiting to look at you. To amuse these cheerful Nomads you mount and ride a camel, and feel as if you were sitting astride on a moving hay-stack. In return, to amuse you, a drove of six or seven hundred wild horses, out of your host's many thousands, are driven over the slopes by Tartar shepherds, who ride like the Arabs of the Desert. They carry long lassos in their hands, tied to sticks, like fishing-rods or lances. The hawks and eagles fly over your head, and the ground is strewn with the bones of dead wolves and horses. Dogs, that are only one remove from wolves, prowl over this Golgotha, and feed on what they can find, undisturbed by the stampede around them. A wild horse is selected from the drove, and, after an

exciting chase, is caught in the lasso. A bit is slipped into his mouth, and a Khirghese rough-rider springs on his bare back. The horse kicks, fights, bites, and throws himself on the ground, but the rider is equal to the occasion. He falls astride the horse, and rises when he rises. A few more struggles, and the half-mastered animal gallops for a mile up the Steppe, and is ridden down again in a few minutes, as much "broken in" as a Khirghese requires.

This novel spectacle over, the shepherds drive their horses away into space, and as a great favour you are allowed to visit one of your host's wives in one of the beehive-looking tents. These tents are built of reeds and felt, and are warm in winter and cool in summer. All the property of the tent, is arranged in boxes round the side of the tent, and the floor is covered with carpets. A little polite conversation through an interpreter with the lady of the tent, is all that is required, and after this you are conducted back to one of the houses to dinner. A feast of retainers is being held on the ground outside the houses, on the edge of the Golgotha. The food they are gnawing looks strange, and is strange. They are hippophagi. A Tartar child is struggling with a bony fragment of a horse nearly as large as itself. With an appetite rather diminished, you enter the house, and sit again on the Bokharan carpet. A brass dish is brought in, on which is a long stringy piece of baked horse, and a large greasy yellow sausage, also horse. Fingers were made before forks, and your host tears the meat with his hands, and places pieces on your brass platter. You explain that you are not very well, and a lump of cold mutton is handed to you to comfort you. Bowls of a thin greyish blue fluid are then brought in, which looks like milk and water, and tastes like sour butter-milk. This is *Koumiss*, or fermented mares' milk, the drink of the Tartars for ages. If only half that is said of this mysterious fluid is true, it is worth even going through a feast of horseflesh to taste it. If Europe can only be brought to *Koumiss*, or *Koumiss* to Europe, consumption will only exist as a dreaded name of the past, and thousands of poor children pining in Foundling hospitals, or the hands of hired nurses, will no longer miss the fostering care of mothers. In the name of the Prophet, *Koumiss*!

THE NANTWICH POLICE CELIBATES.

VERY difficult to get good Cooks and Housemaids at Nantwich, where the Constabulary are forbidden to marry. *A propos* of these hard lines and no marriage-lines, our Police Poet sings:—

"Says MARY HANNE, 'You'll marry me?'
Says Pleas'man X, 'I can't! Which
Ain't, I hadmitt, what ought to be,
But so it is at Nantwich.'

"'If,' cries poor HANNE to Pleas'man X,
'The nupshal noose you can't twitch,
Don't you come paying your respecx
To any girl at Nantwich.'"

Lessons in Vacation.

MR. GLADSTONE, who occasionally obliges the Heward congregation by reading the Lessons on Sunday, will now find a formidable rival in Sir STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, who came out in this line last Sunday week at Dodbrooke Church. Why doesn't Sir STAFFORD follow the sporting Rector's example, who boasted that he could give his Curate up to the Second Lesson, and then win in a canter, by backing himself against the PREMIER for so much a side—the winner to hand over the stakes to the offertory? Or if he would do a real service, why doesn't Sir STAFFORD "read a lesson" to young RANDOLPH, the eccentric JEMMY LOWTHER, and a few more of his troublesome boys? They want it.

"THE City Livery Companies Commission" has just been conducting its inquiries and receiving reports. It is a most necessary Commission, its object being, of course, strictly medical; as, after so many big dinners during nine months of the year, the members of the big City Companies must be the most "Livery" people in London.

DARK DEEDS IN CHESTERFIELD.

THE town of Chesterfield, famous for the steeple that looks crooked, and seems as if it had been meant for an ecclesiastical corkscrew, is in a parlous state. The Corporation has quarrelled with the Gas Company, because the latter raised its prices, and refused to pay them, whereupon the Company has taken away the street-lamps, and the town is in a state of Cimmerian darkness. No friendly gas-light illumines the pathway of the wayfarer who has to grope along as best he can, vehicles and human beings come into collision with each other, and accidents are, we are told, of frequent occurrence. We should imagine, too, that unless the population of Chesterfield is exceptionally virtuous, that the pickpocket and the burglar are having what the Americans call a "high old time" of it, and indeed the British criminal would be unworthy of his antecedents if he did not make the most of such a glorious opportunity. The inhabitants have protested, but in vain, neither party will give way, and this state of things has existed for weeks. There is a talk of petroleum lamps and of the electric light, and assuredly both are wanted, either to bring the Gas Company to reason or to illumine with a glimmer of common sense the minds of the Conscript Fathers of Chesterfield.

KEEP WITHOUT COST.—
Maintaining a Paradox.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 52.



W. H. RUSSELL, ESQ., L.L.D.

OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT—THE MAN FOR THE TIMES.

A WORD FOR SIR WALTER.

Oh, great Sir WALTER, what
a fate is thine,
An Editor in these strange
days to need;
When did thy ceaseless hand
e'er pen a line
That e'en the merest children
might not read?

'Tis true thou'rt full of anti-
quarian lore,
A busy world it seems would
now pass by:
But who that read thee did not
love thee more,
For all those scraps of old-
world history?

The quaint heraldic science in
thy page
Must now be rudely ban-
ished, it appears;
In truth the cognisance of any
age
Demanding that, should be
an Ass's ears!

No, let her wield the pen, as
well she can,
Write her sensation tales,
but touch thee not,
Mighty romancer, poet, gen-
tleman!
Hands off! Miss BRADDON,
please, from WALTER
SCOTT!

AN HONEST COTTON CORNER
was seen last week at the
Agricultural Hall, in the
corner that Alderman COTTON
got into when, as a Conserva-
tive, he presumed to stand up
for Free Trade, and ventured
to leather the Leatherers. But,
though the thread of his dis-
course was interrupted several
times by dissentients, COTTON
was really right.

HOW TO IMPROVE LONDON.—No. 2.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.

"THE finest site in Europe." Why, cert'nly. But it can be made the finest sight too! At present it is disfigured by ridiculous little fountains, absurd statues, and inharmonious surroundings. It is true that a certain quaint flavour might be given to the effigies by carrying out the original intentions of the sculptors.



For instance, GEORGE THE FOURTH is evidently waiting, on a bathing-machine horse, to take up the useful conveyance ingenious to Margate Sands. Very well, supply the bathing-machine.

Again, GEORGE THE THIRD, at the bottom of the Haymarket, is mounted on a rocking-horse, from which the rocker has been removed. Be just to the Lowther Arcade, and return the rocker! And so on. But all things considered, perhaps, it would be best to make a clean sweep of the statues altogether; it would clear the road for improvement, and the effigies might be usefully placed elsewhere.

For instance, why not plant Nelson's Column in the bed of the river between Waterloo and Charing Cross Bridges? The stone-work might be marked to show the level of the tide, and the arrangement would have the advantage—that one would be able at last to see



the face of the hero—from the decks of the penny steamers. NAPIER and HAVELOCK might be carted off to join the poor Duke of KENT at the top of Portland Place, who is in such a lonely, desolate position that he would be sure to be only too glad of their company. The Lions would make quite a nice little family party with the Sphinxes at the base of Cleopatra's Needle; and CHARLES THE FIRST of course ought to appear at the South Kensington Museum. It is a mystery that Sir HENRY COLE and his successor should have overlooked him for so long a time.

Having obtained breathing-space, one can look around. We turn to the North, and the ridiculous National Gallery confronts us. Pull it down instantly; nay more, pull down everything in rear of it for a quarter of a mile. This is absolutely necessary, as, if this were not done, we should not have room for the British Museum, which should be taken from Bloomsbury at once, and substituted in its place. Looking South, the Charing Cross Station and Hotel challenge criticism. Both must be removed. The terminus can be placed on the other side of the river. If it causes inconvenience to the few, it must be remembered that it is for the Aesthetic benefit of the many. As for the hotel, that can go anywhere—say Battersea Park or Walworth. A new theatre, too, is being built next to the station. Of course its erection must be stopped. As it is not completed, however, this is a mere matter of detail.

The Square, by these improvements, will already have changed its appearance for the better. But as it is the finest site in Europe, to be worthy of its reputation, we should be able to see nearly every object of interest in the neighbourhood. Fortunately, by a little alteration, this desirable end can be easily attained. For instance, where is St. Paul's Cathedral? Why, due East. We ought to have a road to it. We stand in the centre of the Square. Remove MORLEY's, the north side of the Strand and its theatres, the Law



A DILEMMA.

Station-Master. "NOW THEN! LOOK ALIVE WITH THEY DOUGS! WHERE ARE YOU——"

Over-driven Porter. "HOOTS! THEY 'VE A' EATEN THEIR TUCK'TS, AN' DINNA KEN FA THE 'RE GAEN TAE!"

Courts, the Temple Bar Memorial, the necessary portion of Fleet Street and the interposing churches, the railway bridge at the commencement of Ludgate Hill, and there you are! All that has to be done is to clear away the rubbish and to plant trees on either side of the new boulevard. The people ejected by the construction of this broad and handsome thoroughfare, when they have once got over their irritation at being turned out, and have rebuilt their houses, will be charmed with the alteration. And if they are not, their friends will be sure to smile at their ill-humour. So, taking one thing with another, ample compensation will be given for disturbance.

Again, where are the Houses of Parliament? Why, somewhere over there to the West. Yes, but they are indistinctly seen. The road requires clearing. Nothing easier. Take Whitehall, the Horse Guards, the Admiralty, and the other Government offices somewhere else. Let them occupy the Thames Embankment or Piccadilly. At any rate, get rid of them. Pull down Parliament Street, and the Glorious Palace appears in all its majesty before you! And this beautiful sight has been obtained by an alteration of the slightest character, and one that *must* have suggested itself to the mind of any one of ordinary intelligence and good feeling! Well may we regret that we have no English HAUSMANN to treat London as the French original treated Paris!

But surely we want a view of Hyde Park, with a good road to its entrance? Quite so. All that has to be done is to run a nice broad street through the Union Club, Her Majesty's Opera House, Waterloo Place, Piccadilly, and Mayfair up to the junction of Hamilton Place with Park Lane, or thereabouts. By taking this direction we avoid pulling down Apsley House, and, what is of far greater importance, escape seeing the Wellington Monument! In conjunction with this alteration, Pall Mall might be widened by taking down the north side, which (by sacrificing the Junior Carlton and the Rag) would allow one to see St. James's Square and lead nicely up to the Conservative Club, which, however, would have to come down, as it blocks up an appropriate entrance to a carriage-road that should be made to Buckingham Palace.

So far so good. And now, what ought to be erected, as a grand centre-piece, on the spot thus cleared from disfiguring obstruc-

tions? Well, there are various models which might be advantageously combined in one harmonious whole. For instance, the Albert Memorial has its merits, and portions of Westminster Abbey are not without architectural beauty. The Crystal Palace, too, is light, airy, and inexpensive. But, on second thoughts, why endanger the reputation of the site as a site? It is the finest site in Europe. Why not leave it the finest site—with nothing on it?

And with this practical and economical suggestion (for I am nothing if not practical and economical) I beg to inscribe myself, ever waiting at the gate of the Paradise London would become if I had my way,

THE PERI-PATETIC.

"PLAY UP! MUSIC!"

HERR HANS RICHTER is to conduct the Wagnerian Opera next year at Drury Lane. It ought to be good in Herr Hans—no, we mean in his hands.

Mr. CARTE says his theatre is *The Savoy*, not *The Savoley*. Aha! we must speak by the *Carte*, or we shall get into trouble. The little song for those to sing who have been there once will be, Mr. CARTE hopes, "*Again we come to thee, Savoy!*" *The Savoley* opens on Thursday, the 6th.



At the Opéra Comique GILBERT has "turned"—like the defunct JULIUS CÆSAR, according to *Hamlet*—"to Clay!" Will there be a BARKER-rôle in the revised Opera? In order to be even with his own *Patience*, the author should have re-christened *Princess Toto* "*Princess Two Two*." Here's success to you *in toto*.

Mr. SMIS, author of *Lights of London*, &c., has a new piece at the Vaudeville. This, however, has nothing to do with music, as it's only SMIS without the REEVES.

The Lyceum Italian Opera series has commenced under Mr. HAYE's direction. We wish him success, and believe the prospect is anything but Hazy.

THE BALLYTOOLIN PACK.

(From the next Irish Sporting Novel.)

THAT yelp came from Mavourneen, the Squire's favourite hound. "Be gorra!" says the Master, looking ruefully at the poor creature



as it rolls over with a death-quiver, "that's the nointeenth this blessed mornin'! Why, the boys must have been after givin' him the poison in magnums!" There was a melancholy "Yoicks!—Hooroooh!—Forward!" from the field, as if to hide its emotion, and then the Huntsman waved his arm.

In an instant the obedient pack are in the adjoining covert. The most mettlesome horses curvet, and then spring to the front. Then comes a shower of bullets from the nearer hedgerows, and half-a-dozen saddles are emptied in as many seconds.

"Shure, and it's thiek it is this mornin' annyhow," shouts Sir FELIX O'BADY, brushing a slug or two from his cheek, and taking the nearest brick wall at a bound. "But come along, Gentlemen," he adds, "the spalpeens shan't spoil the auld sport." As he speaks, a couple of shots go through his riddled hat; but he is carried well over the next field by his frenzied bay mare, who has received a couple in her flanks, and is careering away towards the cliffs, with his stirrups gone, in comparative safety.

The rest of the field are in less satisfactory plight. Another volley has reached the hounds. The scent, too, has been damaged by snuff and brimstone. The poor brutes look puzzled, and though trying to spread out and draw for their prey, fall together with a piteous whimper. The sport seems likely to collapse, and as the medical men on the spot are doing their best for horses, dogs, and riders, the fox sees his chance, and tries a double. But his craft has been discovered. There is a loud *Yoho!* from the policeman on duty in the neighbouring ditch. The three hounds, all that are now left of the pack, instantly give tongue, and break away as well as they can. The field follows. It is a glorious sight. All the finest mounts in the county more or less disabled, covered with mud, careworn, and attended by their solicitors, are huddled together in wild consternation, taking every fence amid a shower of lead, and alighting, sometimes on an opening chasm of exploding dynamite, sometimes on a well-arranged row of bayonets, while three Companies of H.M. Sixty-seventh tear on, sabres drawn and rifles loaded, in a whirl of protecting confusion around them.

"Bedad, Sorr," cries Sir FELIX, good humouredly to the Captain in command, "I shouldn't wonder now if the fox hadn't taken the trouble to provide himself wid a ticket from Misther PARNEEL." There is an answering shout of laughter from the band of the regiment, when a hoarse cry of "Forrard,—forrard!" tells every true sportsman on the field that something is up at the front. In another

moment the Squire comes limping back with an ugly cut over his left eyebrow. "All over!" he cries, holding up his hand and motioning the wounded to retire, while a heavy discharge of brickbats darkens the air, "The last three of the pack have joined the League! Divil a fox shall we git at this rate; so, come along, boys, we'll just thray what we can do now with the aid of the Arthilleree." At that moment an armed force of ruffians, hitherto unperceived, spring with a loud unearthly yell—

And so ends the first season's meet of the Ballytoolin Hounds.

BURGLARY.

(Extract from the "New Police Code," by Verges Wrongscent, Esq.)

BURGLARY.—A Burglar, to be a real legal Burglar and not an illegal bungler, must burgle between 9 P.M. and 6 A.M.

Example.—Should a Burglar's watch be fast, and so cause him to pay the resident Householder a visit at 8:50 instead of 9 P.M. sharp, then *you* (the Householder) may not treat him as a Burglar, but, being quite sure of the correctness of your own watch, must warn him off the premises, tell him that, if he does not quit, you will at once go and fetch a Policeman, thereby leaving the visitor alone in the house, a breach of politeness which would naturally annoy anyone, however peaceably disposed—Peace-ably as a Burglar in one sense probably would be—and lead to complications. You may threaten him with an action for trespass, unless he can satisfactorily explain his presence in your house. Now it may take him some time to give you a satisfactory explanation, and half an hour will have been passed agreeably enough—[See my work, "*Half Hours with the Best Burglars.*"]—until the strike of the clock will apprise you that the proper burgling time commenced just thirty minutes ago, and he has not yet got half-way through his interesting and amusing explanation. What are you to do? To draw out a revolver would not only be premature and, considering the friendly terms you are now on with him, absolutely inhospitable and uncivil, but would justify him in promptly defending himself and calling in assistance, in which case, should you be knocked on the head, gagged, blindfolded, bound hand and foot and left in your own armchair, you have really only yourself to blame.



First, then, you must be sure of the hour being the one legally fixed for burglary, and, if you have any doubts on the subject, you must ask the Burglar, and, if necessary, so as to be exact in every particular, *you must compare watches with him.*

Secondly, the question of time being settled, you must ascertain who he is, and the real nature of his business there, before attempting to fire at him. For who knows if behind that mask those gleaming eyes may not belong to your Uncle, or your Cousin, or your Grandfather, or your dearest friend, in which case your shooting him would be murder. Or, if he is a perfect stranger, how can you tell for certain, unless you give him a fair chance of explanation—and you are no Englishman if you are not all for fair play—that he is not returning from a masquerade and has mistaken the house; or how do you know that he is not the Chimney Sweep, who is wearing crape in this way as a sign of mourning for some near and dear relative lately deceased? In short, you must ask him (1) Who he is? (2) Where born? (3) Where at School? You may have been at Eton together perhaps. (4) What he wants? (5) Why he wants it? (6) Does he wish he may get it? And so forth. And if he satisfactorily answers your inquiries, and assures you, on his word of honour, that he is not a Burglar, you must simply pocket your pistol and accept his explanation, or risk being tried for manslaughter. On the whole, the Resident Householder's life will get along very well, if he only knows how to treat Burglars properly, and be ready to receive them with open arms between the hours of 9 P.M. and 6 A.M.

A Burglary can only be committed in a Dwelling House.—And a Dwelling House is not where somebody dwells, but where somebody regularly "*sleeps.*" Now, if the nervous Householder is constantly on the watch for Burglars, he can never sleep regularly in the house, and, therefore, though the house be entered forcibly with a crowbar and jemmy, a burglary will not have been committed. Ergo, the best way to prevent a burglary is to remain wide awake between the legally burglarious hours of 9 P.M. and 6 A.M.

THE LONDON FOG SEASON has fairly commenced by Michaelmas-Day. "Nice game the weather's playing," remarked the Astronomer-Royal, "but it's seasonable and appropriate." "What game?" asked his Assistant. "Why—at Michaelmas—don't you see—*Fogs and Goose,*" replied the Star-gazer, chuckling, and then left the Observatory, where he makes all his most star-telling observations.

HOW TO IMPROVE LONDON.—No. 3. KENSINGTON GARDENS.



THE ROUND POND AS IT SHOULD BE.

I AM happy to say that Kensington Gardens require few sacrifices. With the exception of the conversion of the old Palace to other uses, and the removal of the Albert Memorial, nothing in the shape of radical change is necessary. The aristocratic denizens of the Palace could be easily accommodated elsewhere. Surely, room might be found for them at Tilbury Fort or Greenwich Hospital. They might be permitted to take the fixtures (inclusive of the three sentry-boxes) with them. Once comfortably located opposite Gravesend and the Isle of Dogs, they might be permitted to end their days in peace, unless disturbed by new docks, or the Hospital was required for some other purpose. As for the Albert Memorial, little is needed. It happens to be out of the line of sight with the Albert Hall. To set this right, all that is requisite is to pull it down, and rebuild it about a dozen feet to the left of its present site. This little alteration can be carried out as simply as possible. Perhaps when it *was* down some alteration in its form and character might be deemed advisable. But this is a matter of after consideration.

And before doing anything, it is well to consider the objects of the Gardens. Well, they may be summed up—(1) to afford an open space to Londoners; (2) to serve as a recreation-ground for the rising generation; and (3) for the early rising generation. The first object is being rapidly attained. Until the last few years the Gardens were densely wooded. This was inconsistent with the idea of an open space. But nowadays, thanks to the vigorous efforts of the Office of Government Works, or some such bureau, the trees are speedily disappearing. Most of them have been cut down, and the remainder may be expected to go the way of all wood immediately the officials return from their autumn holiday. The thorough clearing of Kensington Gardens, so as to render them an "open space" in the widest sense of the word, is consequently within measurable distance. We have only then to think how the Park can be turned more completely into a recreation-ground for the three classes above-mentioned.

To commence with the Palace, which has been vacated by its former aristocratic tenants, who, it will be remembered, have accepted compensatory apartments at Greenwich and Tilbury. Here we might have a sort of Pleasure School, something between Christ's Hospital and the Polytechnic. Amusement should be combined with instruction. For instance, the general appearance of the kings of England should be described with the assistance of the ghost illusion, and the Rules of LINDLEY MURRAY should be enforced by Mr. GEORGE BUCKLAND with the aid of dissolving views, a hand-organ, and numerous comic songs. A tank should be constructed, and were economy of space at any time desirable, Mr. KING might take a few pupils in the diving-bell. A branch chemical class might be established at the Magazine, but of course proper care would have to be taken that no inconsiderate scholar went too near the gunpowder with a lighted candle. Naturally, balloons, fire-engines, Gatling guns, and locomotives would occupy the grounds round the Palace. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and the little ones could use them as toys. Judges, Doctors, Barristers, and City men constituting the early rising recreationists could get plenty of exercise here from seven to eight A.M., with trapezes, poles, giant strides, and so forth.

But, it may be urged, what would the children do in wet weather? A recreation-yard under cover would be necessary. This want might be easily supplied by clearing away the houses of Kensington Palace Gardens to furnish an appropriate site for Westminster Hall. Now that the Law Courts are moving East, this his-

torical structure is no longer needed at St. Stephen's. It might be pulled down and re-erected. It must be *somewhere*—why not at the back of Kensington Palace? It would not only be useful, but, in its own way, ornamental.

Some years ago, the making of a proposed road through the Gardens was successfully opposed on the score that the traffic would endanger the safety of the juveniles using the grounds. The objection was a wise one. Nothing can be more dangerous to children than horses and carriages. But the philanthropists did not carry the matter far enough. They remained on the defensive instead of assuming the offensive. They should have possessed the courage of their opinions, and denounced the adjacent highways. No plan of improvement can be possibly satisfactory that does not permanently close the Bayswater and Kensington roads from Hyde Park Corner to SLATER'S, the Butcher, on the one side, and from the Marble Arch to Notting Hill Gate, on the other. When these thoroughfares, together with the existing roads through the Park, are used by foot-passengers only, children will be able to cross without the continual chance of being run over. It may be said that the closing will cause inconvenience. Possibly; but human life is full of inconveniences, and our suggestion for improvement cuts both ways, which is clearly an advantage. Anyone not understanding this at a glance, can work it out for himself. Genius is above details.

Accepting the idea that Kensington Gardens are to be used exclusively by infants, we must study the interests of the little ones in every particular. For instance: grass after rain is damp to the feet. Well, remove the whole of the turf, and lay down asphalt, and the danger of influenza is reduced to a minimum. The Government will have removed the trees, so that the Park, with its hundreds of acres of level flooring, will now serve as a capital court for lawn-tennis or wheel-skating. Thus, with the aid of a little ingenuity, we turn Kensington Gardens into one of the most remarkable spots in Europe—not to say the world!

And now we come to the Serpentine. It is deep—too deep for boys and girls. Fill it up, and divert the water elsewhere. If we do not keep the Serpentine, it is scarcely likely we shall retain the Round Pond. Of course not. So the Round Pond will be filled up, too. But here creation takes the place of destruction. The valuable site, now made available, must be utilised. It has been. The Artist has caught the idea, and above is the result of his labour.

It will be seen that we have a collection of curiosities. No. 1. is Temple Bar, surmounted by its own Memorial. Very quaint and useful. The Griffin will be better here than in the centre of Fleet Street. No. 2 is the Duke of WELLINGTON'S Statue from Hyde Park Corner. Apsley House will by this arrangement lose its bogey. No. 3. the Fountains from Trafalgar Square. The St. Martin's Baths and Washhouses (from whence the squirts were wont to be supplied) will miss them a little at first, but soon get reconciled to the removal. No. 4, the facade of the National Gallery, industriously employed in displaying the clock without hands once attached to the tower of the New Law Courts. No. 5, the Obelisks from Ludgate Circus and the Blackfriars Road, "supporting" CLEOPATRA'S Needle (No. 5) from the Victoria Embankment. On the summit of the latter the statue of Achilles from the end of Rotten Row. And that's all!

But why this jumble? Why? Why the answer is obvious. *We must do something to amuse the children, and make 'em laugh!*

And with this kindly proposal I attach my peri-odical signature.
THE PERI-PATETIC.



DIFFERENT CAUSE—SAME RESULT.

Snippe (struck by the jubilant expression of Snappe's habitually stern countenance). "WHAT THE DICKENS ARE YOU READING IN THAT REVIEW? SOMETHING SWEET ABOUT YOURSELF, I SUPPOSE!"

Snappe (suddenly trying to look grave). "WELL, NO—ON THE CONTRARY—IT'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU, SNIPPE!—AND I'M SORRY TO SAY IT'S QUITE THE REVERSE OF SWEET!"

ON BOARD THE "AMARINTHA."

THE roughest time is over, and we have roughed it. CULLINS is all right again; he finds nothing "damp"—at least he doesn't complain. He is delighted with Lamash Bay; he is charmed with Campbelltown, where we can and do get tomatoes and marrows—(Stranraer, take notice!)—and the best hand-knitted socks at the lowest possible prices. The Captain is of opinion that we can "make Oban" in less than a day and a half. [*Happy Thought.*—"Make Oban!" Good thing for Oban. Evident, and not an "Oban question."] Now that we are sailing calmly, the Dean once more brings out his rook-rifle, and we go in for "potting" puffins, divers, sea-fowl, and gulls. As a matter of fact we do not pot them, but we shoot at them briskly, the man at the wheel making a point whenever there are any birds in sight. One diver accompanies us for half-an-hour, and supplies us with a perfect fund of amusement. "They take a deal of shooting," says the Dean, and they undoubtedly do. At all events, they get no hitting, and, on the whole, appear to enjoy the fun as much as we do, reminding me of the little dog in the nursery rhyme, "who laughed to see such sport."

As a rule, just as the Dean fires, the diver disappears, and BOLBY shouts, triumphantly, "I've hit him!" We are just about to credit him with a success, when the bird reappears, waggles his head and tail merrily, gives a queer, dry, sarcastic laugh—something between a quack and a chuckle—[*Happy Thought*—say a "quackle"]—which evidently implies, "No, you didn't that time, my boy!" and then he placidly floats on the water, quackling to himself in perfect security.

Once, during a calm, the old sea-dog, I mean the pointer at the helm, indicates a lovely chance—a certainty—a diver riding, so to speak, at anchor, within a few yards of the yacht. I have time to take a steady aim. Bang! The bullet has cleared him by about two inches, and gone with a spurt into the sea ahead of him. The diver is clearly quite new to the sport, as he makes a rush, open-mouthed, in the direction of where the bullet disappeared, stretching out his neck to peck at it, being evidently under the impression that it's something to eat.

CULLINS is annoyed at discovering that this is not the Atlantic, but the Irish Channel. At first he won't believe it. "The Irish Channel!" he exclaims.

"How can that be when this is Scotland?" He decides that all maps are wrong, and gives up the study of Geography. Henceforward, having got his sea-legs properly fitted on, he will enjoy himself.

At Oban I say farewell for the present to our polite host, HAILSHER, and my pleasant companions—including the one leading down to the cabin; and, envying them their seven weeks' cruise, I close my short log—(phrase suggestive of "cutting my stick"—which, alas! I have to do)—and so terminates my happy holiday on board the *Amarintha*.

OUR CHANGE AND BARTER COLUMN.

RARE ARTISTIC OPPORTUNITY.—A Connoisseur, whose failing health obliges him to leave more suddenly than he expected for the Continent, wishes to find an immediate Purchaser for a genuine Boticeelli. Subject, supposed to be the opening of the Exhibition of 1851, but bears the great master's name *legibly on the back*. Size of picture, 14 feet by 8, and if not purchased at once, by the Trustees of the National Gallery, at a very good figure, could be let into a moving panorama. Canvas in excellent condition. When not hung, might be used as the mainsail of a small yacht. Frame might be had alone, if required, or both taken in exchange for half their weight in potatoes. Would not mind doing business with a Circus Elephant, a tolerable hand at *écarté*. Glad also to hear from Mr. RUSKIN. No reasonable offer refused.—By letter to Leonardo da Vinky, Post Office, Wapping.

TO HOTEL PROPRIETORS.—To be disposed of, on advantageous terms, Two Hundred Dozen of a rich full-bodied, Fruity Champagne. In prime order. Invaluable at a high-class wedding breakfast, where, if not shaken, could pass for a very fair still Hermitage. Wonderfully smooth on the tongue, and has proved an excellent hair-wash. No sample required. Autograph testimonial from H.M. the SHAH of PERSIA, to be seen on application. Would treat liberally with Pickle Merchants.—Apply, The Mummums, Magnum Lane, E.C.

PATENT MEDICINE.—One of these first-class properties for immediate sale. Has hitherto been advertised as a specific for neuralgia, but mixed with blacking and fullers' earth, can be worked as a popular horse pill, at enormous profit. Has only been before the public a fortnight, and advertiser will give written guarantee to appear personally at coroners' inquests up to date of completion of purchase. N.B.—Price includes letter for publication from Irish Marquis at Clapham, acknowledging cure of lumbago of fifty years' standing. Fine opportunity for an enterprising rat-poisoning company. Would amalgamate with rising cemetery. For particulars, Apothecaries' Haul, Swallow-More, Herts.

TO THE SCIENTIFIC.—A Gentleman who can make no possible further use of it, is very desirous of parting with his 7-inch achromatic, astronomical telescope. Object-glass and eye-piece gone, but still a most serviceable instrument to a Mathematician accustomed to his own reflections. Shows constant spots on sun and moon, and double stars after dinner. Having a finder and an adjusting rack, might be used either at hide-and-seek, or for visiting-cards. Would prove a handsome present to an observatory in a foggy neighbourhood. Has been frequently utilised for firing a salute to the Queen's birthday. As the present proprietor is only parting with it in consequence of a shattered constitution, the result of seventy years unceasing serious research, he would be happy to take in exchange a full-sized mechanical church-organ arranged with popular tunes, a monster fire-balloon with apparatus complete, or a life-pass for two to the pit at the Alhambra. Personally, to Jolly Copernicus, The Fits, Larking.

PASSPORT TO SOCIETY.—A personage of distinction, who is now completing his winter arrangements, would be glad to part with his complete suit of evening clothes to an aspirant anxious to move with effect in the highest circles. Having trick-cuffs and false-bottomed breast-pocket, would be of use to a Peer of limited means, to whom three or four hundred a-year made out of confiding friends at German Cribbage, would be a consideration. Has been let out on hire to a rural Dean on the occasion of his silver wedding, and is still black by candle-light. Would be parted with in lots. The coat having no tails, could serve as an Eton jacket to a growing youth, or be used at a public meeting, where the President was not required to leave the chair. The SPEAKER of the House of Commons might communicate. No geraniums. Enclose stamp. "To HEREDITARY DUKE," The Castle, Mile-End-Road, E.

THE LATEST TURKISH JOKE.—The SULTAN offering his moral support to the KHEDIVÉ!



PROFESSOR NORTHCOTE AND HIS UNTRAINED TROUPE.

"RUSS" IN URBE.

St. PETERSBURG must be a nice place to live in just now, especially for persons either of a quiet and retiring, or of an outspoken thoughtless nature.

According to the Imperial *ukase* just published, proprietors of hotels and lodging-houses are required not only to give notice of the arrival and departure of their lodgers, but must report any remarkable occurrence or suspicious conference among them.

Not only is it unlawful to sell a revolver or a cartridge without a permit from the Chief of the Police, which permit must describe the person to whom it may be sold, but anyone possessing a revolver without such permit is liable to a fine of 500 roubles (about £70) or three months' imprisonment. Cabby, too, is brought into requisition as a spy. He must observe persons as they enter or leave houses, and if they appear to be strangers, must try to ascertain where they go, and their motive for going; and Cabby is to inform the Police when he thinks any of them appear suspicious!

Why, it seems absolutely stifling merely to read of such things!

One naturally throws open his street-door, though the air is rather foggy, and draws a long breath of liberty. What must it be to live in such an atmosphere of suspicion?

Your landlord reporting your every movement, the servants all trained to keep a close watch upon and report every thoughtless word, and even the miserable Cabby who tries to cheat you out of an extra half rouble and fails, can report you to the authorities as a suspicious character!

We are occasionally inclined to grumble, somewhat unnecessarily, at some trifling interference with our comfort or convenience by the powers that be, but a simple perusal of the hideous system of espionage which now prevails in the great Capital of Russia, should teach each of us to say, with one of our greatest Statesmen, "Thank Heaven, I am an Englishman."

Irish Journals, please copy.

Mrs. B. says that "Time is the only sausage of grief." She meant something to do with "assuaging."

MANKIND; OR, A CONQUEST WITH MERITT.

THE Poet CRABBE, a queer old fish, remarked, "Be there a will, and wisdom finds the way." This was, of course, a prophecy; for Messrs. MERITT and CONQUEST, having told the Property Master to make a good solid document of a testamentary nature, determined to send it through a series of tragical, melodramatical, blood-thirstical, comical, whimsical, and every other sort of "cal" and "gal" adventures. With a kindly appreciation of the worth of *The World* (Drury Lane), they name their drama *Mankind*. There are those who might call this unkind.

Being provided with their Will, Messrs. CONQUEST and MERITT began drawing their little bill (at three months, so One who knows informed us), and got it up so like a census-paper, that it is a moot point whether Sir BRYDGES HENNIKER ought not to be down upon them for infringement of copyright. Thus, Mr. ALBERT DE VOX, Junior, is described as "*Albert Ernest Fitzallan*, aged eleven; Occupation, Managing Clerk; Place of Abode, 4th floor back, Bermondsey; Character, meek." This is an excellent idea. The playgoer has no trouble in forming an opinion of the moral worth of any of the personages in *Mankind*. They are ready ticketed with appropriate Adjectives—(en passant, why not have Adjective Authors, as "Conquering" PAUL and "Meritorious" GEORGE?)—and it isn't a bit of good his having a sneaking regard for a scoundrel, or, *vice versa*, a dislike to a model of virtue. The playbill's the thing, and nothing else. It's only when he gets down to the "Extra Ladies and Gentlemen of the Establishment" that he has a chance, for their surnames are described as "various," their Christian names as "numerous," their ages "from two to sixty-two," their occupations as "anything and everything," their places of abode as "everywhere," and under the heading, "What kind of person," they appear as "usual." The astute spectator will at once seize upon the "extras" as an oasis for romance in a desert of fact.

But to one description a firm protest must be made. Mr. Peter Sharpley, of Russell Square and Ramsgate, is set down, whether in malice we cannot determine, as "bumptious." Surely, the atmosphere of these two eminently respectable localities do not, when taken together, produce so obnoxious an individual. It may be so, but we have very strong doubts.

And talking of Ramsgate reminds us that in Act I. we are shown the Sands of that fine old watering-place. There are the bathing-machines, the children digging with wooden spades, the nursemaids, the Granville Hotel, and even the smoke from the chimney of the "Granville" wash-house. Also, a gentleman in a fustian jacket, who is seemingly picking up shells, but who, from a sudden increase of light, might be an employé kindling the extinct fires of a ground row of gas.

On these extensive wooden sands, and by this briny canvas ocean, we are introduced to "Bumptious" Peter Sharpley aforesaid, "Remorseless" Edmund Sharpley, "Loyal" Philip Warren, "Cool" Richard Pinpool, "Pugnacious" Barnaby Bright, "Cruel" Joshua Monkey-trick, "Respectable" George Melton, "Bouncing" Arabella Bright, "Simple" Jessie (surname unknown), "Trustful" Alice Maitland, "Loving" Constance Maitland, and last, but not least, to "Grasping" Daniel Groodge, played by Mr. GEORGE CONQUEST, as the Centenarian Octopus, in anticipation of the Christmas Pantomime. He is sure to change presently into a frog or a tree or a goblin, and disappear through a trap or up a trapéze. Anyway, his aspect is guaranteed to give the nervous spectator the "jumps." He has paid twopence to go on the Pier. What Pier? The Octopus evidently thinks he is at Brighton.

Owing to a constant fire of walnuts in the gallery, and the confidential nature of most of the performers' remarks, it is rather difficult to discover the intentions of the band of adjective characters. Each of them has, nevertheless, a ceaseless or Tennysonian-Brook sentence. Thus, one invariably winds up with "That's the man, I am!" a second asserts, "And I say so!" while the Centenarian Octopus combines wit and brevity in the monosyllabic "Pooh!" These sparkling repartees, or conversational champagne compressed, never fail to meet with the approval of the audience. So, if you say "Boh!" to a goose, it is by no means likely that she will hiss. And what is sauce for the goose is also condiment for the male bird.

But back to our muttons, or rather Chops of the Channel at Ramsgate. Knowing the character of the Adjectives, we are prepared for the worst; and we have not long to wait for a display of their qualities. Of course the object of everyone is to secure the Will—a will with a vengeance, too, for Remorseless Edmund, it is clear, means to get rid of Trustful Alice, to whom, strange to say, he is married. But Loyal Philip is on his track.

In Act II. the Adjectives come together on board the Channel

Boat, which, as everyone knows, runs nightly between Ramsgate and Calais. The Centenarian Octopus is feeling his way after the



Little Sharp Eyes.

Will, while Remorseless Edmund gives Trustful Alice some fine old fruit from a flask, and then pushes her into the sea on the port side. Simple Jessie (aged eight), however, who is travelling in the comfortable attire of a "Showman's Assistant," displays astonishing precocity, and hurls a life-buoy after the dying girl. Then, after a gauzy interval, supposed to be a fog—but it doesn't fog us—Loyal Philip pulls her on board a realistic smack. This smack is a hit.

Act III. — Leicester Square, with the Alhambra, the Garden, and SHAKESPEARE blessing Conquering PAUL and Meritorious GEORGE. Here we are introduced to another Adjective, Humbugging Keziah Bickerton. Simple Jessie falls into a trap laid for her by Bumptious Peter. He induces her to put a purse into Trustful Alice's pocket, but heigh! presto! Loyal Philip to the rescue; and the credulous, easy-going Police take up the Bumptious One instead. Meantime, the Centenarian Octopus has got his feelers about the Will; and in Act IV. we find him at a Coffee-Tavern, waiting for his victim. At this humble refectory arrives Pugnacious Barnaby, to enjoy his usual repast of "mahogany juice, a flight of door-steps, and a penny alligator." Good idea for a ballad:—

"With chop or steak, or e'en a tatur,
Some refresh their wearied natur';
But for these let others cater,
While you bring me, gentle Waiter,
Smoking hot, an Alligator."

Now comes the great Pantomime Scene. The Centenarian Octopus (*Pantaloon*), Pugnacious Barnaby (*Clown*), Respectable George (*Harlequin*), and Humbugging Keziah (*Columbine*). Quick music.



The "Habendum" Claws; or, Pantomimic Will-iny.

The Will goes in and out of pockets, bags, hats, and windows, with lightning rapidity. Grand rally, real Policeman, and drop to chorus, "O, Willy, we have missed you!"

We don't know where it can have gone to till in Act V. we find that Humbugging Keziah sells the precious document, and also



Ties Pay the Dealer.

Bumptious Peter, who subsequently, at Melton's mansion with the Centenarian Octopus (who won't take it trapéze!) and Respectable George, execute an ingenious *je ne l'ai pas de trois* scene quite in the *Tricocoe et Cacolet* style.

On, on to Act VI., and Groodge and Sharpley's office, where Remorseless Edmund and Bumptious Peter propose to treat the Centenarian Octopus to hot coffee, laudanum, and "a damp corner in the churchyard." The O. C., however, on the withdrawal of the Remorseless One, has a quiet little game with the Disgrace of Ramsgate and



The Wicked Widow, sister of the Octopus's Victim.

Russell Square, and by means of a pocket-handkerchief, promptly shows him that ties pay the dealer.

Then to Paradise Place, and the Seventh Act (or Age) of *Mankind*, where Trustful *Alice*, Pugnacious *Bar-naby*, Bouncing *Arabella*, and Simple *Jessie*, reside in a



garret on the same model as that inhabited by the JARVIS family in *The Lights o' London*. There is a fearful struggle between the Remorseless One and the Trustful Angel, Simple *Jessie* (capitally played, by the way, by Miss KATIE BARRY), does what the Octopus ought to have done, takes a flying leap out of a window, and turns out to be Trustful *Alice's* long lost child. And so the good Adjectives are all rewarded, the bad ones are all

arrested, or blown to pieces, and the Surreylful story comes to an end.

Altogether *Mankind*; or, *Beggar Your Neighbour*, is not likely to beggar Messrs. MERITT and CONQUEST. Indeed, the cards are so well shuffled, that it will probably be a case of cut and come again with those who not troubling their heads about Adjective—say lucid—Anecdote, want a great deal for their money. And it is only the cavilling bard who sings—

“But when of the play they have quite had their fill,
Perhaps they may ask, ‘Where the deuce is that Will?’
And since of his Willainy there’s such a fuss—
What the dickens becomes of that bad Octopus?
But if you would ask me to tell you the plot,
Then my answer is simple—‘I really cannot.’”

HAMLET AT ABERGELDIE.

SCENE—*A Room in the Castle.* Oct. 4. H.R.H. The Prince of WALES, Lord ROWTONCRANTZ, and Mr. FRANCIS KNOLLYSENSTERN discovered. To them enter the CHANCELLOR CHARLES, Q.C., A.D.C.

Ch. of C. (as Polonius). The actors are come hither, my Lord.

H.R.H. Buz! Buz!

Ch. of C. (trifling with the Shakspearian text). Yes, Sir, from the station in a Buz.

[Lord ROWTONCRANTZ and Mr. FRANCIS KNOLLYSENSTERN regard one another anxiously, and CHANCELLOR CHARLES, as POLONIUS, is about to be severely reprimanded for levity, when “the abridgment comes,” and enter Mr. EDGAR BRUCE and “four or five Players.”]

H.R.H. (graciously). You’re welcome, Masters; welcome all. (Aside to Mr. E. B.) Can you play *The Colonel*?

Mr. E. B. (modestly, but nervously). Well, Sir, I—ahem—I rather think—in fact—“Why cert’nly.”

[Bows, smiles nervously, and wonders to himself whether he has said the right thing or not.]

H.R.H. “Then we’ll have it to-morrow night.”

Mr. E. B. (diffidently, adapting Shakspeare to the occasion). Will H.R.H. the Princess see this play, Sir?

H.R.H. (seeing Ch. of C., as Polonius, about to answer, takes the line himself). “And the QUEEN too! and that presently.”

[EDGAR BRUCE faints, and is carried out by ROWTONCRANTZ and KNOLLYSENSTERN. Scene closes.]

APPROPRIATE.—The Common Councilman who, if there is any fitness in names, ought to present the Address on Thursday to Mr. GLADSTONE is certainly Mr. J. J. HOMER, a prominent member of the Corporation. When Greek joins Greek, then comes the Bust up—no, that won’t arrive yet awhile; but isn’t the PREMIER to be presented with a Golden Box?

THE REVISED EDUCATION CODE.

Re-revised by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



The overgrowth of Pupil Teachers will be seasonably checked.



Special attention will be paid to the Passing of Pupil Teachers.



A Bored School.



“Certain suspended Articles of the former Code are now to be set aside.”

THEATRICAL NOTES.

PATIENCE and Postponement. The Savoy didn’t open as advertised; the Royalty and the Comedy Theatre are behind time, and begin with a muddle, the Comedy Theatre opening with *Opéra-Bouffe—La Mascotte*, and the Royalty, where *La Mascotte* was to have been, opens with the Comedy which the Comedy Theatre in Pantaloen Street—no, Panton Street—ought to have had. What a Managerial mistake to commit a theatre, by its name, to one class of performances! However, Mr. ALEXANDER HENDERSON, who doesn’t consider an extra theatre or so on his hands a “needless Alexandrine,” has broken the charm of the nomenclature, and henceforth the Comedy Theatre may play just what it likes—from *Bouffes* to Tragedy. The name of the street, *Pant-on*, in which the theatre is situated is not suggestive of the show-leggy costume which is nowadays a distinguishing feature of *Opéra-Bouffe*; but no doubt the Pant-on will develop into a full-blown Burlesque Theatre where the Lessee can have a *spécialité* at Christmas called a Panton-mime. If all these theatres pay—no, if the Public pay, the theatres will.

Excellent performance of *Dinorah* at the Lyceum. Doors open at 7:30, Performance commences at eight—this arrangement for *Dinorah* is convenient for the moderately early Dinnerer. [What we look to in this joke is the “quantity,” not the quality.—Ep.]

Claude Duval was well played one night last week by a Scratch Company, at the Theatre Royal, Hitchin, Herts.

THE ANTI-TEETOTAL LEAGUE!

It appears, from a leading article in the *Licensed Victuallers’ Advertiser*, that it is in contemplation to form an Anti-Teetotal League!

Bravo, Mr. BUGE! That is carrying the war into the enemy’s camp with a vengeance! Lecturers for the dissemination of the noble principles of the League, and their addresses might illustrate by striking examples the fearful consequences of too great indulgence in water as a beverage; while well-selected samples of Thames Water, taken, say from the vicinity of Crossness or Barking, might be handed round among the audience as a warning.

Ah! it’s a funny world, my Masters, and curious it is to note how extremes beget extremes; and if the strange proposal now seriously contemplated should induce Sir WILFRID LAWSON and his friends to moderate their eager enthusiasm against the temperate enjoyment of the good things of this life, it may not be without its use after all.



OUR MUSICAL DUCHESS GOES IN FOR PARISIAN CHANNSONETTES.

The Teacher (interrupting Her Grace's Rehearsal of "Coco chez sa Cousine"). "NON—NON—C'EST PAS COMME ÇA! ÉCOUTEZ, MADAME LA DUCHESS! TO 'AV SUCCÈS, AND MAKE LAUGH CES MESSIEURS, YOU MUST BE DRÔLE!—AND TO BE DRÔLE, YOU MUST FORGET YOU ARE LADY, PARBLEU! AND BECOME CANAILLE—VAT YOU CALL 'JOLLY GAD,' YOU KNOW! LOOK AT ME! I 'AV NO VOICE! I AM NOT MUSICIAN! AND YET YOU PAY ME TWO SOUSAND FRANCO TO SING AT YOUR CONCERT! ET POURQUOI? VY? SIMPLY BECAUSE—(IT IS NO MERIT, FOR I WAS BORN SO)—SIMPLY BECAUSE I AM FERRANCHEMENT CANAILLE! ET VOILÀ!" [Winks knowingly.]

Her Grace. "OH, DO HAVE PATIENCE WITH ME, DEAR MADAME RIGLOT! I'M SURE I SHALL CATCH IT IN TIME!"

QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY.

WHILST facts be facts, whilst truth its cold *douche* showers
Hydrants and squirts can ne'er be equal powers;
One sturdy spout will spoil the sputters all.

'Tis as a master on the Magic Flute,
Who by-and-by makes minor tootlers mute,
And ever strengthening, silences them all.

The straight, strong stream that one stout hand can shoot,
Pitted 'gainst sixty squirts following suit,
Makes 'em turn tail, and quickly drenches all.

Pheugh! how the icy flood does soak and chill!
Wet backs and breeks he'll give 'em, Triton WILL,
Among the Fair-Trade Minnows, small fry all.

And as "Old Triton blew his wreathed horn,"
So, half in merriment, and half in scorn,
He "blows upon" their game, and bothers all.

"Gewillikens!" they wail; "did we not think
These squirts were good to make him wink and shrink?
And now look here! Dashed if he cares at all!"

"One in the eye to land him were *such* fun,
We thought JEM LOWTHER's squirt the trick had done;
But—g-r-r-r!—he's been and gone and drowned us all.

"Look at young RANDOM's breeches, regular soaked!
And as for poor HICKS-BEACH, why he's half choked.
Wonder what STAFFY, too, thinks of it all."

So scatter saucy, squirt-armed boyish foes,
When one stout fact-pumper turns on the hose,
It is but holiday pastime, after all.

If Free Trade's not worth keeping, let it go.
But shall it? JOHN and WILLIAM answer "No!
We'll trust it not at all, or all in all."

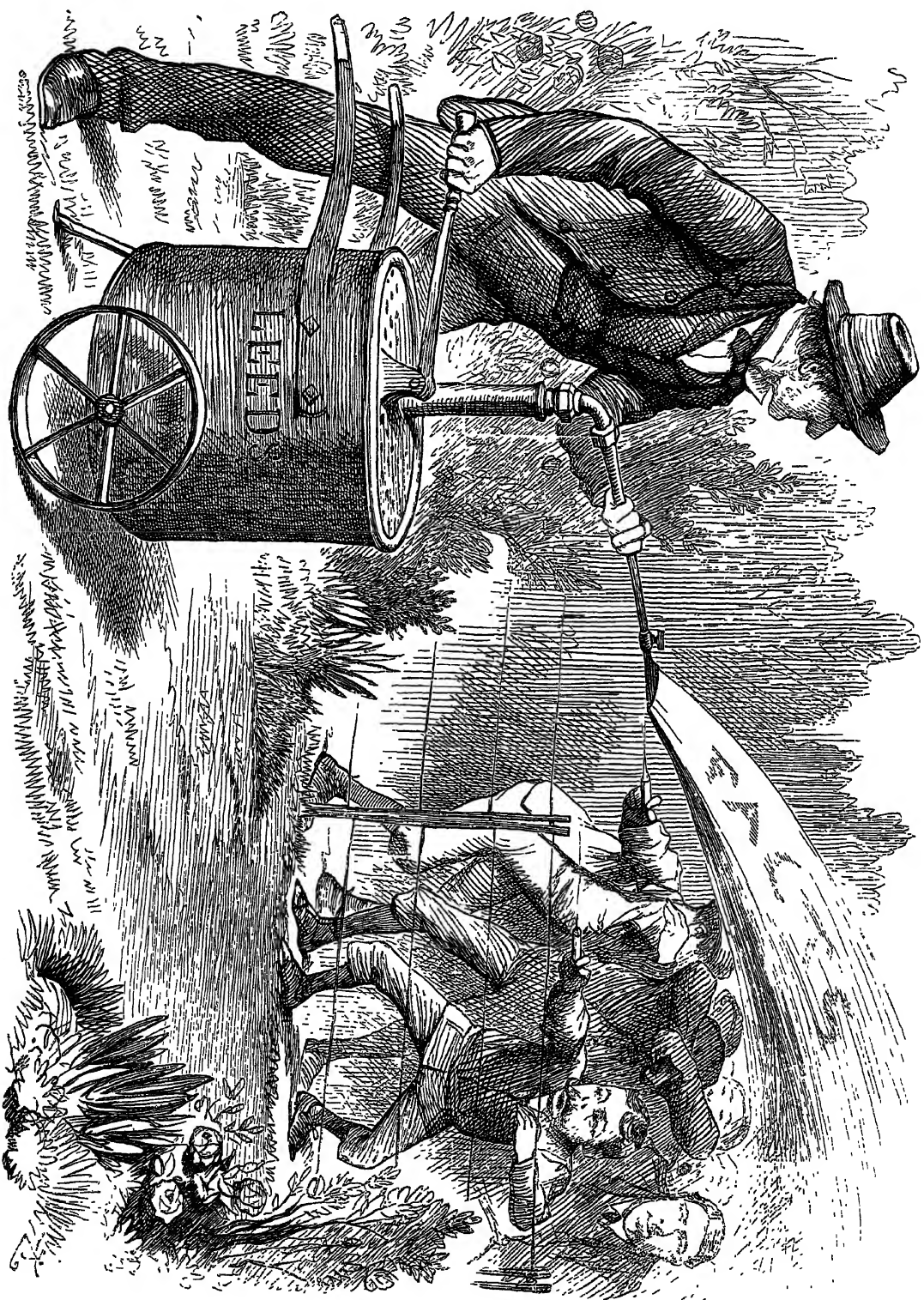
CHARACTER OF A CHANNEL ISLAND.

A SAD account of Jersey is given in a speech lately made by the Lieutenant-Governor, Major-General NICHOLSON, at a Temperance meeting. The gallant General is reported to have said that "he had seen much service in many parts of the world, but never anywhere where drunkenness was so prevalent as in Jersey." Let's hope the General was wrong in this particular; but, if correct, he might have summed up the character of Jersey in the title and burden of an old patriotic and once popular song, and have called it "*A Right Little, Tight Little Island*"—very tight little island. Perhaps it was only a rather loose statement about the tightness.

Happy Thought Advice to W. E. G.

POOR PREMIER! He was bowing, and saluting, and shaking hands so incessantly all the way to Leeds, that it called to mind *Sir Pertinax's* account of his own progress, always "booming and boeing."

But why doesn't W. E. G. have what they call on the stage "a double" made up exactly like himself (Mr. FISHER did it in the *Happy Land* years ago at the Court Theatre), to do all the bowing and handshaking out of the window of the train, and the real *Simon Pure* could do the speaking afterwards. Have a double, have a double, And save yourself much toil and trouble.



QUITE A LITTLE HOLIDAY.



ANOTHER CHANCE GONE!

Irate Old Uncle (to Nephew). "UNPUNCTUAL AGAIN! HOW IS IT YOU NEVER CAN KEEP AN APPOINTMENT?"

Out-at-Elbow Nephew (coolly). "BECAUSE I'VE NEVER HAD A GOOD 'UN TO KEEP, SIR. NOW, IF YOU'LL GET ME SOMETHING LIGHT, UNDER GOVERNMENT, FROM TWELVE TO TWO—"

[Exit Uncle.]

GHOSTS! GHOSTS! GHOSTS!

Selected Letters to the Editor.

PLEASE, Sir, we've got a lot of Ghosts about this neighbourhood. All sorts of haunted places. Salubrious air. Charming spot. Only got to be known to be appreciated. But as to Ghosts—well, just come down and see them for yourself, and bring the Ghostly Adviser of the *Daily Telegraph*—I mean the Spirited Editor—with you.

Yours, P. PUFFER.

*Private and Confidential.**—Work the idea thoroughly. It'll be worth your while. First-rate site for Hotel, and freehold land for residences to be had cheap. More Ghosts—more Hotel will be crowded; do a fine business there, and depreciate land all round as haunted. Then get Scientific Societies to meet, discuss, dine, sup, &c. More business for Hotel, while we, you and I and—(shall we let in the Spirited Editor of *D. T.*?—although *Spirit*-ed Editor of *D. T.* sounds ominous—but of course we'll be a Temperance Teetotal Co., and work a new drink)—while, I say, *we* (the Co. Limited) buy up every acre. Then get Scientific Materialist Society down to prove there are no Ghosts, and to back their theory by taking residences on the spot and bringing their wives and families: then start a Doctor to say that never was such a place for health, and that our new watering-place is *THE* place, *par excellence*, for obtaining not Ghosts, but a genuine supply of good Spirits!! Eh? That's it! I'm on! No charge for idea.—Yours, P. P.

Address "P. P., care of Rev. N. IMBUS, Perpetual Cold-Water Curate, Pumbleton, Slopshire."

[We'll know more about this before we've done.—ED.]

SIR,—Friend, Roman, and Countryman—I mean Citizen, my most approved good Mister—I have seen the Ghost walk on Saturday at Treasury-time in many a theatre. I have also been present when the Ghost was expected, but did not walk—having already walked off with the cash-box, and whatever was in it. I will take the Ghost's words for a thousand pounds; though, on second

* Which of course we print.

thoughts, I should prefer the cash first, and the Ghost's word afterwards.

Thy poor kinsman ever,
T. R. Heavy, Leeds.

HENRY STILTS.

SIR,—I saw two Ghosts' last Christmas—one at the Lyceum, and the other at the Gaiety. I knew they were real Ghosts—quite real. Your health in a glass of the best *eau de vie*.

Yours, CHIPPY NORTON.

SIR,—Ghosts be blowed! I don't believe there ain't no such persons. But then I didn't believe there was any person of the name of HARRIS until I saw him at Drury Lane; and now I'm haunted by him everywhere—in the papers, in shop-windows, on the walls, "HARRIS, HARRIS, everywhere!" So there may be a Ghost, in spite of my not believing in 'em! By the way, I've got the ghost of an idea for a song, to the tune of "*Froggie Would*;" but I can't work back from the chorus, which from my point of view of its being all humbug, should be—

With his (the Writer's)
Rogney Bogie
Gammon and Spinach,
Heigho! says Antony Rogney.

But isn't it rather late in the day to argue about Ghosts? Yet "late in the day" is just the time we all do it. Yes—

We all do it,
All pooh-pooh it!
Yet we'll all do it
Till the end of the world!

And so I am yours, ever,

BILLY BOGUS, M.H. (*Oxford*).

SIR,—How strange that the subject of Ghosts should come up just after the Polytechnic has been closed! I take this opportunity of informing the public, through your spirited medium, that I have now, &c. &c. &c.

[The remainder of this is a long account of a new sort of spectral illusion, with terms for "Evening parties attended," which can only be inserted as an advertisement, but may perhaps be placed, as a great favour, next to the well-known and highly popular automaton-self-measuring-head man's portrait, which has so long graced these pages.—ED.]

STANZAS FOR THE STOUT.

"Slender waists and general slimness are going out of fashion in France, and Parisian belles are trying to get stout."—*Graphic*.

LADY, in the olden times
You had felt it shocking taste,
Scarcely worthy of our rhymes,
Had you not a slender waist.
Then, on Mr. BANTING's plan,
You scorn'd butter and ate toast.
Lo! the fickleness of Man!
Corpulence now rules the roast.

Once a figure small and slim
Was the proper thing, no doubt;
Now it seems that Fashion's whim
Is to fill that figure out.
Loose the corset, ope the stays,
Though friends wonder what you're at,
You will gain the highest praise—
When you're elegantly fat.

Now Parisian belles declare
Girls no longer must be thin,
That the stoutest is most fair,
And the greatest weight will win.
Grow, then, bigger, Lady mine,
Broad and most expansive be,
Till I, to quote SHAKESPEARE's line,
"Have a heavy miss of thee!"

COLD COMFORT FOR BUTCHERS.

AUSTRALIAN frozen meat imported at 3½d. or 4d., equal to British beef and mutton at 10d. and 11d. per pound.



AGRICULTURAL DEPRESSION—AND HOW TO MEET IT.

OUR POLICE.

Running Commentary on the New Code, by Verges Wrongscent, Esq.

A DISTINGUISHED Statesman once observed—no, twice observed that “the best public securities were the Police.” In the last century, however, the best public securities were held unanimously to be the ordinary stocks. The existence of the Police, as a public



security, being granted, the question naturally arises, From what, besides the consequences of our own temerity at a crossing, do they secure us? The answer is, obviously, the commission of crime. The question next arises, What is crime?

It may be well here to consider its subdivisions. And as an ordinary member of the Force may possibly never have encountered some of its most important ramifications, it may be as well, for the benefit of a constable, suddenly called off his beat to deal with an obscure case, to have some acquaintance with the method of procedure he should employ in dealing with it.

To begin at the beginning, then, let us imagine a cry of “Police!” raised in a case of the highest offence known against the Criminal Law—a commission of *high treason*.

High Treason is defined to be “the compassing, contriving, inventing, or intending death, or destruction, or any bodily harm tending to death or destruction; or wounding, imprisonment, or

restraint of the heirs and successors of His Majesty King GEORGE THE THIRD.”

Example.—Should a Hammersmith omnibus, for instance, during the progress of improvement in Piccadilly, driving down Pall Mall, by some mischance run against H.R.H. the Duke of CAMBRIDGE as he is crossing from the War-Office to a Club at the corner of St. James’s Square, the driver may be said to “compass, contrive, invent, or intend the death or destruction” of an heir or successor to His Majesty King GEORGE THE THIRD, within the meaning of the Act.

Again, should His Royal Highness, instead of narrowly escaping some serious accident from the pole of the omnibus, have, either for a bet, or out of mere morbid curiosity, entered the vehicle in question as a common passenger, and have had his fingers unfortunately jammed in the door while endeavouring, without effect, to inform the Conductor of his wish to get out again, then he may be said to have been “wounded, imprisoned, and restrained,” and the Conductor to have committed an “overt act of high treason,” which has subjected him to the highest penalty the Law is able to inflict.

And here a Policeman being called upon the scene, his duty, according to the wording of the Statute, is definite and clear. His immediate business would be to obtain a “hurdle,” on which placing either the Driver or the Conductor, or both, he has either singly, or with the aid of another member of his own Division, “to draw” them, *not* to the nearest police-court, but direct to the Tower.

Here, if they happened to arrive on a free day, there would be nothing to pay, but having consigned them to the custody of some official on the spot, it then becomes his plain duty to proceed “to sever their heads from their bodies whilst alive,” and dividing the latter into “four quarters,” dispose of them “as his Majesty, King GEORGE THE THIRD and his successors shall, by sign Manual, countersigned by a Secretary of State, think proper and fit.” And at this stage of the proceedings the Police Constable in charge of the case would probably start off as fast as he could for Sir W. HAR-COURT, leaving the “traitors” ticketed, in the care of the guardian of the walking-sticks and umbrellas.

BASIS OF REAL ORIGINAL FREE-TRADE PRINCIPLE.—“Honour Bright.”

MORE LIGHT WANTED.

In these days of advancing electricity, when gas is being gradually ousted from its strongholds in theatres, and Germany has just spent a couple of millions sterling in underground telegraphic wires, it would be as well to know the name of the man who first discovered the Electric light and the Electric telegraph. A writer—Mr. B. W. RICHARDSON—in this month's *Gentleman's Magazine* gives the credit to a Mr. STEPHEN GRAY, who lived and died in the last century; and another writer—Dr. JAPP—in this month's *Fraser* gives the credit of the telegraph, at least, to two initials—C. M.—which represented a man living in 1753. The managers of that Great Electrical Exhibition, which is now turning night into day in Paris, ought certainly to settle this point before they lay down another thousand tons of machinery.

The Revenue and "Fair-Trade."

We have abused the "Fair-Traders" at various times, but let us give them their due. They have so frightened the country by the mere hint of a return to Protection, that coal has risen, iron has risen, and corn has risen, and even the Revenue has risen. A few more meetings, a few more tracts, and a few more misleading articles, and England will probably be driven, by sheer fear, into its normal state of prosperity.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—N^O. 53.

HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF HAMILTON, K.T.

"I'M MONARCH OF ALL I SURVEY,
MY RIGHT THERE IS NONE TO DISPUTE—
THOUGH THAT ISN'T QUITE WHAT THEY SAY
IN THE PARTS ABOUT ARRAN AND BUTE."

A NAME OF REPROACH.

Gas, as a lighting agent, is not much loved nor respected; and, as a name, it is synonymous with Impudence and Rapacity. A gas-consumer in Marylebone, who had deposited one pound as a guarantee of good faith, was threatened with darkness because he owed fifteen shillings for a quarter's consumption, which the Company refused to pay themselves for out of the deposit. Lighting himself with a Policeman's bull's-eye, he found a Magistrate—this time a sensible Magistrate—and the Company were snubbed, and told they must supply their yellow mixture till the deposit was exhausted. No wonder an extremely offensive person is called "gassy."

The Chesterfield Sweep.

CHESTERFIELD'S *Letters* are now again legible over Chesterfield's shop-fronts—so likewise are Chesterfield's numbers on Chesterfield's doors. The authorities of Chesterfield have contracted for and procured the illumination of their town by means of the "Orion" patent oil-gas lamps, and the Brush Electric Light. It may be advisable for over-grasping Gas Companies to reflect that there is a Brush with which any Town Council can make a clean sweep of them.

BY OUR SUNDAY SCHOOL BORED BOY.—Where did NOAH keep his bees? In the Archives of the family.

THE PHANTOM TREATY.

Sir Charles Whilke (pettishly). It is not easy to see why we were dragged to Paris. As a "Commission" we have done nothing but eat a few dinners, and have surrendered our position as Free-Trade doctrinaires without gaining any substantial benefit.

M. Tirade. My dear WHILKE, I will be perfectly candid with you. You were brought to Paris for the benefit of Paris. How many English "bagmen" have we examined?

Sir C. W. Several hundreds.

M. T. How many English have followed these bagmen?

Sir C. W. Probably a thousand.

M. T. Exactly. Fifteen hundred people staying a week in Paris, and spending, on an average, four pounds a day each, give more than forty thousand pounds for the benefit of Paris.

Sir C. W. On which side the Channel is the "Nation of Shopkeepers"?

M. T. My dear WHILKE, we must deal with things as they are, and not as we would wish them to be. Taxation is Robbery. Your people prefer the "Stand, and deliver!" system—the Income-Tax, &c.; ours prefer to have their pockets picked in a less direct manner. We cook our food, and we cook our finance. We worship custom-houses, and adore our *octroi* sheds.

Sir C. W. These phrases will not satisfy Macclesfield and Sheffield, or pacify Leeds and Bradford.

M. T. My dear WHILKE, I am exceedingly sorry, but what can we do? Shall I get you a few decorations for your clerks and secretaries?

Sir C. W. [Reply not exactly fit for publication.]

An Old Gentleman who won't go near a Circus where there isn't a Clown, will never venture within a mile of either Regent or Oxford Circus.

THE GENTLE CRAFT.

(By Our Own Trout.)



How gentle is the fisherman who sits beside the brook,
And firmly puts the wriggling worm upon the pointed hook!
How pleasant for the hapless trout to find, from some strange cause,
The fly conceals a something that makes havoc with its jaws!

DAME JULIANA BERNERS wrote a book, in which she said
The blessing of St. Peter rests upon the angler's head;

She bid him not be "ravenous in taking game,"—I wish
She'd ever asked if he deserved the blessings of the fish.

We were a happy family, as merry as could be,
"Diversified with crimson stains," as POPE has said. Ah me!
There came the cruel fisherman, his flies had deadly gleam,
And not a soul remains but me to mourn within the stream.

What reeked my little troutlets of the Palmers, Spinners, Duns,
They headlong rushed, and then got caught, my innocent young sons!
They're cooked—excuse an old trout's tear!—but hard it is to feel
A monster's ta'en your family for matutinal meal.

The "honest angler," WALTON, cried, and maundered night and day,
But BYRON puts the matter in a very different way;
He said that ISAAC should have hook fixed firmly "in his gullet,"
And oh! that I might be the trout that he suggests should pull it!

FRENCH DESSERT IN SEASON.—War-nuts to crack.

"AY, MARRY, IS 'T CROWNER'S QUEST LAW?"

(As It Is.)

SCENE I.—*A Public House. Outside in the road and at the Bar are a crowd of seedy-looking strangers, whose general appearance conveys to the uninitiated the impression that they are awaiting the result of the Welsh Cup. To them suddenly appears a Gentleman carrying a small bag.*

The Initiated. Here he is! That's 'im. 'Ere's the Crowner!

The Uninitiated. Pass the cold water! Look alive there with that brandy! Just a drop of summat short? I don't mind if I do! Look sharp, please, Miss! No more for me! No more, thanks! Arterwards, BILLY; arterwards, BILLY, I shall be most happy.

SCENE II.—*A Room in the aforesaid Public-house. At the head of the Room small table, behind which the Coroner takes his seat, and on which are pens, ink, blotting-paper, and New Testaments. The seedy-looking Strangers sidle and shuffle in, resolving themselves into a jury, and sit down on a variety of chairs, brought from the various rooms of the Tavern, and all differing from each other in pattern, amid an atmosphere intensely refreshing to the lovers of stale tobacco-smoke, fumes of last night's spirits and smell of sour beer.*

The Coroner. Open the Court!

[*The Coroner's Officer then retreats from the Room in an aimless, sheepish manner, as if in his absence the Jury were going to choose a Proverb which he had not the smallest chance of guessing on his return. Finding that the Jury are not apparently acquainted with that game, or at any rate aren't going to play it, he decides to give an exhibition of ventriloquism on his own account.*]

The Coroner's Officer (as the Professor giving the Entertainment). Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! (*Now as the Man up the chimney.*) Gabble, gabble, gabble. (*Now as the Man coming down the chimney and getting nearer and nearer.*) Save your fines, God save the QUEEN!

The Coroner. RICHARD JONES!

Seedy-looking Stranger. 'Ere, Sir!

The Coroner. JOHN ROBINSON! (*No answer.*) JOHN ROBINSON! Where's JOHN ROBINSON?

[*No answer.*]
[First general impression—that JOHN ROBINSON is no end of a fine fellow to stay away in this dashing, devil-may-care manner. Second general impression—that JOHN ROBINSON has gone a little bit too far this time, and that he'll catch it when the Coroner catches him. Third general impression—that JOHN ROBINSON is having a good time of it at the bar down-stairs all by himself, and is therefore entitled to envy. There having been an extra number of men summoned on purpose to fill up the gaps caused by the erratic conduct of JOHN ROBINSON and the likes of him, a full jury is easily obtained.]

The Coroner. Gentlemen, will you please choose your foreman?

[*Four Seedy-looking Strangers immediately become profoundly unconscious, while the remaining eight regard life with stolid contempt.*]

A Seedy-looking Stranger. I think Muster SMITH! [*Murmurs.*]

The Coroner. Look here! I have got another inquest in an hour's time, and I can't be here all day.

A Seedy-looking Stranger. I think that Muster SMITH—

The Coroner (seeing his chance). THOMAS SMITH, you will truly and diligently inquire . . . (*SMITH, suddenly perceiving he is being sworn in, becomes nervous, while the eleven others look upon him with profound disgust.*) . . . Fear favour or affection . . . So help . . .

[*The Foreman takes the nearest chair on the Coroner's left hand, looks at him as if to say "You and I could settle this in five minutes," and produces a pencil without a point, and a crossed letter on which to make copious notes.*]

The Coroner. RICHARD JONES, WILLIAM BROWN, &c., &c., &c.

[*Eleven Seedy-looking Strangers rise, and the Coroner's Officer deals them out Testaments, with the air of one who can say, "A new round game,—all my invention,—and I assure you can be played on Sunday afternoons."*]

The Coroner. The oath which your Foreman has taken . . . So help . . . You can go and view the body.

[*The Jury then retire with much noise, in each other's hats, which they exchange angrily going down-stairs. The Coroner changes some gold into silver with the Landlord, more than ever suggesting the forthcoming of a good round game at a dozen counters the shilling. Then the Jury return. The Coroner's Officer produces at the Coroner's table a man. Excitement is great. Half the Audience is of opinion that this is JOHN ROBINSON, who is now going to meet his due reward. Half are of opinion that this is the man who "did it." Everybody is of a settled opinion that somebody "did it." On this man's being sworn in, and shown to be a Witness, public feeling is angry. The Coroner's Officer stands close to the Witness, with an "I know what you ought to say, and just let me catch you not saying it" expression on his face.*]

Coroner. What is your name?

Witness. TOM BUGGINS.

Coroner. What is your occupation?

Witness. I am a Lighterman.

Coroner. Where do you live?

Witness. No. 2, Short's Street, Long Road.

Coroner. Well, tell the Jury what you know of this affair.

Witness. Me and my brother JACK was a bathing; it was a nice warm afternoon and rather tempting like—

Coroner. Oh, we don't want to have your meteorological experiences, interesting as they may be. Do go on.

Witness. I was only a telling the gents 'ow it was. Being 'ot he thought he would like a bathe.

Coroner. You have told us that before. Did your brother go out of his depth? I have got to catch a train.

Witness. Yes, he got out of his depth. I was a-coming to that—

Coroner. Don't waste the time of the Court. Could he swim?

Witness. Well, he warn't a good swimmer. He could swim mid-dling like a few strokes. No, he couldn't swim.

Coroner. What are you trying to say? He couldn't swim. Well, did you try and save him?

Witness. I swims that way, and I dives, but he was gone, and I couldn't save him.

Coroner. That'll do. I suppose, Gentlemen, you have no questions to ask?

Three Jurymen (who are intensely wroth at not having been elected Foreman). Oh, haven't we?

Intensely Wroth Jurymen No. 1. Was your brother addicted to drink?

Coroner. I really don't see what bearing that has on the case. My time is very precious, and I shall be late as it is.

Intensely Wroth Jurymen No. 2. Was there anybody likely to have murdered your brother except yourself?

Coroner. This is too ridiculous. I shall miss my train for a certainty. Just sign that paper, Witness.

[*Coroner's Officer to the fore, seizes a pen, places it in Witness's hand, shows him where to sign, which Witness immediately does in the wrong place, and then shuffles away into the background, intensely nervous as to the result. The only other Witness is also a lighterman, who found the body with no marks of violence on it.*]

Coroner. Well, Gentlemen, this is clearly a case of accidental drowning. You will make that your verdict, of course.

Foreman. Well, in cases of foul play—

Coroner. But there is no foul play here. The brothers were on very good terms, and the Witness got a very good character from the police.

Foreman. Lots of people have good characters from the police who are not of much account.

Chorus of Jurymen. Ah! that's very true.

Coroner (with stern determination). Will you sign that?

[*The Jury, headed by the Foreman, sign their names as well as they can, an operation of great length, each man being under the impression that the document will be straightway transmitted to Her Majesty, and that to his own particular signature the QUEEN will attach much importance. Then the Coroner gives the Foreman twelve shillings to pay the Jury. There being thirteen on the Jury, the Foreman finds himself without any shilling for himself, and wishes he had never been born. Witnesses are also paid. The Second Lighterman is outrageously disappointed at the smallness of his fee, and announces his intention of never picking up another body. The brother of the deceased thinks he ought to have a bit extra to soothe his feelings. A Doctor who makes his appearance on the scene at the last moment, is annoyed at there having been no post-mortem. Several loafers, who know nothing whatever of the case, are, according to their accounts, most important Witnesses, and, never doing a stroke of work, are clamorous to be recompensed for their loss of time. The Coroner, as he makes his escape, discovers that he has missed his train, has to take a cab (which the county will not pay for), and is more angry than all the others put together. And, finally, a great joy comes over the Landlord as the Jurors prepare to spend their twelve shillings on brandy and cigars in the bar.*]

Our Booking-Office.

The Original Composer. By the Author of *Wanted, an Heir.*

The Maddened Editor. A sequel to *Missing Proofs.*

A Birch in Pickle. By the Author of *The Rod in India.*

The Mourning Post. By the Author of *Post Mortem.*

It is Never too Late to Lend. By the Author of *Reminiscences of George Borrow.*

HOW TO IMPROVE LONDON.—No. 4. BILLINGSGATE MARKET.



AN EXCELLENT SUBSTITUTE FOR SMITHFIELD, COVENT GARDEN, AND BILLINGSGATE.

WITH a strange want of sense and consideration, the Corporation of London and the Metropolitan Board of Works have appointed Committees of Inquiry into our Fish Supply, without seeking the assistance of the writer of this article. However, the slight thus offered to me shall not be avenged. In spite of the neglect and discourtesy of the two bodies above specified, I shall not relax my efforts to make London what it should be—the Pride of England and the Wonder of the World.

For a long time Billingsgate has been a scandal. It must be removed. So the first task we have before us is to find a suitable site. Looking at the map, St. Paul's Cathedral seems very central. By removing Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN's master-piece, the whole of Cheapside and Fleet Street, Newgate, Christ's Hospital, the General Post-Office, and all buildings north and south of the centre we have chosen, for about a quarter of a mile, we unquestionably should solve the difficulty.

But we have another site ready to hand nearer the more fashionable part of town. Kensington, nowadays, embraces a large district. It is bounded on the north by Kensal Green, on the east by Hyde Park lower, and on the west by Turnham Green. Practically it has no boundary on the south, but may be supposed to fade away in that direction somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Crystal Palace. Very well then, *pull down Kensington!*

Now that we have a nice open site, half our labour is completed. I have engaged a fresh and unprejudiced intellect to design the plan. He is but a lad at school, and, like his drawing, wants a little touching up occasionally. However, it conveys the idea, and is unfettered by tradition and technicalities.

It will be seen at a glance that we are very comprehensive in our design. My young friend and I are not contented with fish. We

trifle with meat, dip into vegetables, and soar amongst poultry. We have brought a deep water canal from the Thames (it might start at Gravesend) to our market, so that fish may be supplied from the vessels from which it is caught. The deep water canal might be constructed by M. DE LESSEPS, and should be a worthy *pendant* to the works at Suez and Panama.

On the other side of the picture my young friend and I have schemed a railway, which should pay a good dividend, and of which we willingly would become Managing Directors.

Opposite the Fish Market is the Emporium for Meat, which would be well stored with frozen beef and mutton, brought over by the Australian Company (Limited) in large quantities. The reserve of this food might be used by the lovers of skating, as everything in our model comestible depot should be turned to useful account. Our vegetable and poultry markets have extensive grounds, upon which cabbages and ducks and fowls would be reared with diligence.

In the background are buildings for the use of the salespeople. My young friend and I have provided a theatre, a tavern, a literary institute, a church, and a police-station. Thus all tastes have been equally considered. We have put in a turnpike, partially to show that the rights of the Lord Mayor and Corporation have not been ignored, but principally, I must confess, because we know how to draw it. In like manner my young friend and I have added a castle. I did not include it in my original directions, but have consented to its appearance at my colleague's earnest request. It certainly looks very well, and as I am given to understand that it has a dungeon under the deepest moat, it might be utilised for the incarceration of forestallers, vendors of bad meat, and other disreputable characters.

And now, having removed Billingsgate, I am

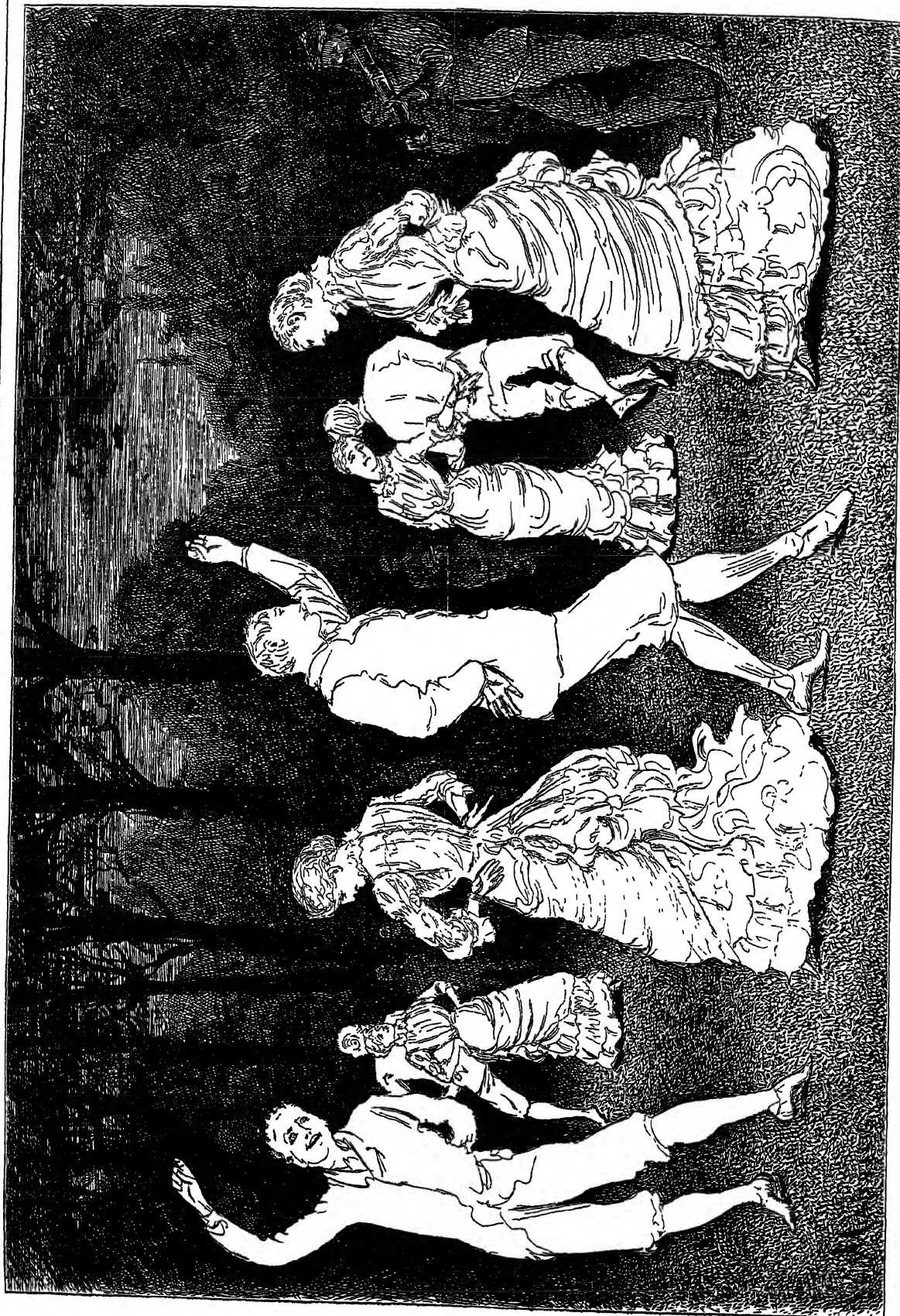
THE PERI-PATETIC.

MORE LIGHTS O' LONDON.

MR. D'OYLEY CARTE, of the New Savoy Theatre, who has lately been very nearly as much before the public as Mr. GAS HARRIS of Query Lane, wrote last week to all the papers to explain that he had "1200 lights" in his theatre, without sufficient power on the part of the "Contractors" to light "anything approaching this number," so that an additional engine would have to be added immediately. "Contractors" are evidently too narrow in their views for the breadth of Mr. CARTE's Light Entertainment, so they're going to become "Expanders," and give him another engine. What sort of an engine?—a Donkey engine with Carte and horse power? This explanation, though at first pleasantly reminding some fogies (who were boys together,) of the "thousand additional lamps" at old Vauxhall—*Consule Simpson*—was calculated to have a deterrent effect on nervous people who, if they can't see a musical piece, in comparative security, without incandescent lamps, concealed electric batteries, currents under the stalls, besides the usual draughts above, and engines working in different parts of the building, would far rather either stay at home or patronise some other less improved theatre, until time shall have tested the

latest electric novelties and proved to demonstration that there is no danger, that the house has never risen as one man—blown up by electricity—and gone bang through the roof. These nervous people will not be tranquillised when they are informed that Mr. D'OYLEY CARTE himself is seldom seen about without a GUNN by his side—unless it is at once explained that this is Mr. D'OYLEY CARTE's partner, very safe, and not likely to go off suddenly. Come, Mr. D'OYLEY CARTE, that's what some friend in Dublin might call a "doyleycarte compliment," isn't it? The house is brightly decorated a little too much in the wedding-cake-sugar and open-tart order of ornamentation; but the lighting, when under thorough control, will effect brilliancy without heat. The construction of the smoking and refreshment rooms, and of the passages, is decidedly faulty. This, we hope, will be remedied. Patience! and all may yet be well. Another time we will say something more about *Patience*, in her new position, smiling at *Toto* in the Opéra-Comique.

"We will be Boers!" shouted the Wexford audience, in answer to Mr. PARNELL's invective. No, no! Be the Pigs that pay the rent.



A BRILLIANT IDEA.

AFTER DARK THE BROWNS AND THEIR FRIENDS DABT THEMSELVES ALL OVER WITH LUMINOUS PAINT, AND DANCE THE HIGHLAND SCHOTTISCHE ON THE LAWN.
OLD BROWN SAYS IT'S AS GOOD AS FIREWORKS!

PHYLLOXERA.

(A Doleful Drinking Song.)

Fill, fill, "Phylloxera!
 Fill anon with bitter beer," a
 Mimicking, mocking Imp replies.
 "Fill no more!" a sternly sneering,
 Moodily, morosely jeering,
 Grim and gloomy Goblin cries.

Fill, fill! Phylloxera
 Harms not Sherry, Port, Madeira,
 But it ruins Claret wines.
 Let us drink extermination
 To that vermin, devastation
 Spreading 'mongst the Gallic vines.

Fill, fill! Phylloxera,
 Greatest plague of this new era,
 'Mid 'all pests that creep and crawl;
 Insect worse than any locust,
 Oh that we could have it hocussed,
 Drowned or doctored once for all!

Fill, fill! Phylloxera,
 No mistake and no chimæra,
 Up to now defies control.
 Till we can contrive to cure it,
 We must, as we may, endure it—
 Let us drown it in the bowl!

The Russian Emperor.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Moscow, September 14 (*old style*).—You may take it for granted that the Emperor is coming to the Kremlin. I saw two charwomen washing down the grand staircase. BISMARCK is also expected. I had this from a celebrated corn-cutter here, who has been told, to keep himself in readiness.

We shall be glad to know in Moscow whether you keep up your weekly average in England of deaths from starvation, and undiscovered murders.

[Delayed in transmission about three weeks for political reasons.]



AN EXAMPLE!

Grandpapa. "NOT HALF A GLASS O' WINE! WHY, YOU'RE NOT A 'TOTAL ABSTAINER,' ARE YOU?"

Tommy. "OH, YES, GRAN'PA"—HAVE BEEN FOR YEARS!"

THE CABINET COUNCIL.

(By Our Own Penny-a-Liner.)

THE initiatory Cabinet Council since the ceremony of prorogation of Imperial Parliament, took place at 2 p.m. on Wednesday, at the official residence of the PREMIER in Downing Street. We are in a position to state that the object of the meeting, most unusual thus early in the waning year, was of considerable importance, and that its effects will hereafter be felt.

A considerable number of persons assembled in Downing Street to witness the arrival of Members of the Cabinet; but it was nearly two o'clock before Mr. DONSON, who was the first to arrive, walked over from the Local Government Board. It was observed that the Right Hon. Gentleman, who wore a tall black hat, and a neckcloth of blueish shade, with white spots, was deeply immersed in reflection. There is a crossing leading up to the door of the PREMIER's official residence; but Mr. DONSON scarcely availed himself of it, whence the crowd augured the worst in respect of the Transvaal. Mr. JOHN BRIGHT came next in a cab, for which he paid one shilling. The cabman stedfastly regarded the coin, first by the head and then by the caudal appendage, but refrained from offering the customary observation. Lord NORTHBROOK walked up from the west entrance, whilst the HOME SECRETARY—"like some other wise men" (a person in the crowd observed in the hearing of our Reporter)—came from the East. It was freely stated that on a former occasion this course of procedure was exactly reversed, and there is some reason to believe it will be found to have a bearing on the Eastern Question.

Lord KIMBERLEY, Secretary of State for the Colonies, came over from the Colonial Office, and Mr. CHAMBERLAIN walked across from the Board of Trade, two incidents the significance of which was not lost upon the watchful crowd. Lord KIMBERLEY carried a cane, a circumstance which seems to confirm rumours which have reached us to the effect that the noble Lord is desirous of seeing more stringent steps taken in Ireland to vindicate law and order. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN wore his eye-glass, a fact the bearing of which on the

Egyptian Question is so obvious that we refrain from pointing the moral or adorning the tail.

At ten minutes past two there was a movement in the crowd, which the police vainly strove to repress. Lord CARLINGFORD, and the Earl SPENCER were discovered walking along Downing Street together. At first there was some tendency to throw doubt on this significant concatenation. But it was too true. They not only walked up together, but may be said to have entered the portals of the PREMIER's residence at the same moment. Precisely four minutes later Lord GRANVILLE came up smiling, and last of all the Marquis of HARTINGTON came also. This tardy appearance on the scene of a nobleman whose punctuality has passed into a proverb created much excitement, which was increased when it was discovered that the noble Lord as he walked along, had his left hand half embedded in one of the pockets of a pair of pepper-and-salt trousers. The lookers-on knew very well what *that* meant, and apprehension for the immediate tranquillity of Ireland was freely expressed.

We regret that, owing to the accident of Mr. GLADSTONE's residence in Downing Street, we are not able to complete our review of the political situation by noting the particulars of his arrival at his own door. But we may state that we hear, from a reliable source, that the Right Hon. Gentleman has recently acquired the habit of marking occasions of special import by reaching the Cabinet Council Chamber *viâ* the chimney.

Immediately after the Cabinet Council of Wednesday, a Special Representative of the Central News-ance interviewed the PREMIER, when the following conversation took place:—

Reporter. It has been stated that at important political crises you are accustomed to enter the Council Chamber by the chimney. Why is this?

Mr. Gladstone (with unnecessary warmth). Because it soots me. Our Special Representative, with the assistance of a stalwart hall-porter, immediately afterwards withdrew.

SUGGESTION FOR ARTISTS WHO WISH TO DESERVE HANGING NEXT YEAR.—A study of Dock leaves from the *Newgate Calendar*.

THE HALFWAY HOT-HOUSE; OR, "TOM ALL-ALONE."

MR. G. R. SIMS having created an electric effect with *The Lights o' London* at the Princess's is, of course, not above attempting to rekindle the "sacred lamp" of comedy at the Vaudeville. *The Halfway House*, whereat he introduces us to his company, is one of those dear old-fashioned hostleries where not one of the characters ever thinks of ordering even so little as half-a-pint of half-and-half. Consequently we are not surprised to find that while the sign is hung, there is also an execution in the house.

The man in possession is one *Obadiah Dell*. He is not one of the original *Two Obadiahs*, because he is never dry, on the contrary he is always wet—with tears. Mr. W. LESTOCQ, who plays the part, is so oppressed with the knowledge that executions cannot be levied for rent, that he is in perpetual distress. And of course the more he annoys the actors, the more the audience is pleased with his melancholy conduct, for in good sooth this representative of *le stock compagne du Vaudeville* is vastly diverting.

Beck (Christian name not given) is the landlord of the Halfway House. From his attire it is evident that the Turf, not the Road, should be his vocation. Beck is a landlord, but there is one landlordlier than he. His landlord is *Squire Hesselstine*, who has also gone wrong in his pursuits, for he is clearly no country gentleman at all, but an old Regency buck, say, Beau Brummelgem. The beau has a peculiarly disagreeable sister, one Mrs. O'Shaughnessy (a slight hoarseness is useful in pronouncing this name), and she it is who is down on *Blank Beck* for three-quarters rent. Some of her acquaintances call her the "iron-clad." Three-quarter decker would be a better appellation.

Among the distinguished visitors to the Halfway-House are Mr. John Hope and Miss Ivy Hope, his daughter, so called because Mr. J. H. is a London florist. Here anyone inspired by the genius of the piece can stop to make a joke about "THORNE" and "roses,"—then on we go again. In respect of flowers Mr. Beck is a man of properties. Miss Ivy moreover had, when we saw her, culled an extremely fine branch of stephanotis in the conservatory. The Halfway Hot-house is decidedly the place for a floricultured person. Miss Ivy, by the way, is somewhat of the "ivy green" type, for she has allowed Beau Brummelgem's son Philip to make love to her as "Mr. HOWARD," when he came to buy buttonholes at the Paternal Emporium. Of course she is annoyed at this Howardy behaviour, but plausible Philip soon reassures her. His clandestine conduct was simply because his mother was in a lunatic asylum. Any girl would be satisfied with this explanation. Ivy is, especially when Philip produces the Mad Mother herself.

The M. M. (who is not M.) has been locked up by her sister-in-



Beau Brummelgem.



De Lunatic Inn-quirendo.

law, the Three-quarter decker. But Philip, brave boy, rescues his maternal relative; and, having conveyed her to the Hot-house, effectually prevents a case of *de lunatico inn-quirendo*, by concealing her behind the door. This situation, not to say hers, is decidedly flat. The drop falls on the end of the execution, for Mr. JOHN MACLEAN plays Beck-y Sharp with success, and holds the key of the position. Dismal Dell sings "I'll never get Beck no more." For correct key, see our Artist's Illustration.

In Act II. Beau Brummelgem has asked the Hopes to his family-

seat, which, from stage necessities, is Hesselstiny Hall. The Beau has a gallery of ancestral pictures, on the strength of which he hopes to draw upon the Florist.

Many sterling jokes are repleted *à la Brummelgem* in this Act, such as "pigs paying the rent," "the dust-man being down with the dust," and "the family-tree being shady."

The Three-quarter decker has, we forgot to mention, a daughter Madge.

She naturally attracts the affections of a nautical neophyte (rank hazy), one Bertie Scott. Unlike most mariners, he has a partiality for strong drinks, and, like most nautical men, an indisposition to board the Three-quarter decker (with a proposal). We are therefore quite prepared to find that when he endeavours to display his neo-fighting qualities, he is woefully "wrecked in port." (Joke here—play on the words "port" and "sherry"—so new!)

The M. M., though invisible during this portion of the play, is still fearfully present as another alliterative agent—the Machinal Medium. It is by her unseen influence that Ivy gets into a hopeless tangle over a locket, that the Beau is drawn by the Florist, and that the Three-quarter decker is boarded, captured, and incarcerated, not in the felon's dock, but in the lodge (also unseen) of Hesselstiny Hall. No wonder, then, that the Poet croons in our ear:—

"Beware the Maniac's influence!
Beware her secret will intense!
Her power, we see, is all immense,
She can't be mad—she must have sense."

Back to the Halfway Hot-house in Act III. This time we get inside. So does Dell. Scarcely a deep Dell either, to be kept out so long, with a nice easy window to get in at. The M. M. reappears. There being, apparently, only one bedroom in this fine old roadside inn, she shares that with Ivy. Where Mr. John Hope, Blank Beck, and Blank Beck's daughter sleep, concerns nobody. The M. M. is made up like MARIE ANTOINETTE. Good subject for an historical painting, "The M. M. going to the Execution at the Halfway Hot-house."

After a *Lady Teazle* Scene, the Beau is reconciled to the M. M., the Florist plants his Ivy on the Hesselstine tree, and promises to pay off the Beau's liabilities. He says so, but we should like to see the sequel, for, as we all know, "Hope told a flattering tale." Dell leaves at Beck's nod, and the Three-quarter decker is effectually sunk.

On this action the Curtain falls. Is this play of Mr. SIMS's a comic melodrama or a melodramatic comedy, or what? The piece has plenty of good things in it, but it is plum-duff, not plum-pudding. Mr. THOMAS THORNE's John Hope is a capital study, though savouring more of the turnips and cabbages Covent Garden Market gardener than of the peach and strawberries eighteen-penny-buttonhole tradesman of the West End. Mrs. CANNING is excellent as the Three-quarter decker. Every shot which she fires makes a mark. Miss MURRAY is earnest and tender, and, being Ivy, like the great Tea-merchant, she is always Twining round somebody or other.



The Key of the Position.



Bitters for Sherry.



Ivy Twining round an Old Thorne.
(N.B.—This is not a Tea advt.)

OUR POLICE.

Running Commentary on the New Code, by Verges Wrongseent, Esq.

BEFORE considering the duties of the Police, it is necessary to say a few preliminary words about their dress. The law then—as if disputing the truth of the well-known proverb—that holds that “it is not the coat that makes the man,” insists that it is the coat that makes the Policeman. And to such a jolly length does it carry its conviction on this point, that it makes the assumption of the character of a Constable a punishable offence, enjoining that “any person who puts on the dress, or takes the name, designation, or character of a Constable for the purpose of doing, or procuring to be done, any act, which such person would not be entitled to do, or procure to be done, of his own authority, or for any other unlawful purpose, shall be liable, in addition to any other punishment to which he may be liable for such offence, to a penalty of £10.” It is clear from this that the appearance of a Policeman in the Harlequinade of any Pantomime is a punishable offence within the meaning of the Act, and that Messrs. GILBERT and SULLIVAN’s chorus, in the *Pirates of Penzance*, should have inflicted on those Gentlemen, conjointly with Mr. D’OYLEY CARTE, a nightly fine of about £160 during the whole run of the Opera in question; and this, too, “in addition to any other punishment,” probably imprisonment with hard labour, that they may have subjected themselves to by “procuring to be done,” a series of acts calculated to bring the Force into contempt. As there are now one or two other companies in the field, this neglected matter may prove even yet worth the attention of rival Managers.

But to resume the subject of the Constable’s dress. He may on no account improve on it, but must wear it in its rough simplicity, as it is. Article VII., for instance, strictly forbids any “combination of uniform,” however happy in conception. No Policeman of the most artistic tastes would, therefore, be allowed to have his uniform made of pale sage green cotton velvet, or wear with it a rich Spanish Cloak, Beefeater’s halberd, and Life Guard’s helmet. Nor again would he in the severest thunderstorm be allowed to carry an umbrella. Indeed so stringent are the regulations that preserve the uniform intact for the benefit of the Force alone, that Article IX. enjoins that on a Constable being suddenly dismissed for any offence, all his clothing shall be instantly taken from him “excepting only one pair of trousers and one pair of boots, of an issue prior to the two latest issues;” a costume which, even in fair condition, and it is more than doubtful that this would be the case, would entail on him a most embarrassing walk from the station to the house of his nearest relatives.

Close, and almost niggardly, however, as are the precautions taken in one direction, a lavish and indeed spendthrift outlay is sanctioned in another, or if the Constable in uniform is allowed little or no licence, the Detective in plain clothes may be said literally to revel in it.

From Article X. it appears that Constables, in order that they may be able on all occasions to appear in such costume or costumes as may be necessary to a prosecution of the particular case on which they are engaged, and that they may not be forced “to wear an attire, to which exception may be taken, and which may tend to lower them and the service in the estimation of the public,” shall receive “the sum of one shilling a day to cover their expenses.”

Still as this would not amount to much more than £18 per annum, a Constable, who had an extremely delicate and difficult case in hand, in which he might have, in the interest of justice, at one time to personate an Archbishop in full canonicals, at another a Royal Duke wearing a portion of the family jewels, would find it no easy matter to make ends meet, and could scarcely fail to lower himself and the service in the eyes of everybody. If, too, the rôles of half-a-dozen country Gentlemen and leaders of Society should happen to be thrown in as well, it is obvious he would find himself at a serious disadvantage. He might, of course, fall back upon cheap materials, and try to carry off the circumstance with tact. As the prelate he could perhaps throw in some such remark as “Dear me; how odd! I’ve come out in my cotton cassock and calico sleeves! But I’ve got my others at home. You ask my examining chaplain!” As the Royal Duke in inferior tweed, he could whisper, with well-assumed *ton*, to a casual stranger, now and then, “that he was economising.” In this way suspicion might be disarmed. But these are mere matters of detail, and refer only to the least important portion of the Detective’s duty—his personal appearance.

The rules for his guidance and conduct offer far more serious and interesting matter for further comment and consideration.

CANNING APPLIED.

In making “Conventions” the fault of the Dutch
Is yielding too little and grabbing too much.

SUGGESTION.—Perhaps the smells at Hackney arise from the Hackney-Wick not having been properly extinguished.

A SPANISH INVESTMENT.

(By Our Electric Light-brained Artist, who says he took it on the Black Spot.)



The Garter Procession. Hon. G. L. Gower in hat, plume, and feathers; Lord W. Compton balancing his book of Statutes; Viscount Donne; Count Up with the Star; Don José Merrimaños bearing banner symbolising the bonds of Union between Spain and England.



The remainder of the Procession giving a performance on the road while the King was having the Garter tied on in the Throne Room. [N.B.—For reasons, we have been inquiring for our Electric-Light-brained Artist ever since these Pictures came in. Was he really in Spain? Anyone who can furnish us with information on the subject shall be rewarded.—Ed.]

MORE GHOSTS!

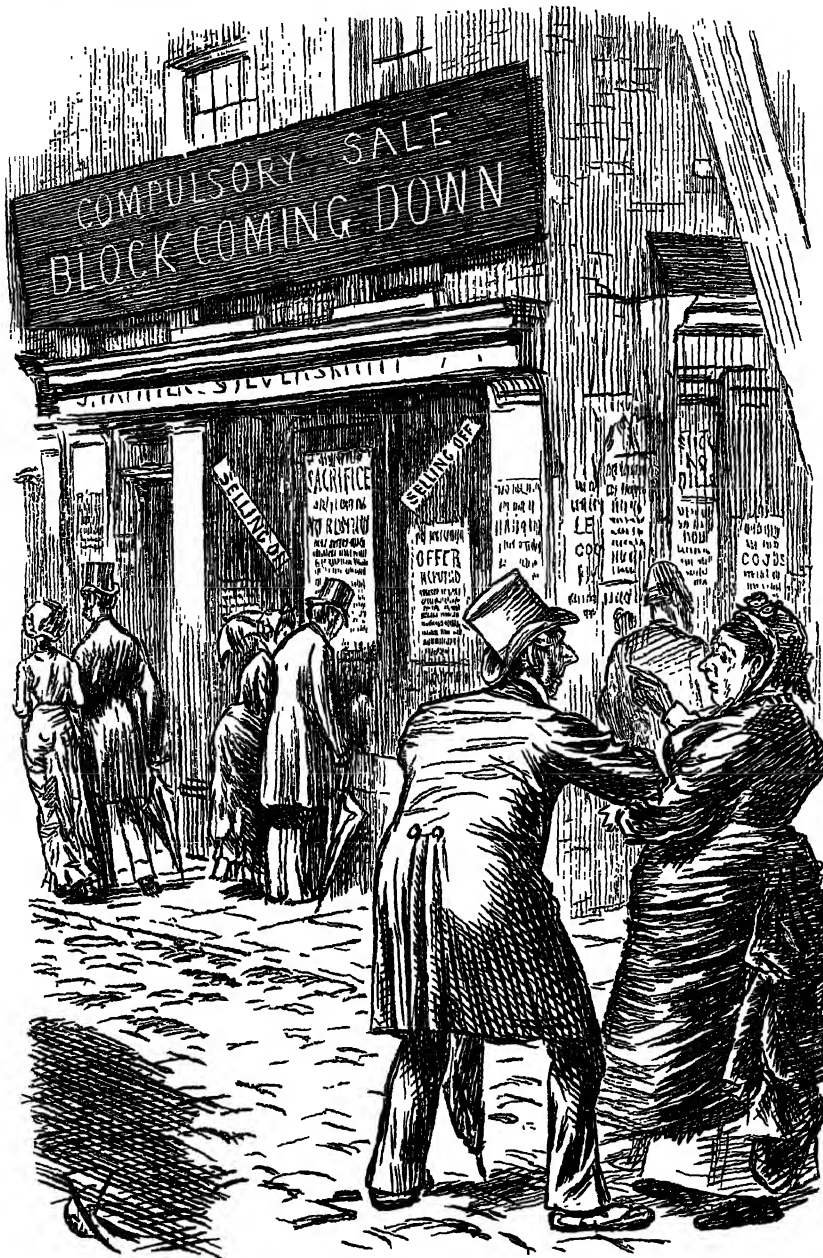
Oh, spirits of my ancestors, come back to me once more,
And walk up-stairs with spectral feet, and fumble at the door;
Waltz in when strikes the midnight hour on every moonlight night,
Till all the servants warning give because they’re in a fright;
And if you’re kind enough to wish to make the thing complete,
Don’t wear your ordinary clothes, but don the proper sheet.

And ever and anon lift up a thin and warning hand,
And mutter many mystic words that none can understand;
Sigh in the unfrequented rooms, or give a ghostly laugh,
So that I thrill all those who read the *Daily Telegraph*,
And make them shudder even o’er their matutinal toast,
When I describe you and your tricks, my old ancestral ghost!

No doubt a sceptical M.D. the public will beguile,
And hold the visions that I saw were nothing else but bile,
But still young people will believe the awful things I say,
For I shall work you up, my ghost, in quite a business way;
And on the knifeboard of the ‘bus they’ll vow it must be true,
And swear that *Hamlet*’s queer Papa was not a patch on you!

A Cheap Home.

“A YOUNG LADY,” says an advertisement in a daily paper, “willing to assist in teaching young children French and music in the morning, can be received in the home of a clergyman’s widow for £40 a year.” What a modest clergyman’s widow! She advertises for a governess, and expects the young person to pay her forty pounds a year for the privilege of teaching her children. The young ladies of the period ought to be grateful for such a splendid opportunity.



"JUST IN TIME."

Country Gentleman (who had been violently dragged into the road by his Wife). "GOOD GRACIOUS, MY DEAR GAL, WH-WE-WHAT EVER 'S THE MATTER?"

Wife (in terrified accents). "MATTER! LOOK WHAT IT SAYS ON THE BOARD OVER THERE—AND WE WERE JUST UNDER THE HOUSE! HOW FORTUNATE I LOOKED UP! WE MIGHT 'A BEEN—CRUSHED TO ATOMS!"

"FOUND—AN EARTHQUAKE!"

GENIUS should never go unrewarded, and surely this Policeman whose report we have to chronicle, should be at once raised to a high position in the Force. This individual, on coming off duty, reported as follows to the Superintendent:—"At 1.45 this morning found an Earthquake opposite No. 207." This is too delightful, and the only wonder is that the Earthquake was not "run in" and charged with being drunk and disorderly. It seems, however, it was a sober and stationary Earthquake, for when inspected in the morning it was still there—some brickwork which had given way making a subsidence of the road. It was indeed lucky that it made no attempt to escape, for the consequences of an Earthquake careering round London, pursued by this active and intelligent officer, are too terrible to contemplate. His next report will probably be, "Found a Mare's Nest," and then Scotland-Yard will assuredly demand his instant promotion.

THE CABINET TRICK, OCT. 12.

OR, HOW IT WAS DONE.

(From Our Own Insider, who knows the ropes.)

Gl-dst-ne. Well, Gentlemen, there are three courses—

Sir Wm. H. Ah! we've finished those—let's come to the dessert.

Mr. F-rst-r. That's a nut to crack!

Mr. Br-ght. Hope your nut won't be cracked. Shouldn't care about being Irish Secretary myself.

Gl-dst-ne. Let's come to the point. What are we to do with these fellows, PARNELL & Co?

[Awkward pause. Enter Lord H-RT-NGT-N from Newmarket, and not having had a very good time of it there, he is rather "short."]

Lord H-rt-ngt-on. PARNELL? I'll tell you. (To GL-DST-NE.) You've been saying at Leeds what you'll do, and S-L-SB-RY'S asking why the deuce you're not as good as your word. PARNELL'S been abusing you like a pickpocket. Don't stand that. I wouldn't.

Lord K-mb-rl-y. Of course it's no affair of mine, but I don't quite see—

Lord H-rt-ngt-n. I do. And I'll lay a hundred to two we do the right thing, give SARUM and STAFF., DILLON & Co. a facer, and have the country with us.

Gl-dst-ne. That's my idea too.

All (except Lord H-rt-ngt-n). What?

Gl-dst-ne. Arrest PARNELL.

All (led by Lord H-rt-ngt-n). Hear! hear!

Mr. F-rst-r. But when?

Gl-dst-ne. When? Now.

All. Bravo, Guv'nor!

Mr. F-rst-r. But who's to—

Gl-dst-ne. One must make a beginning. Here are the warrants, made out all ready. Sign 'em yourself on arriving. Put 'em in your inside pocket. Safe? All right! Now get on your ulster. There's a hansom at the door. You'll have plenty of time to catch the train and boat.

Mr. F-rst-r. But I've only just come over—

Mr. Gl-dst-ne. Then you'll only just go back again. Sharp's the word, and mum, of course. See him off, HARTY, my boy, and I say F-RST-R, wire over to me at Guildhall to-morrow when it's done. It'll make a first-rate point in my speech. Oh, by the way, just take these other warrants for SEXTON and the rest. I'll wire further orders. Now then, don't stop to shake hands with anyone—do that when you come back—and be off. "If 'twere done, 'twere well it were done quickly." *Bon voyage!* (Lord H. hurries M. F. off.) Now, K-MB-RL-Y, let's get to the Boers, and put our foot down there!

All. Hear! hear! [Left sitting.

The Terrific Gale last Thursday Night and Friday.

"SUCH omens met the eye when CÆSAR fell,"

It was on Thursday that they took PARNELL,

Then, later on, arrested QUINN and SEXTON,

Then a few more. And now, who is the next 'un?

A COURT THEATRE TICKET.—The Order of the Garter available only at Windsor as an Order for the Stalls.



“COLLARED!!”

“I BEG THAT YOU WILL LOOK UPON ME SIMPLY AS REPRESENTING THE EXECUTIVE POWER, AND THE AUTHORITY OF THE LAW.”—*The Premier's Speech at the Guildhall, Thursday, October 13.*

HUNTING BISMARCK.

From Our Own Correspondent under the Table.



Most people have to get up uncommonly early to take me in, and BISMARCK is one of the number. When he drew his front blinds down at his old house in Berlin, and the official journals said he was at Varzin, I avoided all the diplomatic celebrities in town, and carefully watched the man who provides his dogs-meat. What I saw was enough for me. So many pounds of meat a day—mean a dog in the house—a dog in the house means BISMARCK's dog, and BISMARCK's dog means BISMARCK himself.

No man who cannot live without servants is his own master, though he may govern millions. On a given night in a given room, I found myself under the great man's table. A knock was heard at the door, and a valet entered with a knowing look.

"The person you expected, Sir, about the balloons."

It was GAMBETTA disguised as an Englishman.

"He may well say balloons," said the Man of Iron. "I thought you'd started in one, and drifted into the Baltic."

"You stop at home," said G., "and don't know what I've suffered to get here. I reached Cologne, and found two hundred reporters at my heels. I changed clothes with an Englishman—a friend of WHILKE's—and went to England, returning here by way of Hamburg. Twice across that dreadful Channel! Ugh!"

"Take some brandy," said B.; "you'll find it on the table. The supper has been waiting since last Thursday."

This conversation, it is needless to say, was carried on in several foreign languages.

"I cannot congratulate you on German cooking," said GAMBETTA, with his mouth full of something that might have been roast pork and stewed prunes, but was probably some variety of sausage.

"We live mostly on beer," said the great wire-puller.

"What then becomes of the good Rhein Wein?" asked G.

"We sing about it," returned B., "but never drink it. Pass the claret."

"French, of course?" said G.

"Well, it's not Alsatian," retorted B.

"I thought by-gones were to be by-gones?" inquired G.

I pricked up my ears.

"A good phrase, which I believe comes from England," said B., more convivially. "Let Bourgoynes be Bourgoynes. Pass the Bourgoyne, and sing us a song."

G., with a command of German which fairly astonished me, immediately broke out with the following lyric, which is like something I have heard in England:—

"Gute morgen, mein herren, und sleipen sie wohl,
Und Sauer-Kraut isn't so bad;
Und sweiner-fleisch makes you a very good meal,
When no other food's to be had;

"Und Unter den Linden's a very fine place,
Though hotels there I find rather dear;
But where they make Hockheim, und what it's made of,
I haven't the slightest idea."

B. roared at this song, and thumped the table till I thought the whole structure would collapse on the top of me, and G., encouraged by his host's hilarity, was equally joyous. It was gratifying to see, or rather to hear, two such hard-working and important men enjoying themselves, as if no such troublesome problem existed as the Balance of Power.

I had several attacks of cramp before the French Statesman rose to go, and then he was ten minutes finding his hat, which he had placed on his chair, and sat upon. As the night was wet, the Man of Iron kindly lent him an umbrella. G.'s last words, as B. let him out by the back door, were, "Give my compliments to the Guv'nor, but not a word about this visit. Strict Q.T. *Comprennez?*"

B. followed his guest down-stairs, and no sooner were their backs turned, than B.'s infernal dog rushed into the room after the fragments of the feast, and immediately scented me under the table. He "went for me" in preference to the food, and I had barely time to get to the window, with my clothes considerably damaged, when the Man of Iron re-appeared at the back door, and at once grasped the situation!

OUR CHANGE AND BARTER COLUMN.

SHOOTING BOX EXTRAORDINARY.—A landed proprietor who, owing to a sudden and unforeseen disagreement with a Water Company, has been obliged to cut off the entail, is desirous of meeting with a purchaser, of sporting tastes, to whom the valuable freehold of nearly a quarter of an acre of wild forest moorland, well stocked with game, and situate within two minutes' walk of five metropolitan railway stations, would prove an attractive consideration. Red deer, quite tame, may be stalked, and salmon netted in a neighbouring park all the year round, while grouse and partridge shooting, for which no licence is required, begins at any season, entirely at option of owner. The fixtures, which consist of the handsome Venetian blinds, a pack of highly trained staghounds (poodles), who are accustomed after the day's run to give an entertainment in a neighbouring circus, and a man who is permanently in possession, can be taken at a valuation. Fine opportunity for a *parvenu*, wishing to figure in next edition of *Burke's Landed Gentry*. Would treat liberally with a foreign sportsman.—Apply TALLY-OWE, The Duffers, Dulwich.

GREAT BARGAIN.—A West Indian Chief for sale. This unique and valuable lot to be disposed of at once. Purchase-money will include, pot of paint, beads, muzzle, and a consignment of uncles, shipped by last mail, and now on their way to Europe. In prime condition. Gives effective Music Hall sketch with war-whoop, and fixed bayonet leap. Illustrates boomerang practice at evening parties, and finds his own rum. No objection to eat live turkeys, if required, and make himself generally useful. Might easily be trained to give serious address at Missionary meeting, or travel, in cage, with provincial wild-beast show, and do comic business at feeding time as "*the Missing Link*." Could act as tutor to a young nobleman about to complete his education by a visit to the Garra-Warra Islands, or accept a professorship at a war-dancing academy. Thoroughly understands how to use the tomahawk, and can give references. As present proprietor is only retiring from business in consequence of severe recent injuries to his scalp, he would arrange on easy terms on the three years' hire system, or exchange for collection of postage stamps. No offer refused. Can be inspected with perfect safety through area railings between the hours of 6 and 8 A.M. daily.—Apply on premises. 151A, The New Cut. S.

HERALDIC AND CONFIDENTIAL.—A Knight of the Garter, who in consequence of a family bereavement, is retiring from active diplomatic life, wishes to dispose of the accoutrements and insignia of the order quietly by private arrangement. As the plumed hat, mantle, and duplicate of the Star are in good condition, a purchaser without ancestors could not fail to find this an excellent opportunity of supplying an hereditary deficiency. Would also be a great acquisition to a young tragedian wishing to give an entirely new reading of *Hamlet*. Would take in exchange a dozen of a light dry dinner-sherry. Also be glad to do business with foreign potentates, getting in their winter stock. No agents. As this advertisement is thoroughly genuine, sixpence in stamps must be enclosed as guarantee of good faith.—Apply K. G., Dodge's Library, Windsor Flats.

USEFUL WORK OF ART.—A Landlord of refined tastes, who has suddenly, through the operation of a sheriff's warrant, become possessed of a life-sized wax effigy of NAPOLEON THE THIRD, for which he has no immediate use, would be glad to meet with an enterprising purchaser who could turn it to advantage. Would be of inestimable value to a first-class exhibition having a serviceable cast of countenance specially designed for general use. Has already figured as WILLIAM the Conqueror, the Elder PITT, GEORGE WASHINGTON, Prince BISMARCK, the late Sir ROBERT PEEL, Dr. JOHNSON, and several celebrated criminals. Can roll one eye and take snuff if required. Would prove a handsome and appropriate wedding present to a young literary couple interested in research; or could be case-hardened and serve as the figure-head of a river steamer. Open to an offer. Might be melted down into an excellent lip-salve. Glad to hear from the authorities at South Kensington Museum by letter to COMFUCIUS, Post Office, Fogmore.

JAM AND JALAP.

REAL Jam, doubtless, was the sweet and soothing eloquence in which Mr. GLADSTONE, at the Guildhall on Thursday, shrouded his powder of premonition to the City Fathers. But the powder was there:—

"I feel the most perfect and absolute confidence that nothing that will ever be sanctioned by the Parliament of this country will tend to degrade your great Corporation, or to impair its efficiency, but that new dignity, new energy, and a further enlargement of public confidence, fresh records of good work done, and of great services rendered to the country, will be the unfailing consequence of any such measure as Parliament will adopt for the purpose of dealing with the Municipal Institutions of London. (*Cheers.*)"

Exactly. The powder is oh! so wholesome, and will do them oh! such a deal of good! But they will have to take it, syrup or no syrup. Let us hope they'll like it. Gog and MAGOE grumbled to their chum, Alderman OGG, and one of the old Tory Giants was heard muttering something that sounded like "Demagogue"; but whether MAGOE was commencing a protest to his brother with "Demmy Gog," or whether he was alluding to the Illustrious Visitor, the Reporter was unable to determine.

TOPICS OF THE DAY.

OUR CONTRIBUTION TO THE GHOST CORRESPONDENCE.

AIRLIE to bed and Airlie to rise
Makes some ghost-stories that
open our eyes.

OUR CONTRIBUTION TO ANOTHER CORRESPONDENCE.

THOSE Hackney smells!—those
Hackney smells!
How sad a tale their odour tells
Of Homerton and that sweet time
When no one wanted Condy's
Lime!

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 54.



CHARLES ROBERT DARWIN, LL.D., F.R.S.

IN HIS *DESCENT OF MAN* HE BROUGHT HIS OWN SPECIES DOWN AS LOW AS POSSIBLE—i.e., to "A HAIRY QUADRUPED FURNISHED WITH A TAIL AND POINTED EARS, AND PROBABLY ARBOREAL IN ITS HABITS"—WHICH IS A REASON FOR THE VERY GENERAL INTEREST IN A "FAMILY TREE." HE HAS LATELY BEEN TURNING HIS ATTENTION TO THE "POLITIC WORM."

THE WORM TURNS.

I've despised you, old Worm, for I think you'll admit
That you never were beautiful even in youth;
I've impaled you on hooks, and not felt it a bit;
But all's changed now that DARWIN has told us the truth
Of your diligent life, and endowed you with fame—
You begin to inspire me with kindly regard:
I have friends of my own, clever Worm, I could name,
Who have ne'er in their lives been at work half so hard.

It appears that we owe you our acres of soil,
That the garden could never exist without you,
That from ages gone by you were patient in toil,
Till a DARWIN revealed all the good that you do.
Now you've turned with a vengeance, and all must confess
Your behaviour should make poor humanity squirm,
For there's many a man on this planet, I guess,
Who is not half so useful as you, Mister Worm!

So Like Him!

At Aberdeen they just now describe Lord ROSEBURY as "The Retiring Lord Rector." Such a very retiring young man! They'd better keep him as Rector, now they've got him, according to their own proverb, "A-berdeen hand's worth two," &c. Of course "the bush" has nothing to do with it—unless they were going to offer the place to Cetewayo.

POET'S CORNER;

Or, Nonsense Rhymes on well-known Names.

(*Novelistic.*)

RICE and BESANT
Shot a pheasant.
Says BESANT to RICE,
"Won't it be nice?"

(*Operatic.*)

Says CLAY to GILBERT,
"The Comique will fill, 'BERT."
Says GILBERT to CLAY,
"Get out of the way!"

(*Theatrical.*)

Writes THORNE to JAMES,
"I'm having such games!"
Writes JAMES to THORNE,
"So'll I—when you're gorne!"

Says CONQUEST to MERITT,
"You get me a ferret."
Says MERITT to CONQUEST,
"It will be a long quest."
Says CONQUEST to PETITT,
"Oh, well then, you get it!"

(*Ecclesiastical.*)

Says FRASER to GREEN,
"What do you mean?"
Says GREEN to FRASER,
"Not what I say, Sir."

In Statu Quo, ain't He?

"THE Samples of Statuary for Blackfriars Bridge have been carted away" (wrote "Gog" in the *Times* last week) "to some unknown limbo" ... "where ... the designers cannot obtain the poor solace of a glimpse of their probably mutilated performances." They've evidently been relegated to broken Limb-o.

A WILDE IDEA.

THE great Aesthetic Poet repudiates the imputation of Paganism, and says that, unless the Revised Version has altered the reading, the first Scriptural mention of Aestheticism is when Balaam's ass was made "to utter."

QUESTIONABLE COMPLIMENT.

THE Oxford Vice-Chancellor, Dr. EVANS, Master of Pembroke—"the EVANS above us," as the odd fellows of his College call him—on making his re-election address, complimented the Undergraduates on their admirable behaviour at last Commemoration in the Theatre when Sir F. ROBERTS was made a D.C.L. This exemplary and exceptional conduct he attributed to "the composing effect on their minds" of the Public Orator's Speech. This sounds as if the P. O. had sent them all to sleep. The P. O. should at once act on the hint, and he might realise a fortune by advertising draughts—composing draughts—of his last speech, to be supplied to anyone suffering from insomnia in any part of the kingdom. He should head it, "No more sleepless nights! Try our Oxford Mixture! Draughts forwarded on receipt of a P. O. (Public Orator) order."

Little and Scott.

THERE was a Romancer, Miss BRADDON;
Her brain a queer notion she had on—
To boil WALTER SCOTT
Down to rags in a pot,
Then serve for a penny. Oh, mad 'un!

FOR MR. PARNELL.—Parnell Servitude.



AFTER THE BATTUE—AN AUTUMN IDYL.

MEDDLEVEY LICENSERS.

LAST week a vain attempt was made to pass off upon the Collective Wisdom of the Meddlevey Magistrates their *bête noire*, the Argyle Rooms, under the new title of "The Trocadéro Grand Café." Could the Bishop of LONDON, Canon DUCKWORTH, Archdeacon JENNINGS, Mr. ROBERT BAXTER, and H. E. Cardinal MANNING—of whom we may ask, "*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?*"—have been induced to stand sponsors at the re-christening of Mr. BIGNELL'S unfortunate infant, the Meddlevey Collective Wisdom might for once have put themselves right with the public by taking the advice of Mr. GALSWORTHY—name of good omen to the Trocadéro's proprietor, suggesting "worthy gals"—and granting the licence which was refused by a majority of eleven.

So, the Gaymarket in Waterloo Place will continue to be as bad as Inspector SHEPPARD, who looks after the black sheep, ever remembers it to have been in his twenty years' experience; for, in spite of the Meddlevey *Censures morum*, there has been no diminution in the material that brought grist to the Bignell Mill in Windmill Street, where, at all events, it would be under the strictest supervision, and on its best behaviour, which it certainly is not, to quote the watchful SHEPPARD "in the streets in its immediate neighbourhood."

Then the Meddleveyers refused to grant a dancing licence to the proprietor of the Oxford Music Hall, which, according to trustworthy and Galsworthy evidence, is a most respectably conducted place of entertainment—in fact, so respectable as to run the risk of being a trifle dull; and, therefore, when the Jolly SMASHER, or the Great MACMANMOTH appears on the Oxford stage as an Irishman or Scotchman, he will not be permitted to do any characteristic dance, —which must have delighted Mr. PAVILLION—no, we mean Mr. VILLIERS of the Pavilion Music Hall, just round the corner, tenant of the Board of Works, licensed to dance as well as sing, and ready to admit the entire British Army in uniform at half-price. The British sailor may not perform a hornpipe at the Oxford, but he may do so at Mr. PAVILLIERS'S Music Hall, just round the corner.

The music licence for the Alexandra, which was won by a majority of three, was accompanied by a warning against pretending to turn the Palace into a Palace of Truth on Sunday, with an organ perpetually playing the *Stabat Mater*, some one preaching, and a special service of refreshments. We hope the lecture will do the Sunday League good.

Why play at preaching and grind "sacred music?" Bosh! Music by all means, sacred and secular, and the best that can be got, but no speaking and preaching. Let the people enjoy themselves. Those who wish to go to church, will; and those who won't, won't; and both sets would resent any sneaking attempt at springing a methodistical mine upon them in the middle of their harmless Sunday recreation—when they can get it.

A music licence was granted to the Grosvenor Gallery. Why does Sir COUTTS-LINDSAY want it? For the performance of one of Penny Whistler's Nocturnes? Very likely.

THE REAL "CORN IN EGYPT."—The sensitive French corn, upon which JOHN BULL finds it so difficult to avoid treading.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH IT?

"On Wednesday, the 19th instant, the celebrated, world-renowned, magnificent iron paddle and screw steamship, the *Great Eastern*, will, unless previously disposed of by private treaty, be offered for sale at Lloyd's Rooms, in the Royal Exchange."—*Daily Paper*.

We have received various suggestions as to the best method of utilising the old *Leviathan*. For instance—

Mr. TOM NODDY proposes that it should be carted to the top of Primrose Hill, turned bottom upwards, the engines and whole inside taken out, and a little glass let in where necessary, in which case he thinks it would prove a desirable addition to the indoor pleasure resorts of the Metropolis, and an imposing and successful rival to the Crystal and Alexandra Palaces.

Is it Mr. F-BET-R or somebody 'else, with the address "Dublin Castle," who writes to ask whether, as Kilmainham is *rather* crowded, the *Great Eastern* couldn't be moored somewhere off Dublin Harbour as a "donjon keep" for "suspects"?

Mr. S. T. ARGAZER says:—"Why not use it between Dover and Calais? Prevent sea-sickness to a dead certainty. Widen both harbours, dredge out a good deal of the bottom of the British Channel, and there you are! Or—still happier idea—why not make a pontoon-bridge across, entirely composed of *Great Easterns*? Build about eighty more of the same sort, and the thing (as Mr. S. T. ARGAZER justly observes) is done, Sir!

Captain SLASHER writes to ask what the Government mean by their want of patriotism in not having the ship taken *at once*—(on camels, he suggests)—over the Himalayas, and stuck bang across the Khyber Pass, to act as a barrier against Russian aggression?

Or give it a music and dancing licence, fit up a theatre for Nautical Drama, and moor it off Westminster. Or let CREEWAYO have it, as some sort of floating capital.

THE LATEST LEEDS LYRIC.

"I am by blood a Scotchman; I am by residence a Londoner; I am by marriage a Welshman (*laughing*); and I am by birth a Lancashire man (*cheers*) . . . and—I almost feel in coming amongst you as if I even were a Yorkshireman. (*Cheers*)."—*Extract from the Premier's Speech*.

I AM a Scotch and Welshman,
In London I reside;
I also am a Lancashire man,
And a hundred things beside.
I've "almost felt" like a Yorkshireman.
You know the feel? You do.
But, after Leeds,
Not words, but deeds,
Have proved that I
Did not then try
"Coming Yorkshire" over you!

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.—*Hookey Walker*, by the Author of *Angling Literature*; *College Puddings*, by the Author of *Cambridge Trifles*.

AMERICA AGAIN!

SMOKING-CARRIAGE. Four other racing men. I have never been to Newmarket before—don't know what I am going now for; but it sounds a dashing, dare-devil thing to do. Who are the other occupants of our carriage—Noblemen? "No," Mentor informs me confidentially behind his hand, "thieves." Heavens! thieves? Every one of them! Nervous work this; but I see myself in the future giving evidence in some new Great Turf Frauds.

Man in corner wants to know what is going to win. Man in other corner asks, "Why shouldn't *Mistake* win?" Good form of answer that. Instead of your asserting that a horse will win, ask why it shouldn't, and let the other man prove why it shouldn't. Man in corner suddenly appeals to me. Now is my time. I say, "Why shouldn't *Iroquois* win?" Everybody laughs except the man in the corner, who is angry. Then the others look admiringly, and a bad-faced man says I am quite right, and evidently know my way about. I wish I hadn't begun thinking of the Great Turf Frauds. Morally, I seem as guilty as these men; and instead of the Judge complimenting me on my evidence, I somehow read in a paper of a future date—"The Judge, giving him the benefit of the doubt, sentenced him to two years' imprisonment with hard labour, the leniency of which sentence excited great surprise in Court." Have I been a thief all my life without knowing it, and is the presence of these racing men bringing out my dormant tendencies to crime? Another man says *Foxhall*. Man in corner, who is still angry with me—(Subject for picture, "Wrath of Villain at meeting his Superior in Villainy"—shan't sit for Superior, though)—grunts dissent. Another man replies, "*Faugh-a-Ballagh*." Man in corner brightens up, and smiles approval of me. All brighten up. But what is "*Faugh-a-Ballagh*?" He is not on my list of starters. Swindle, this.

Newmarket. Clean old town, fine High Street, market going on as well as horse-races (stupid, and ought to be abolished), race-horses going through the town in long strings, large crowds of people, reappearance of the Lost Tribes (who have apparently found themselves at Newmarket, and do not intend to be losers over the transaction), very few policemen, awfully rickety traps, courtyard, the "Rutland," breakfast—hooray!—sausages, ham-and-eggs, game-pies, kidneys, cold meats, tea or coffee,—

Mentor says, "Two tankards of bitter beer." Oh! no tea? and no coffee? that's the correct thing, I suppose, as the waiter takes the order without exhibiting the slightest surprise. After all, we are in an old town, bound on an old sport, and beer for breakfast is a fine old custom—Queen ELIZABETH drank beer for breakfast. A lot of barbarous things done in her reign, ought, I fancy, to be credited to beer for breakfast. What livers its drinkers must have had! and a person with a disordered liver does not stop at murder. To-morrow I shall have—(again that train of thought). Mentor orders *liqueurs* of cherry-brandy. "Good in this house," he says. It may be good in this house, but will it be good for me? Try, and see. It is good; and to-morrow I shall probably give myself up for the Kingston murder.

Cigars and trap. Large crowd outside building. Mentor says, "The Rooms." I always associated The Rooms with the sea-side and a stray lecturer on chemistry whom nobody went to hear. Very noisy. Mentor says they couldn't do without it. Oh, couldn't they? Good idea—the deaf and dumb bookmaker. Everybody would go to him, to avoid the noise and the hideous mispronunciation of the horses' names.

The Heath. This is a place for horse-racing—as big as Salisbury Plain. I have never been to Salisbury Plain. It will be a nice excursion one day. Might measure it carefully, and then be down on anyone using the simile with hard facts and figures.

The Paddock, here called the Birdcage. Mentor disappears, he has altered, and is no longer frank and chatty, but business-like, monosyllabic, and morose. I feel lonely. One of the Lost Tribes takes pity on me. He is a pleasing young Hebrew, and informs me that he "knowth a real good thing for the firht rathe, and he'th doing the Committhion for the Jockey."

This is good. I will show Mentor I can do without him. Mentor appears, and angrily orders my new found friend to be off. He goes, but I resent this interference.

"I suppose," he says, "he told you he knew something, and was doing the Commission for the Jockey?"

I have to reply in the affirmative.

"I thought so," he grunts. "He's an adjectived muglumberer. Mind what you are doing." And off he goes.

Muglumberer! I had an Uncle once who went to Canada, and employed muglumberers. He left a lot of money to our branch of the family, and we always speak of him with love and reverence; but, from information just received, he must have been a Colonial welsher. On second thoughts, it occurs to me that he employed only lumberers without the prefix of mug, and was engaged in timber; still, I wish the word had not been used.

MOODLE, who, I believe, is a great authority on horse-racing,

says, "Most of those young Jews are either lumberers or brief-snatchers, and it is wonderful how they spot a Juggins."

He doesn't use the prefix "*mug*." My worst fears with regard to my Uncle are aroused. Was he a brief-snatcher too? What is a brief-snatcher? I question MOODLE. A brief-snatcher is a man who steals or snatches betting tickets. A more matured use of this word is to apply it, during race-meetings, to the ticket-collectors at Vauxhall Station. A muglumberer is a man who "lumpers mugs on to stiff 'uns." This is valuable information as far as I am concerned. And a Juggins? It appears that I am a Juggins. My philological inquiries cease. I don't like to be called a Juggins.

MOODLE asks me what I make of it? Nothing whatever in my own mind; but, remembering the railway carriage, I answer, "*Faugh-a-Ballagh*." He suddenly slaps me on my back, and says that I am the only sensible man in Newmarket on Turf-matters he has met to-day. I think to myself then he must have been having a quiet morning in the district lunatic asylum, but don't say so.

"It is the best thing of the year," he adds, emphatically.

"Are you going to back it?" I ask.

"I have," he replies. "I took a thousand to twenty-five before the weights came out."

"Weights came out"! What weights? I am about to ask. Why, if *Faugh-a-Ballagh* is so certain to win, he is not on the card? when MOODLE pulls out a book, and says, "Look there—there, in black and white, *Faugh-a-Ballagh* won the Cesarewitch in 1844 with eight stone, and *Foxhall* has only got seven stone twelve!"

Glad I didn't speak. Why it is nearly forty years ago since *Faugh-a-Ballagh* won, and I thought he was running to-day! One of these days, when I understand horse-racing better, I will tell this as a capital story of MOODLE.

He says I must have a bit on *Foxhall*. I say I shall have my "modest tenner." I use the words "modest tenner" with some confidence, as I have seen them in sporting papers. I believe they imply that the loss of ten pounds won't matter to me. Won't it, though? [Note.—Should like to see the "Modest Tenor" in an Operatic Company who couldn't be induced to value himself at more than three pounds a week. What a catch for GYE and MARPLESON.]

MOODLE says, "To a tenner ready he will lay me sixes, which is more than I'll get in the Ring." This seems generous on the part of MOODLE, and I say "Done!" which is also I know a correct phrase. He says "Fork over!" and it appears I have to give MOODLE ten pounds at once. I do this, but I don't like it. MOODLE is also a barrister, and a member of good Clubs, but is he a mug-lumberer?

"Time to go to the Stand," opines MOODLE; and we do so. He gets out his race-glasses. So do I. Not that they are the slightest use to me. I focus them. "Off!" This is a nervous moment, but very pleasurable. Where are they? Out of sight. Well, that is a stupid thing to run races out of sight; we might as well be in London. "Here they come!" That's all very well, but *where* do they come? I fix my glasses, seeing everybody else do it, to the right. I focus a crow!

"Petronel is beat!" shouts MOODLE. How does he know? he can't possibly see.

"Beaten to blazes!" shouts another disregarder of veracities, and this time I shout, too. We are all shouting. Man above me shouts "*Fiddler*!" I shout "*Fiddler*!" Where are they? It suddenly dawns on me that they are close to us. I can't remember the name of our horse. I only know it is *not Faugh-a-Ballagh*. What are our colours? What is winning easily? Eh? what, *Foxhall*? Go on! go on! go on! Whirroo! *Foxhall* walks in! At least, that is the racing expression, but if that was *Foxhall's* "walk," what must his gallop be?

MOODLE takes me into the Birdcage again, and gives me seventy pounds. Why don't we have Cesarewitches every afternoon? I am trembling all over, and am very dry in the mouth. We are all very dry in the mouth. We are having champagne. Mentor has won a hatfull, he says, and he's very dry in the mouth. We are having champagne. We are drinking to America. I feel as if I loved the whole American nation as my own brother, for whom I have no excessive affection, by the bye—but that's a family detail. We are having champagne. Mr. KEENE's health, with three times three, and sorry he is not here. There must be something very lovable in horse-racing, because I am now extolling Mr. WILLIAM DAX, whom I have never seen, as "Old BILL DAX." We are having champagne. Horse-racing endears men to one another. I am shaking hands with WILLIAM MACDONALD, the jockey of *Foxhall*, whom I never saw before, calling him "BILLY," and congratulating him. We are having champagne. I wish you wouldn't tumble up against me, Sir. Nor you either, but have some champagne, dear old chappie—

Liverpool Street! How did we get here?

MOTTO FOR A FREQUENTER OF A RESTAURANT IN THE STRAND.—
"Civis Romano's sum."

A ROYAL REMEDY FOR IRELAND.



PUNCH, me boy! this is the idea! Aren't we the most loyal people in the world when we know who it is we've got to be loyal to? Don't we make the best soldiers of the British Empire? Where'd be your police force without us? Aren't we first-rate under fire and on water? Haven't the best English soldiers been Irish? And this in spite of our grievances—for devil a doubt but we've had 'em, from the curse o' CROMWELL till now—and in spite of all the troubles that have afflicted the most distressful country that's in the four quarters of the globe or elsewhere. Sir, let the QUEEN and the Prince of WALES, and the Princess—bless her purty face, the darlint!—and the Duke O'CONNAUGHT just come over here, and see if they couldn't walk from one end o' the country to the other, barrin' the rivers, without a hair of their heads being injured. They'd be as safe among us as they are in Buckingham Palace or Windsor Castle, and a hundred times more welcome than at Balmoral, which might be just given up for a time while the Court came and took their diversion over in Dublin. They'd have an elegant time of it here, and the height o' good living, eating and drinking. Let Her Gracious Majesty come and see the finest peasantry in Europe; let her Gracious Self sit on her throne in the Castle—more power to her!—with the Protestant Archbishop on one side, and the Catholic Cardinal on t'other, and receive the people, her own tenantry, who'd come up and tell her the truth. What'd be the Land Court to the Queen's Court that would redress all our wrongs? And when she had to return, couldn't she leave the Duke of CONNAUGHT to keep up the festivities, and make a tour round the Emerald Isle—a real gem in her Crown!—like the Governor-General has been doing? and then may be His Royal Highness will find in an Irish peasant's cabin what Lord LORNE saw in the Indian hut—a likeness of Mr. GLADSTONE, with underneath it written "Waywayse-kappoo," or "He who is always right"—which can be much more neatly expressed in our own dear old tongue. Then I'd like to ask you where'd be the Land League with their dollars?—sure, Ireland must be in a dollarous condition when it depends on such a supply as that!—where'd be Mr. FARNELL and Mr. DILLON and Mr. BIGGAR and the rest of 'em? Where? Why, if they're the true patriots they profess themselves, they'd be in official positions, faithfully serving our QUEEN and the loyal Irish people.—Yours, LARRY DOOLAN

(Of the Irish Jaunting Car).

P.S.—Talking of Lord LORNE, that Indian who said to the Governor-General, "We Indians are stupid at understanding—all I want to ask is, did we give our lands away?"—must have been an Irishman, barrin' the stupidity.

* Or was this somehow slipped into the *Times* by the crafty librettist and composer of *Claude Duval* at the Olympic, who wished to advertise their song, "*William is sure to be right*?" It certainly does look suspicious.—Ed.

OUR GARDEN.

In last Friday's *Times* we read:—

"THE DUKE OF BEDFORD.—The Duke and Duchess of BEDFORD and Ladies RUSSELL are expected to leave Norris Castle, Isle of Wight, to-morrow for Eaton Square."

As "to-morrow" was Saturday, we sincerely hope that the party arrived in the morning, and that, instead of taking a short cut home, His Grace drove up Wellington Street, made at once for Mud-Salad Market, and, with a bottle of salts and a well-scented pocket-handkerchief to his nose, examined the streets "all round and about that quarter," whose greasy, filthy, muok-heapy state is still a disgrace to the Metropolis in general, and this Dukery in particular.

OUR CHANGE AND BARTER COLUMN.

ADVANTAGEOUS OFFER.—A London Clergyman of good position, who, as residuary legatee, has suddenly come into possession of a first-class FIRE-ESCAPE, for which he has, unfortunately, no available accommodation on his premises, will be prepared to treat for its disposal on extremely liberal terms. Though old-fashioned, it is, on the whole, in excellent condition, having sliding rack, adjusting hooks, safety netting (very little damaged), and BIRKS'S Patent Fifth-Floor Elongators. The mounting being easy, and descent almost instantaneous, it would prove invaluable in a library of lofty and imposing proportions, to a literary Nobleman of an irritable and impatient habit. Cut down with judgment, it could also be utilised as a Landau, and driven in the Park with much effect. A bachelor of independent and retiring tastes, living on an elevated flat, yet desirous of avoiding the publicity of the staircase, would find this an excellent contrivance for quitting and returning to his chambers in a quiet and secluded manner. Might be used also for landing at out-of-the-way and inaccessible spots on the coast by an economical yachting party anxious to escape pier-dues. Has been tried and found to make excellent firewood, and has occasionally served as an invalid chair. No offer refused. Small premium will be given on removal.—Apply, Rev. HOPEFUL, Cramfield Court, Block Lane, E.

MECHANICAL CURIOSITY.—A genuine Bavarian Seventeenth-Century Clock to be disposed of. Stands nine feet high, tells day of month, phases of moon, state of tides, list of the British Ministry for the time being, and chimes on a cathedral gong at the half-quarters. Indicates the quarters by playing a popular overture on a full wind band, with drums and trumpets. Announces by a life-like imitation of a salute of twenty-one guns, the hour, which is proclaimed by the screech of a jewelled peacock, rising from the centre of the dial, and distinctly heard on a still night at a distance of half a mile. As it is keyless and self-winding, it can never run down. In a sick-room, where a restless invalid required cheering towards the small hours of the morning, this triumph of ingenuity would prove a priceless boon. For further particulars, apply WAKEM AND STUNN, Practical Clock Makers, The Teufel Platz, Babelsburg.

TO ARCHITECTS.—A Gentleman of cultured tastes, who, having been by a sudden discontinuance of a patent medicine, unexpectedly but completely cured of a hopeless malady, is anxious to part with, as soon as possible, a very handsome MAUSOLEUM, which, regardless of expense, he had had designed and constructed for his future use by an eminent Academician. It is roomy, airy, and of comparatively cheerful elevation, and would make an admirable provincial Savings' Bank, in a competition of designs for which it has already three times carried off the Second Prize. Would also furnish a splendid loose box for a sporting Duke of a sombre turn, or, with slight and characteristic additions, supply a striking façade for a theatre devoted to modern burlesque. As this really cheerful lot must be parted with, no reasonable proposal for an exchange will be refused. "FIREWORKS" may write.—REDUUVIVUS, Post-Office, Gravesend.

IMMEDIATE BUSINESS.—A Gentleman, of large fortune, who is heir presumptive to the entire property of Colney Hatch, and has for years been studying back numbers of the *Exchange and Mart*, wishes instantly to part with, at any sacrifice, his invaluable Collection of International Milk-jugs. Would take in exchange an equal number of revolving umbrellas, suicides, Austrian Emperors, four-in-hand clubs (slightly damaged), railway ticket slips, clockwork megatheriums, or interviews, without a third person being present, with any respectable family Solicitor. No objection to travel. Three years' hire system preferred.—Apply, on premises, by fog signal, to A. B. C. (registered), between the hours of two and three a.m.—N.B. Muzzle the keeper.



AT A SMOKING CONCERT.

Herr Professor (to young Warbleton Peacocks, who has just sung Beethoven's "Adelaide"). "ACH! VAT A PRAUDIVUL ZONG ZAT IS! I HAF HERRT IT ZUNG PY CARTONL. I HAF HERRT IT ZUNG PY ZIMS REEFS. ZEY ZUNG IT FERRY VELL! PUT I HAF NEFFER KVITE KNOWN HOW PRAUDIVUL IT VAS TILL I HAF HERRT IT ZUNG PY YOU! (Young W. P. blushes.) VY, MY YOUNG VRENT, EEFEN YOU GANNOT MAKE IT RITICULOUS!"

A CAROL FOR CAMBRIA.

AIR—"Adgofion mebyd."

"The front row of choristers was composed of girls in Welsh costumes, two of them wearing the droll steeple-crowned hat still habitually seen in Welsh country places. The Prince of WALES bestowed his first notice upon these damsels, pointed them out to the Princess, and sent his sergeant-footman to bring them over to the carriage."—*Report of Royal Visit to Swansea.*

OH, we shall have sweet recollection
Of Swansea, and what happened there;
We stood in a row for inspection,
And sung to the Prince a Welsh air.
We wore the old hats of our nation,
That figure in legends and tales,
And won from the Prince admiration,
And from the fair Princess of WALES.

Oh, day for all years to remember,
When summoned to stand near the Prince,
Our cheeks red as leaves in November,
Our pleasure and pride would evince.
For years we shall tell the proud story,
Till memory totters and fails,
Of how we won honour and glory,
The happiest girls in all Wales!

THE PRISONER INTERVIEWED.

(By Our Own Pen-and-Ink-Visitor at Kilmainham Gaol.)

"WHAT do you think of Archbishop CROKE's letter on the Land League Manifesto?" I asked.

"Sir," replied Mr. P.-RN-LL, "had I the misfortune to be a Saxon, I should misplace the aspirate, and speak of him as the Harsh-bishop."

"The League must be suppressed," I observed. "Give you fellows an inch, and you'll take an ell."

"They've taken a PARN-ELL," he replied, pleasantly enough, "and you and I will take some 'LL' together," and he filled our glasses from his private whiskey-bottle.

"Here's to the 'LL'!" says I, meaning either the Lord Lieutenant or the whiskey.

"Here's to the 'LL' and the 'L L L'!" cries he; "that's the Land League and the Ladies' Land League!"

I emptied my glass. When in prison, do as they do in prison.

"But if the Land League's suppressed—" I began.

"Man alive!" exclaimed the Prisoner, with a wink, and a nudge under my fifth rib, "ye wouldn't think of backing the Landlords against the Land Ladies, would ye now?"

"Ah!" I returned, with all my native gallantry, "if you're going in for Petticoat Government—"

But at this moment Captain BARLOW looked in, and we hid the bottle as if we'd been Sandford and Merton.

OUR POLICE.

Running Commentary on the New Code, by Verges Wrongscent, Esq.

As a sort of set-off to the obligation the Detective lies under to provide himself with every possible disguise his duties may suddenly entail on him for £18 a year, Clause 3 very reasonably points out that his work is "more varied and interesting than ordinary street duty." But it should never be undertaken (so the Clause wisely enjoins) unless he, presumably in early childhood, has "manifested a voluntary inclination for it," and the father who, so to speak, pitchforks a son into the Force with some such remark as, "Wants to be a rural Dean? Hang it, Sir, I tell you the boy shall be a Detective,—or I'll out him off with a shilling!" cannot be too severely reprimanded. For, once a Detective, all the highest mental and moral faculties of which a great and rare human intelligence is capable, are called into play, and taxed to the utmost.

At once he must avoid proclaiming his official character by any imprudent act, and, as if to guide him to a solution of this complex problem, Clause 11, with a fatherly solicitude, cautions him against "walking in step, or in a drilled style; wearing very striking clothing," or displaying "police regulation boots." It is clear from this that the Detective who, for a freak of fancy, or even as a matter of business, assumes the mantle, collar, and other insignia of a



Military Knight Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath, and then, meeting the Guards' Band, allows himself to be carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, and marches along with the attendant rabble in a lively, drilled style, with his trousers tucked inside his high-lows, is guilty of grave indiscretion. In a word, the Detective who, in a weak and evil moment, thus conducts himself, may be said practically to be lost.

But there is a brighter side to the picture. It is not every Clause that speaks with such terrible if necessary distinctness. Indeed, there is something almost tender in the admission of Article 7, which, in dealing with wrongful arrest, kindly commences with the consoling words "Everyone is liable to make mistakes," and then goes on to point out that an error in arrest should, "the instant it is discovered be freely acknowledged." There is sound sense, as well as delicate consideration in this. Nothing could be more fatal than to paralyse the zeal of an officer by the fear of consequences. An illustration will suffice to prove this. Imagine the case of a skilled Detective, who has been set on the track of a celebrated burglar. Believing that "his man," who, he is told, has assumed respectable apparel, is lurking about the neighbourhood of the Houses of Parliament, the better to enable him, without exciting suspicion, and yet with instant effect, to secure his prey, the Detective has disguised himself as the Chinese Ambassador, and further armed himself with a South American lasso and a salmon net.

All is now ready, and he sees the object of his search enter Westminster Hall. He follows him; a chase, artfully excited, soon commences; and after tearing after him, with full hue and cry, up and down the various flights of stairs, and through the lobbies, he



DISTURBANCES; OR, "'TIS AN ILL WIND," &c.

at length pins him by the throat against the wall at the end of the Committee Rooms Corridor, adding, "Well, my Downy one; you've given me a stiffish run for it, *you* have;—but I've got you tight enough now." As he says this, he makes a rapid and well-imagined whirl with his lasso, and at the same moment envelopes his captive in the salmon net. A severe scuffle ensues; when, a card-case tumbling by chance to the ground, the rather obvious fact, lost sight of in the excitement of the moment, is suddenly revealed, that the struggling and exhausted stranger, is *no other than the respected Speaker of the House of Commons.*

And now the excellent advice tendered in Clause 7 comes to the aid of the over-zealous Detective. As the first Chairman in the United Kingdom is re-arranging his collar and gasping out, "You shall hear

of this—at Pekin!" the officer has but to remove his own disguising pig-tail, acknowledge his error, and add, with a conciliatory smile, that *everyone is liable to make mistakes.*

Thus, by a frank and ready avowal of error, and an avoidance of argument, which a special Clause denounces as "rarely convincing anyone, and much irritating persons, smarting under some real, or imaginary grievance," the disagreeable consequences of too warmly following up a mistaken clue are instantly and almost pleasantly disposed of.

Thus the Detective whose intelligence must be not only searching and extensive, but culminating and well balanced, has nevertheless a retreat before him when it happens, as in the case of the above illustration, to be at fault.

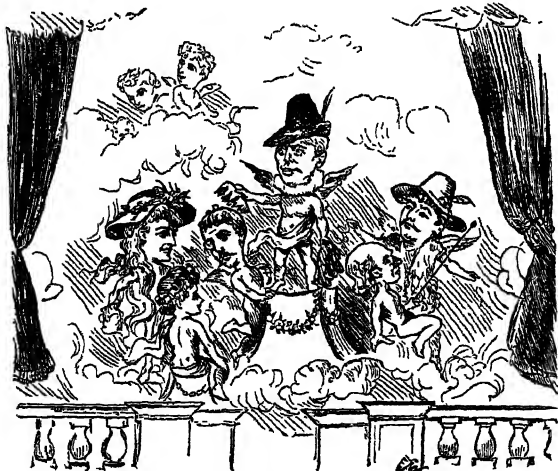
A MERRY GO-ROUNDER.

THE Royal Comedy Theatre is in Panton Street, within a Stone's throw of the Haymarket, (there are those who will recognise the definition). It is called "The Comedy" because they play *Opéra Bouffe*—which practical joke of Manager HENDERSON's prepares an audience for any amount of fun to follow. True to his predilection for French dishes with English sauce, ALEXANDER the Grate-ful HENDERSON presents to us the *Mascotte*, a piece to whose licence in the original tongue our virtuous Examiner of Plays would not have granted the LORD CHAMBERLAIN's. Morally filtered by Messrs. FARNIE and REECE, it becomes a most innocuous concoction; a trifle flat to the taste, but bright and sparkling to the eye. The dialogue is indeed so exotic, that one of the principal jokes of the evening is derived after an international fashion from the phonetic resemblance of "glou"—the Gallic equivalent for the turkey's "gobble"—to the English name for the adhesive material associated with a pot. It would be unfair, however, not to record the fact that Mr. LIONEL BROUGH is accommodated with an entirely new and original gag, "S-mother your father," which is clearly intended to be a regular side-splitter. After its fifth repetition, there was scarcely a dry eye in the theatre. Alas! poor Joke! According to the Adapters, the *Mascotte* is a kind of "good fairy." In legendary reality she is, however, a mortal bringing good luck, a sort of antidote to the Evil Eye. We wonder whether MM. CHIVOT and DURU, the Authors of the original *libretto*, understand English, as, if so, they would doubtless be delighted with this specimen of versification—

"Who sees a Magpie *solus*,
Portent and presage grim,
Spite of draught or bolus,
Soon it's all up with him."

M. ANDRAN's music is pretty, but not particularly striking. There is one air that runs right through it—like a draught—but not in at one ear and out at the other, as it is decidedly catching—like a cold.

Miss VIOLET CAMERON plays the *Mascotte*. She looks very handsome, and evidently means well. She is, doubtless, actuated by the most praiseworthy ambition to do something with the part, but as to what that something is to be she has not yet made up her mind. The really original country accent adopted by her in Act I. is



A Drop too much, or the Panton Street Curtain.

cast aside with extraordinary adroitness when she develops into a full-blown Countess. This is clever, but inconsistent; but then isn't Genius invariably inconsistent? Throughout the piece she is full of a sly, quaint, subtle sort of fun, which no one enjoys more than she does herself,—or, perhaps, so much. Like the Nymph of "L'Allegro," she is overflowing with nod and beck and wreathed smile. She sings better than she plays, and some of her best notes have the sterling ring of real metal about them.

Mr. LIONEL BROUGH, who is described as a Duke in the programme, but who becomes a King, or a Prince, before the curtain rises, is provided with a Brough-and-tumble rôle, in which, when he has nothing else to do, he is very funny. The best piece of character, and perhaps the best character in the piece, is the *Prince Fritellini* of Mr. HENRY BRACY, though why he wears what appears to be a large bit of beetroot in his hat we could not understand, unless it was to lead up to some joke about his mother having "sold her mangel," which, however, was not said in our hearing, and we remained to what we thought was the end of the Opera. According

to the programme aforesaid, Miss AGNES MITCHELL appears as the *Princess Fiametta*. If this be so, Miss MITCHELL and Miss ST. QUENTIN must be a kind of Corsican Sisters. Mons. GAILLARD (programme again) sings well in an unknown language, and Mr. T. P. HAYNES is most accurate in his make-up as Mr. ARTHUR CECIL. Miss ADA WILSON is graceful and nimble in the *Saltarelle*. The "Act Drop" at the new theatre is a real work of Art, apparently belonging to the early Penny Valentine School. The stage business of the chorus is the same as it usually is in all *Bouffes* with which Mr. HENDERSON's theatres are furnished by the experienced Mr. FARNIE.

Whittington and his Cat, at the Gaiety, is a burlesque drama. So are plenty of other dramas in which there are not pretty dresses (à la



Pretty Dicky, the Cat, and Somebody Alice.

PILOTELL, pretty music (à la MEYER LUTZ), and pretty faces (à la *Compagnie Générale de la Gaieté assurée*). Like the *Forty Thieves*, *Whittington* is the sort of piece to which you might take your children, if you have any; or anybody else's if you haven't. You can't go wrong, because the story is clear. That is a great point, in fact, one of the greatest points in the piece. It is on the old lines, with lots of new ones thrown in, and not generally thrown away. Miss E. FARREN, as *Dick*, beats any of her previous performances. There is a very pretty dream-scene on Highgate Hill, wherein she sees *Alice*, in which character Miss KATE VAUGHAN looks

more fascinating than ever, and, moreover, is very funny, as she can be when she likes, in the Second Act. Mr. E. W. ROYCE shares honours with them as *Mynheer Van der Skuttle*, a Dutch Sea Captain, and, as evidenced by his dancing, a capital skipper. Capital skippers too are Mr. J. J. DALLAS and Miss PHYLIS BROUGHTON. But—

"See Mr. Johnny D'Auban,
He's so quick and nimble,
He'd dance on a thimble,
He's more like an elf than a man."

So he is. In the bills he is described as an "Enchanter of Serpents." He was enthusiastically encored. So what a lot of serpents there must have been in the house!

In the last Act of *Whittington* there is a panorama of the Lord Mayor's Show, by Mr. H. J. BANKS. Mr. HOLDINGSHEAD should draw on his Banks for more caricatures; for these are all admirably conceived and executed in a truly humorous spirit; and the Artist has evidently such "power to add to his number," that by the 9th of November the Procession of these Figures of Fun may be produced to any length, with lots of breadth. Mr. BANKS can draw; and, at all events, his Panorama will.

We give a most cordial welcome to Mr. FRED CLAY at the Opéra Comique, though we could have wished that he had produced an entirely new opera instead of warming up his and Mr. GILBERT's *Princess Toto*, which he has re-served for this occasion; but as his audience warmed themselves up to it as well, we forgive him. Of course, any composition of CLAY's must be "very putty," and the music throughout *Toto* is this, and more; but there's nothing in it that, at a first hearing, you can carry away with you and keep it to yourself as if it were your own.

We heard it ages ago at the Strand—about the time, we suppose, that we heard "Ages Ago" at the GERMAN REEDS, and wasn't the music of this charming and catchy? and didn't we catch it? rather,—"So please you, Sir, 'twas I"—how pretty—we mean, as before, how putty, which we must always say when speaking of CLAY's work—to be placed on a par with that other song, "Nobody knows as I know," which, sung by KATE SANTLEY, created such a *furor* at the



The Cook and the Skuttle.

Alhambra. But there's only one song in *Toto* that comes within measurable distance of these two specimens.

Then, we can't help calling to mind that, at the Strand, it was KATE SANTLEY who played *Toto*—it was written for her—that MARIUS was *Prince Doro*, and comic little HARRY COX was the



A Bishop's Charge—"Go and be Washed!"

burlesque *King Portico*, with such a funny dance! But in the present cast, the only two central figures are Mr. BISHOP as *Prince Caramel*, and Miss ANNIE POOLE as *Jelly*, who, from the name, might have been excused for being a little shaky, but she wasn't.

The piece is magnificently put on the stage, though a crowd of splendid dresses does not compensate for a scarcity of pretty faces, and really, except perhaps Mr. LOREDAN, who is a very pretty tenor, and "acts as such," there is nobody much to look at, which we hold to be a distinct defect in the composition of a light and airy Opéra Comique Company.

The Opera itself suffers from too much dialogue—immensely funny in most of it—and too little music. It is more an extravagantly comic play with occasional musical illustrations—in fact, a development of a German-Reed entertainment—than the sort of Comic Opera which nowadays we expect from such a librettist and such a composer.

All the *Prince Caramel* scenes, where Mr. BISHOP thoroughly enters into Mr. GILBERT's humour, are excellent. But these gain nothing from the music, and depend solely on the dialogue and absurd situations. The hit of the piece is the "Hiawatha Speech" in the Third Act, capitally given by Mr. GEORGE TEMPLE, which is likely to be enthusiastically encored every night—a proof of how an audience thoroughly appreciates genuine burlesque.

The piece achieved a distinct success the first night of its revival, and will probably have a considerable run.

When the *Sorcerer* was being performed, in which piece the *Vicar* used to sing about the "Pale Young Curate," a number of Stalls used to be nightly filled by Clergymen who delighted in this



Not a Mere-sham, but a Clay that'll draw; so we'll give him a puff,—for once.

character; and now that there is a Clay there, the Churchwardens will be attracted.

The Smile of Beauty.

LAST night brilliant beyond measure
Lovely LAURA's spirits were;
Say, what gave her so much pleasure?
Oh—her husband wasn't there!

TAKE NOTICE.

"How to IMPROVE LONDON" will, we hope, be continued next week. From information received we fancy "THE PERI-PATETIC" has been taking off some of the statues. If so, he will have to keep out of the way for a few days.

GENERAL OPINION OF THE PREMIER.—"He went for the trees at Hawarden with his axe last Saturday week. Never knew such a feller!"

THE STORY OF A STOWAWAY!

Come, my lad, and sit beside me; we have often talked before Of the hurricane and tempest, and the storms on sea and shore: When we read of deeds of daring, done for dear old England's sake, We have cited NELSON's duty, and the enterprise of DRAKE; Midst the fever'd din of battle, roll of drum, and scream of fife, Heroes pass in long procession, calmly yielding up their life. Pumps and pageants have their glory, in cathedral aisles are seen Marble effigies; but seldom of the mercantile marine. If your playmates love adventure, bid them gather round at school Whilst you tell them of a hero, Captain STRACHAN of Liverpool.

Spite of storm and stress of weather, in a gale that lash'd the land, On the *Cyprian* screw steamer, there the Captain took his stand. He was no fair-weather sailor, and he often made the boast That the ocean safer sheltered, than the wild Carnarvon coast. He'd a good ship underneath him, and a crew of English form, So he sailed from out the Mersey in the hurricane and storm. All the luck was dead against him—with the tempest at its height, Fires expired, and rudders parted, in the middle of the night Sails were torn and rent asunder. Then he spoke with bated breath: "Save yourselves, my gallant fellows! we are drifting to our death!"

Then they looked at one another, and they felt the awful shock, When, with louder crash than tempest, they were dashed upon a rock. All was over now and hopeless; but across those miles of foam They could hear the shouts of people, and could see the lights of home.

"All is over!" screamed the Captain. "You have answered duty's call.

Save yourselves! I cannot help you! God have mercy on us all!" So they rushed about like madmen, seizing belt, and oar, and rope—For the sailor knows where life is, there's the faintest ray of hope—Then, amidst the wild confusion, at the dreaded dawn of day, From the hold of that doomed vessel crept a wretched Stowaway!

Who shall tell the saddened story of this miserable lad? Was it wild adventure stirred him, was he going to the bad? Was he thief, or bully's victim, or a runaway from school, When he stole that fatal passage from the port of Liverpool? No one looked at him, or kicked him, 'midst the paralysing roar All alone he felt the danger, and he saw the distant shore. Over went the gallant fellows, when the ship was breaking fast, And the Captain with his lifebelt—he prepared to follow last; But he saw a boy neglected, with a face of ashy grey, "Who are you?" roared out the Captain. "I'm the boy what stow'd away!"

There was scarce another second left to think what he could do, For the fatal ship was sinking—Death was ready for the two. So the Captain called the outcast, as he faced the tempest wild, From his own waist took the life-belt—and he bound it round the child!

"I can swim, my little fellow! Take the belt, and make for land. Up, and save yourself!" The outcast humbly knelt to kiss his hand. With the lifebelt round his body then the urchin cleared the ship; Over went the gallant Captain, with a blessing on his lip. But the hurricane howled louder than it ever howled before, As the Captain and the Stowaway were making for the shore!

When you tell this gallant story to your playfellows at school, They will ask you of the hero—Captain STRACHAN, of Liverpool. You must answer—They discovered, on the beach at break of day, Safe—the battered, breathing body of the little Stowaway; And they watched the waves of wreckage, and they searched the cruel shore, But the man who tried to save the little outcast—was no more.

* * * * *

When they speak of English heroes, tell this story where you can, To the everlasting credit of the bravery of man, Tell it out in tones of triumph, or with tears and quickened breath, "Manhood's stronger far than storms, and Love is mightier than Death!"

YORKSHIRE RELISH.

SINCE Mr. GLADSTONE's triumphant visit to Leeds, the proprietors of a popular Yorkshire "pick-me-up" propose to call it the "Gladstone." The Tory papers say that Yorkshire Sauce is "just like his impudence."

SONG SUGGESTED BY THE TRANSVAAL AND THE LAND LEAGUE.—
"When we were Boers together."



OUTWARD BOUND.

SMYTHE, FORBES, AND PARKINSON, FEARING LEST THEY SHOULD SUCCEUMB TO THE CHARMS OF MAUD, MARIAN, AND MARGARET WILMOT (AND THE WILES OF THOSE YOUNG LADIES' CLEVER MAMMA), SECURE BERTHS ON BOARD THE TRANS-OCEANIC STEAM YACHTING COMPANY'S VESSEL COLOMBO FOR A TRIP ROUND THE WORLD. JUST AS THEY HAVE PAID THEIR FARES (£800 EACH), WHOM SHOULD THEY MEET COMING INTO THE COMPANY'S OFFICE BUT MRS. WILMOT HERSELF, WITH HER THREE LOVELY DAUGHTERS AT HER HEELS—ALL FOUR EVIDENTLY BENT ON THE SAME ERRAND!

FACE TO FACE; OR, THE TWO FORCES.

No Force? Hypocritical Anarchy's plea!
The plaint of the bludgeon-armed burglar at bay;
The cry of brute strength against strength sworn to free;
The protest of plague 'gainst the power that would stay!

No Force? When frank Violence fronteth the light,
And sinister cruelty slinks in the dark;
When against the black terror that haunteth the night,
The weak find no bulwark, the honest no ark.

No Force? When 'tis only brute force that is free,
When the will of the lawless seems stronger than law;
When Justice stands swordless and hinging her knee,
And Freedom struck nerveless seems palsied with awe!

Mad rant, maudlin sophistry. Force, at stern need,
Is the right arm of Right against violent Wrong;
To 'establish the just against pitiless greed,
And compass the weak with the arm of the strong.

Two Forces, sworn foes; and they stand face to face,
One calm, unvindictive, not hurried by hate
Or made ruthless by wrath, with a touch of stern grace
In those iron-set lips, to which duty is fate.

Protective and passionless, setting straight blade
At the breast of its foe, yet unseager to strike.
That foe, blind and brutal, takes hate as a trade.
Both Forces, 'tis true, but how strangely unlike.

And "Force is no remedy!" Granted, but force
Must protect patient healing when passion at flood
Would whirl helpful Right from its steadfast set course,
And drown Love's best hope in brute blindness and blood.

O Erin, much maddened, take heart, face the light!
There is safety, not seathe, in that straight-levelled steel.
If our voice is for Force, 'tis the Force of the Right,
Not to crush, not to wound, but to guard and to heal.

IRISH NOTES.

Justice to Ireland.—Injustice to Landlords.

Land-League Policy.—Not honesty—generally considered the best. (?) Advocacy of swindling.

Irish Rebellion.—Smashing windows.

Irish Martyrs.—Well-fed gentlemen in a Government boarding-house.

Irish Want.—To see a tax-spender as well as a tax-collector.
(?) The Prince of WALES or the Duke of CONNAUGHT.

Police Patchwork.

[At the Industrial Exhibition at the Alexandra Palace, a police-sergeant won the prize for a patchwork quilt.]

He must have had little to do—lived in peace,
To indulge in such patchwork that sergeant of p'lice.
And we're rather afraid that the work of the rest
Of the Force is but patchwork when ta'en at its best!

Educational Progress.

FRENCH is very thoroughly taught at our Public Schools nowadays. Paterfamilias asked his son what was the English for "étonner." After a glance at the spelling, the ready answer was, "Oh, I know,—to go to Eton." Should the *World* require a new French-Puzzle Editor, here's the very boy for the place.

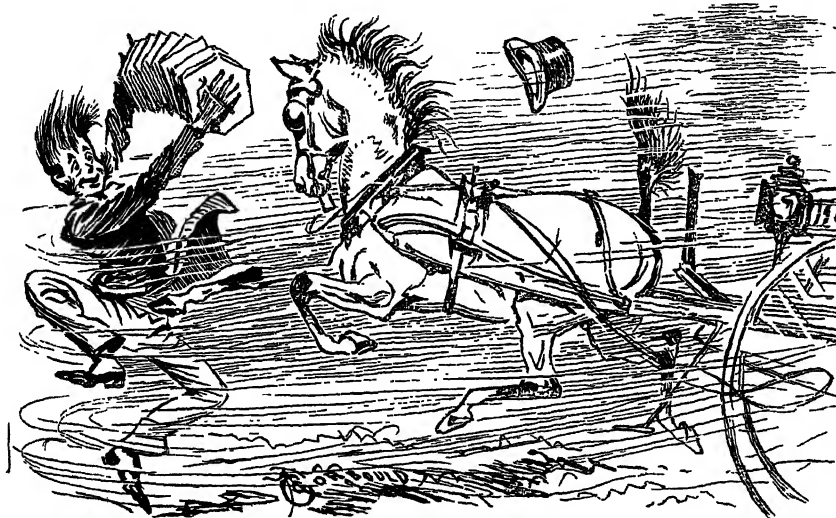


TWO FORCES.

"JIBBING HORSES."



No. I.—REMEDY.



No. II.—RESULT.

TWO "OUTS" OF HIS JIB.

SIR. It's all very well for "R. H. W.," and a County A. S. S. and F.S.A., to write to the *Times* about Jibbing horses and the remedy, but bless 'em, I know, I who have trained the wild horse of the Prairie—and there is no more obstinate jibber than the Ojibaway Jolter, as you can see by the name. I was also quartered at "Jib"—but escaped after the operation—(a painful one, Sir, that of being "quartered," as you may imagine)—and so I may, without boasting, say I have surveyed mankind from China to Peru, from stem to stern, from rudder to jib. I had a lovely mare that used to come out of her nest every morning, and was immediately harnessed and put into the Captain's gig. Scarcely had we gone five yards before she jibbed. I saw she was bent on jibbing, so I got out to divert her mind by playing tunes on my accordion or concertina, accordion to which instrument I had with me, and I continued to vary the entertainment until she had entirely changed her mind on the subject: she couldn't stop to hear any more, for if she did she was afraid she would have to pay for it. Off she went, and I have never seen her again. Don't mention this to anyone, as I am writing this with a fork on my table-cover, which I shall send out by the washerwoman. You'll get it.

Cohwell Hatchney Castle.

Yours,

JIBBERER.

Our Ocean Dragons.

AN order issued a few days since by Prince EDWARD of Saxe-Weimar (in command of forces at Portsmouth) by direction of the Duke of CAMBRIDGE, begins as follows:—

"The Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, desires to convey the expression of his Royal Highness's entire approbation of the fine condition in which the troops (including the Royal Marines) turned out for his inspection on Wednesday the 12th, the men being steady under arms, and the horses in good condition."

There does, then, exist in HER MAJESTY'S Sea-Service, a corps of Cavalry, after all. But the foregoing is certainly the first formal recognition, at Head-quarters, of the gallant Horse Marines.

LEAVE AND LICENCE.

SOME years ago, the Metropolitan Board of Works, acting for the Ratepayers of London, became the owners of the Pavillion Music Hall at the top of the Gaymarket, which, last week, by "a nice derangement" of paragraphs, we were made to represent as situated near the "Oxford," instead of where it is; i. e., close to the "Argyll-Trocadero" just round the corner of Windmill Street. The protectionist policy of the Meddlesex Magistrates, who create and maintain monopolies in Casinos and Music Halls, gave such a fancy value to this brilliant establishment, that the Ratepayers had to pay more than £100,000 for the goodwill and premises—the "goodwill" possibly including some magisterial favouritism, the adoration of 'ARRIES and the Gaymarketers, and the not wholly disinterested patronage of the Don't-C. Division of Police. The building was bought by the Metropolitan Board of Works for the purpose of demolition, and immediately let at a rental which produces from six to seven per Cent. on the purchase-money.

Protected on all sides by Police, Magistrates, and Parochial Organisations, it can scarcely be wondered at that the Pavillion adds liberty to its licence—like the Oxford, it is licensed for music, not dancing—and that singers use it as the forcing-ground for songs not much better than those of the old Coal Hole and Cider Cellars. In the old days, songs of the kind that roused *Colonel Newcome's* just indignation were kept for the ears of men only, who sought them at very late hours in not very accessible places; now weaker specimens with a similar tendency are thrust under the noses of those who choose to pay through them for the entertainment, with all the aids of gas and electric light, in one of the chief thoroughfares of London, and sung to a very mixed audience. The wonder is, not that the Clerkewell Bench should swallow this camel while they are straining, or professing to strain, at a lot of insignificant gnats, but that respectable Ratepayers should sit contented, and receive profits, as the Landlords of the London Pavillion.

Policy and Policy.

POLICE in the garden
Are guardin' at Hawarden
And watching with great circumspection;
So GLADSTONE is made
To give up Free Trade,
And compelled to go in for Protection.

Popular Financial Delusions.

THAT Cabs are sixpence a mile because that amount has been fixed by Act of Parliament.

That the charge for attendance in an hotel bill will satisfy the hotel servants.

That overpaid taxes are ever returned to the payer by the Government.

That the Public will never attempt to upset a "No fee" system, however honestly started in theatres, hotels, and railways.

The Weather and the Universities.

ONE night last week "at Oxford and Cambridge, the Thermometer fell twenty-eight degrees." Very sad: we hope it didn't touch the Honorary Degrees, of which there may be still a sufficient supply in hand to go on with. On the other hand, by the law of natural compensation, there has been a large increase of candidates for matriculation.

POET'S CORNER;

Or, Nonsense Rhymes on well-known Names.

(Vanity Fairish.)

SAYS BOWLES TO BELT,
"Oh, can't I pelt!"
SAYS BELT TO BOWLES,
"Come over the coals."

(Publisheristical.)

SAID CHATTO TO WINDUS,
"If somebody skinned us—"
SAYS WINDUS TO CHATTO,
"I'd be a mulatto."

(At the Saveloy.)

SAYS CARTE TO GUNN,
"Let's make a pun."
SAYS GUNN TO CARTE,
"With all my heart."

(Making a Sensation.)

SAYS SIMS TO BARRETT,
"You fight in a garret."
SAYS BARRETT TO SIMS,
"And break my limbs."

(A first night at the St. James's.)

SAYS KENDAL TO HARE,
"The Critics are there!"
SAYS HARE TO KENDAL,
"Yes, I see BENDAL."

The Great Beastern.

THIS vessel, which cost nearly a million of money, was put up to auction the other day, and bought in for thirty thousand pounds. She was built, more than twenty years ago, by practical City men, for the purpose of going to India without "coaling." She has never been to India.

THE next Novelist to be "edited" for a cheap edition is PENNIMORE COOPER.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 55.



H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE,

EXTRA KNIGHT OF THE THISTLE.

"HE MOUNTED A HORSE IN HER MAJESTY'S FORCE."

Sergeant Bouncer's "Rataplan" Song (Sullivan).

"AND HE NEVER USED A BIG, BIG 'D.'"
Pinafore (Ditto).

DAKIN IT EASY.

AMONGST its *communiqués* of fashionable intelligence the *Citizen* prints the following:—

"Alderman Sir THOMAS DAKIN intends to spend the winter months abroad, so as to avoid, if possible, the inclemency which usually prevails in this country during that period."

Bravo, Alderman! "The inclemency which usually prevails in this country during that period" is perhaps the most delicate way of alluding to the English winter we remember to have seen. We hope the worthy Alderman is not suffering from any complaint in his tea-chest. Why doesn't he try Bohea-mia? But if Sir THOMAS has not yet made up his mind as to the direction he shall take, in order to avoid, if possible, the conditions of temperature alluded to, we would advise him to study a little book which we find thus advertised in the local Merry Swiss journal:—

"Montreux, as a healthy Resort by A. E. LEBSON M. A. M. D. Physicien, to the infirmary for diseases of the cheso Margaret Street, London 1877."

The grip of the English language they appear to have gained on the shores of the Lake of Geneva is surprising.

Evident Result.

AN assembly of Notables has been appointed to meet, and, if possible, settle the affairs of Egypt. Why not summon a Council of Able men instead of Not-Ables? Why, there's inability on the very face of it!

HAWARDEN DIARY.

[Stray leaves blown in this direction by the recent gale.]

Tuesday.—Tut, tut, this is very provoking. The last thing in the world I could have wished to have happened. Really what does F-R-S-T-R want to go driving about Dublin with a guard of Police for? Is that his idea of carrying out a Message of Peace? The way some men take fright at nothing would be ridiculous if it were not irritating. These Skin-Flint Magistrates might have allowed me more than four Policemen. Letter and Prospectus of Fair Trade League from Mr. LLOYD, showing that I had not correctly described the objects of the F. T. L. at Leeds. I ought, he says, to have studied the Prospectus first. How could I, if I hadn't got one? And if I had, I should have lost a point in the speech. However, I at once acknowledge I'm wrong, thanks to LLOYD's news.

Wednesday.—Saw one of my Policemen picking walnuts. They're not paid to walk about Hawarden and pick walnuts. Shall write to Skin-Flinters. I see F-R-S-T-R has spent the whole of the day in his office. What a horrible want of pluck! Why doesn't he show himself, and walk about the streets when these dreadful disturbances are going on? If he wasn't hurt, then we should know the rioting was merely mischievous; if he was, then we should know it was political, and should take proper steps. But of course it would never enter into F-R-S-T-R's head to think of such a thing as that. Apropos of something "entering his head," the cold in mine is decidedly better, but I don't think it is quite safe to go out just yet. Skin-Flinters sent more Police, who, to judge by the sound of cracking, have brought pockets full of walnuts. Those are not the kind of nuts they are paid to crack.

Thursday.—It is really too disgraceful. Here's GR-NV-LLE taken into his head, and writes to say he has got secret information that

the Land-Leaguers in France contemplate a descent on England, and may have a couple of Regiments to look after Walmer? No, certainly he mayn't. Let him tell it to the Marines, of whom there are plenty about Walmer; at all events quite enough to protect him. If my Skin-Flintshire Police go on eating walnuts all day and all night they'll have a frightful indigestion; and if Land-Leaguers come, what will be the use of six Policemen all suffering from indigestion? If they would only take salt with them.—Good! I'll send them out some salt. Traditional sign of hospitality.

Friday.—Letter from BR-GHT. He has received an anonymous communication, threatening him with assassination, and may he have his house guarded by Police? Wrote to him, and said the communication must be a hoax, and reminded him of "Force being no remedy." Haven't I a sense of humour? Rather. There were some very nasty, suspicious-looking men about Hawarden to-day. I fancy the Police are tired of nuts, and I am less anxious. Looking out from my study window I see they have gone in for apples. My Policemen have become apple-Peelers. Suppose after all they should be Re-peelers! . . . Heavens! I shall be a prisoner—in my own house.

Saturday.—Of all men in the world!—H-RC-RT believes he will be shot at on his way to church to-morrow! Might he have an escort? Quite a joke! R-cover with an S-court! Capital! and people say I have no idea of humour! But I have humorous ideas. Wired him to stay at home and read my essay on Church and State. My guardians have given up apples and returned to nuts. They're more like monkeys than Policemen.

Sunday.—Wonder if STAFF NORTHCOLE is reading the lessons to-day. What an imitation! I should like to read him a lesson. Think I have lately. Notice this morning my study very dusty, and general untidiness. Butler informs me that "it can't be put right now as all the female servants have gone to church?" Good. I think I shall take a turn. Where are the Police? Butler says, "all gone to church



"ROTATION OF CROPS."

Rural Dean. "TUT-T-T! OH, I DON'T LIKE THIS! THIS IS VERY—TELL MR. TWISTER"—(the Rector, who was away at the sea-side with his family)—"THAT I STRONGLY OBJECT TO HIS PUTTING THE CHURCHYARD TO THIS USE. I'M REALLY SURPRISED—"
Rural Churchwarden. "'ZACTLY WHAT I SAID, SIR! I'VE SPOOKE TO 'M OOVER AN' OOVER AGAIN! 'LOR' BLESS ME,' I SAYS, 'YOU KEEP A WHEATIN' ON 'T AN' A WHEATIN' ON 'T! WHY DON'T YOU 'TATER IT?' I SAYS!'"

too." Most inconsiderate. Why doesn't HOWARD VINCENT send some of his men here? Considering my connection with Midlothian, I think I might have some assistance from Scotland Yard. How wrong to leave me alone. If PARNELL had only left me alone—Ha! somebody eaves-dropping? Butler says, "Not Eves-dropping, but ADAMS dropping in to see how I am." Good. ADAMS is the Deputy Chief Constable. Why couldn't the Skin-Flintshires have sent the Chief Constable instead of a Deputy? ADAMS says "everything's safe, and that I need not be under the slightest apprehension." This word suggests a little *jeu de mots* about "apprehension" of Land-Leaguers. Mustn't cut jokes (or trees) on Sunday. Cold better. Wrapped up (warmly) in my own thoughts. Walk to church. Return with ADAMS. See another allusion to "Parson ADAMS." Mustn't—on Sunday. Was brought up in that way. Scotch origin. Recovered my spirits. Cold quite gone. On Monday shall make a handsome present of nuts to Policemen, and present them each with a pair of crackers. They might use crackers on Guy Fawkes Day—Ahem! mustn't joke on Sunday. But I do feel well. Wired to accept LORD MAYOR'S invitation for the Ninth. Shall cut down the Corporation next year, and abolish the Show. Ha! ha! Can't help laughing to think of my bust going to be put up in Guildhall! And people say I've no sense of humour! Cold quite gone. Get axe and cut my stick to-morrow—Ahem! mustn't cut jokes on Sunday. Early to bed—hot water—ahem! see another joke. Good night. All's well. "All's Well!" Pretty old tune. Sing myself to sleep. No, mustn't sing on Sunday—only snore. To bed.
Monday.—Quite well. Friend looked in while I was cracking my egg. Cracked a joke. He said, "Heard you were fast-breaking." Replied, "No, I'm break-fasting." Aha! good. When I retire, I shall compile a new *Joe Miller*, just to show 'em I have a sense of humour.

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM says what's the good of knowing Geography when she has bought half-a-dozen maps of the World, and can't find the Specific Ocean on any one of them?

A MINISTER OF FINE ARTS.

[A letter from Mr. WALLIS has appeared in the *Times*, suggesting the appointment of a Minister of Fine Arts.]

Oh, what a splendid opening for a Statesman who's *Æsthetic*, For a man of highest culture—say a nobleman of parts, When he looks into the future, and with vision that's prophetic, Sees himself one day appointed to a Ministry of Arts.

How he'd revel in the duties, how he'd educate the people To adore their BOTICELLI, and on certain painters frown; How he'd clear away all stucco and remodel every steeple, Till he made unlovely London quite a new artistic town.

How he'd teach the very paupers to think WHISTLER's etchings "utter,"

While the thoughtful costermongers should appreciate BURNE-JONES;

And the Art-awakened cabman should be madly heard to mutter, "Oh, I can't abide them dresses in such ill-assorted tones!"

Every child within the Board Schools should be brought up as a critic,

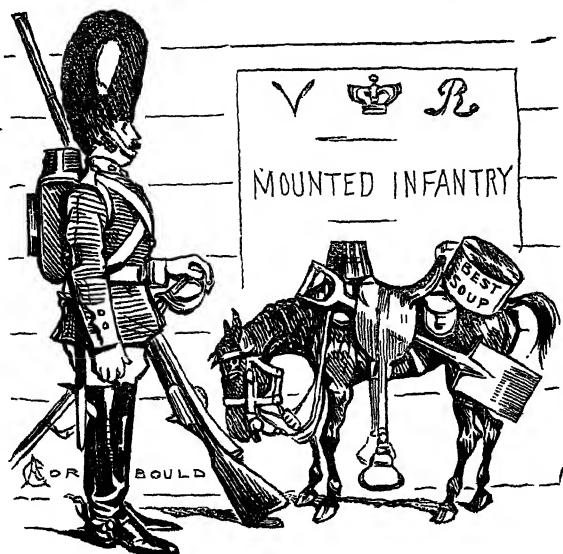
To discourse on LEONARDO just as well as COMYNS CARR; While the talk of every taproom should be calmly analytic Of the *Liber Studiorum* that was kept at every bar.

We should then be mediæval, for what all the nation lacks is Just the true Renaissance spirit whereof PATER keeps the keys; But, good Philistines, believe me it would much increase the taxes, So we'll do without a Minister of Fine Arts, if you please.

PEOPLE most "dependent on the soil," are washerwomen and glove-cleaners.

MOUNTED INFANTRY.

(By One of Our Own Penny-a-Line Regiment.)



THEY should have a peculiar uniform; their equipment should mean business. They should be able to do something of everything—from the bones to bombarding; from drawing up a line to writing a column. They should be riflemen, guardsmen, engineers, bombardiers, pioneers, fusiliers, all in one, with power to add to their number. A small active Cossack horse would be the animal to carry them. I know where a few, sound in wind and limb, are to be had cheap. Let the Horse Guards see to it at once.

SPECTRUM ANALYSIS.

(After "The Burden of Itys," by the Wild-Eyed Poet.)

SWEET is the Sunflower on the daddoed wall,
And sweet the lover's kisses ta'en by stealth;
Sweet is the pattern of a Paisley shawl,
And sweet the poet's volume, in its wealth
Of creamy vellum, blossoming into gold,
And sweet the pure blank page and that which just contrives to hold

The straggling sonnet; sweet the clinging garb
Of blue-draped maidens, bathing; sweet the gleam
Of silvery trout in water, when the barb
Bears up the mottled monarch of the stream;
And sweet the peacock, spreading like a sail
The green and purple splendours of his fringed Æsthetic tail;

And sweet the perfumes breathed from RIMMEL's shop,
And sweet the mushroom on manured leas;
And sweet the turnip-lantern on a mop,
And sweet the cheerful sign of the "Cross Keys;"
And sweet to all but Philistine or Goth,
The bones that cross themselves, the skull that decks the death's-head moth.

But sweeter far, if ever gliding shape
Of some pale spectre should with shadowy tread
Attend my lonely footsteps, or escape
From its dim world, to hover round my bed,
At midnight, visibly. Ah! sweet indeed
(And that it is so, in the *Daily Telegraph* we read!)

If there might be such beings! For in dreams
I've watched the wan corpse-candles, hand in hand
With Jack-o'-Lanterns, frisk it on the beams
Of some astonished moon, and many a band
I've met of were-wolves, and the vampire's been
My visitant; but never yet one genuine Ghost I've seen!

GOUTY VEGETABLE.—A Toe-martyr.

OUR BRASS FARTHING NOVEL SERIES.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

"NOTHING new under the sun"? Pooh! Miss BRADDON has inaugurated a new literary era. "Art long"? Bah! Miss BRADDON has boiled down *Ivanhoe* into thirty-two pages. Immortal works of fiction pulped down into compact pennyworths!!! 'Tis an Inspiration!

But, thirty-two pages for a penny! Bah! I can do any one of 'em from SCOTT to HUGO in half the bulk at a quarter of the price, and even then Miss B. won't be in it with me. Hers is SCOTT and Lot!

Sir! Give me a penny—or rather a farthing—for my thoughts, and I'll astonish you. Miss BRADDON began—I believe—with *Ivanhoe*. Well, I shall in the first place just show her how the work *ought* to have been done. Then I shall mangle and compress one of her own novels, and see how *she* likes the process. So here goes for—

IVANHOE.

CEDRIC of Rotherwood loved plain Saxon. His son, Wilful WILFRID of Ivanhoe, loved the Beautiful Saxon. The Beautiful Saxon, ROWENA, that pink of Saxon propriety, loved Wilful WILFRID—in a purely pink-of-propriety spirit. The Lovely Semite, REBECCA, also loved Wilful WILFRID,—under the rose. The Bad Templar, BRIAN DE BOIS-GUILBERT, first lightly fancied the Saxon Pink—which led to the breaking of lances at Ashby-de-la-Zouche. His affections subsequently settled on the Jewish Rose—which led to the breaking of vows at Templestowe. (Smaller pieces in the game "understood." Also much humorous interlude and picturesque description which are mere padding.) The game appeared doubtful until the Black Knight began his moves. His first completely checked the Bad Templar; his second took the Castle. His third was the King's move. In fact, the Black Knight and the King, in this game, proved one. No wonder the game was won also. The Bad Templar was cleared off the board. Mate followed—Wilful WILFRID marrying the Saxon Pink. The Jewish Rose was transplanted. Whether Wilful WILFRID ever regretted—But no matter. The rest is easily told. Then why tell it?

And now then for Miss BRADDON's own great three-volume work, which I shall call—

LADY ODDLY'S SECRET.

By Miss Braddon.

LADY ODDLY had yellow hair, a nose that *never* got red, no heart, and two husbands. "Twos into nought won't go," said Lady O, "so one husband *must* go—down a Well." He did, but, unluckily for Lady O, he *did not kick the bucket*. ROBERT ODDLY, a sort of amateur (Inspector) Bucket was interested in the well-being of his Aunt's supernumerary husband. [Details occupying the best part of three volumes quite unnecessary.] This Bucket also found his way to the Well. Where there's a Well there's a way. ROBERT ODDLY strove to criminate his Aunt, she in return sought to cremate him. She was "a Scorcher," was Lady O. He escaped roasting, but burned—for revenge. Tracked her! *Tableau*.—Lime-Walk by Lime-Light (literary). ROBERT and Lady ODDLY under the Lindens over the garden well, together. He—"Murderess!!!" She—"No—Madwoman!" He—"Prove it!" She—"Like a shot. Having got my husband well into the Well, I didn't shut him down!" Q. E. D. So they shut her up—in a Lunatic Asylum. Moral.—Let Well alone.

MORE TRUTH ABOUT GHOSTS.

DEAR PUNCH,—A friend of mine made a joke the other evening. That joke *fell dead*. I was present at the time. The next day, at the same time, I saw that joke distinctly; and Sir, what is more, that joke *haunted me all night!* Q. E. D.—Yours, &c., SECOND-SIGHT.

RESPECTED P.,—What do you think of *this* for a ghostly coincidence? The other night I woke suddenly, and, to my astonishment, saw my Uncle at my bedside, tossing three golden balls like a street acrobat. I beckoned the old boy. He *refused to advance*, and made faces at me. I rubbed my eyes—he was gone. I looked at my watch—it was just twelve. The next day, at twelve o'clock precisely, my pawnbroker *refused to advance* twelve shillings on that identical ticker. Oh, my prophetic soul, my Uncle!—Yours, U. P. ATREE.

DEAR OLD COCKALORUM,—Rayther! I've four Maiden Aunts—SARAH, BETSY, JEMIMA, and HEPZIBAH. They all 'ang out together at 'Ackney, as 'appy as 'edgehogs in a 'op-sack. And if *that* ain't a genuine 'Aunted 'Ouse, my name ain't 'ARRY.

SIR,—Man I knew's been awful bad for the last fortnight. Sees ghosts everywhere. Doctor says its "D. T.," so we stopped his *Daily Telegraph*. Yours, NEDDY.

PENCIL MEMS.



SHAKESPEARE IN THE TRANSVAAL.

South African Native (timidly)—
"The Boer will use us kindly"
Richard the Third, Act III., Sc. 2.
Curtain. (We shall see—in the next Act.)



Frightening the House Beetle on the Fifth of November.
A Masquer-raid.



MAN AND BIRD FIGHT.
The Secretary Bird v. the Sarum Slogger.

SOME SUGGESTIONS FOR THEATRICAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

WHY doesn't Mr. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD take a leaf out of Mr. GAS HARRIS's advertising book, and go in for it heavily in this style:—

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY says:—"Never was so delighted with anything as I was with *Whittington*. It teaches a lofty moral, while adorning a long cat's tail. I hope everybody will go and see it."

H. E. CARDINAL MANNING, says:—"On *Whittington* I cannot bestow sufficient praise. And for this reason. There is so much in it to be admired, that to mention names for special commendation would be invidious. Mr. ROYCE inculcates the loftiest lessons of Temperance; while the historical name of VAUGHAN, associated as it is with all that is graceful in modern art, and all that is glorious in the annals of these realms, is a sufficient guarantee for the high moral standard of teaching both by word and deed, by action and attitude, which is inculcated on all alike, from the highest in the gallery at the lowest prices, to the lowest in the stalls at the highest prices, at your excellently, or, as I may put it stronger than that without incurring the suspicion of interested flattery or senseless adulation, your most admirably conducted establishment. If all Theatres, and all Entertainments, were like yours, I should be the first to recommend a constant attendance as an imperative duty on everybody, and should even permit my Senior Clergy to visit the German Reed's Entertainment on a Thursday afternoon. Bless you, Mr. HOLLINGSHEAD. Persevere and Prosper."

M. R. SPURGEON says:—"Sir,—The Ballet is a joy for ever. I object to men and women dancing together, but emphatically approve of the spectacle of happy guileless maidens enjoying themselves apart from the sterner sex, as only such maidens can. It touched me to the heart. Mr. JOHN D'AUBAN, too, is a thoroughly conscientious man—a good man, Sir. He dances alone, as I would do myself if I had not entirely given up Terpsichorean exercise. I am no Puritan. True gaiety is the possession of the truly good. Let us be gay. I have been there, and still would go."

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE says:—"If I want innocent diversion myself, or if I would recommend it to others, I send them to the Gaiety. I thoroughly appreciate a good jest, and no one admires your Farren policy more than I do. When I want a box, I will axe for it. Have told GRANVILLE to see it. HARTINGTON has, of course, already witnessed it; and CHAMBERLAIN—but I fancy you have had enough of the CHAMBERLAIN, eh? Excuse the allusion. Ain't I volatle?"

And so on. Messrs. HARE and KENDAL should follow suit; and they could announce, as a special attraction to the Clergy and the seriously inclined of all denominations, that their theatre is the only one in London dedicated to a Saint.

SPORT À LA MODE.

"An enterprising Frenchman has taken on lease a large tract of Southern Algeria, which it is to be hoped is enclosed by some of nature's walls, and intends to people it with lions, panthers, and other ferocious animals. . . . In the middle of this Happy Valley is to be an hotel, furnished with every luxury."—*Times*.

WHAT a very splendid notion—here's a way of winning fame: In Algeria henceforward we shall kill the biggest game; For an enterprising Frenchman, who such sport must understand, On the borders of the Desert now has leased a tract of land; There the lion and the panther shall be gently trotted round, And in safety we can slay them in that happy hunting ground.

They'll be lured into the covert, for your lion is no fool, By tit-bits of tender donkey and the carcase of the mule; We can kill them in the open, if we care to chance the spring Of infuriated panthers,—I don't relish such a thing: And so I shall shoot the creatures—it is not that I'm afraid— From a comfortable distance in a charming ambuscade.

And the Manager, moreover, is to do the thing right well, There will rise within the Desert a luxurious hotel; A Parisian *Chef* will soothe us, after long exciting days, With the *filet* of the panther served up *à la Bordelaise*. And all animals the fiercest shall go gaily to their doom, As we pot them from the windows of the pleasant dining-room!

"What a Nice Place is this!"

ANYBODY in want of a quiet yet cheerful residence will probably jump at the following offer, which appeared in the *Times* for Tuesday, October 25:—

TO HUNTING AND SHOOTING GENTLEMEN.—FURNISHED APARTMENTS—drawing-room and bed-room in the centre of three packs of hounds, pleasantly situate. Good attendance. —, Hampshire.

Hampshire! It ought to be Barking, or the Isle of Jolly Dogs.

The Fever Dens.

LISSEN Grove, indeed! Listen, Government!—as represented by the Seldom-at-Home Secretary, to the terrible story of the Fever Den-izens of the Marylebone District. May the case of Lissen Grove be a useful Lissen to Bumbledom generally, and this Vestry in particular.



TOO CONSCIENTIOUS BY HALF.

Mamma. "REALLY, DEAR JOHN, I CAN'T MAKE YOU OUT! YOUR OWN SON, ONLY TWELVE, JUST CAUGHT IN THE VERY ACT OF SMOKING A CIGARETTE; AND YET YOU, WHO THINK SMOKING SUCH AN ABOMINATION, TAKE IT QUIETLY!"

Papa. "WELL, MY LOVE, IT'S RATHER AWKWARD, YOU SEE. I WAS CAUGHT IN THE ACT WHEN I WAS ONLY TEN!—AND, BY JOVE, IT WAS A CIGAR!"

[Let us hope dear John will warn the Youngster to-rights, all the same.]

THE BEAK AND THE SCHOOL-BOARD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

WHAT is all this bother atween the Ammersmith Beak and the School Board? The Ammersmith Beak is the cove as doesn't like Bysykels or School Boards. He thinks they both go too fast, and he aint far wrong. I thinks with Mr. PAGET, that its igh time Bysykels should be put down by Hact o Parlyment. For dont yer see Mr. Punch if they was put down many a fast young Gent as now rides his bysikal would ride in my Ansom. But there never will be no justice done to us cabbies till we gets into Parlyment. The colliers send chaps to Parlyment, and wry not the cabbies? Sure I am one could teach manners to some of the gents there if we could teach nothink ellus. That you know Mr. Punch as well as me.

But to come back to the Ammersmith Beak and the School Board. I just want you to tell me what its all about. A boy twix thirteen and fourteen is brought afore the Beak cos he dont go to school. The School Board axes the Beak to fine his Guvnor: the Beak says heel be blowed if he do, for the boy is over thirteen and can snapp his fingers at the School Board. Leestways, says the School Board, the boy shooldnt work, and they says they have a hact o Parlyment to prevent him. The Beak says he dont care a hang for their hact o Parlyment wick the School Board dont understan, and instid of fining the Guvnor of the boy, he fines the School Board man, which sarves him jolly well rite. What a cabby Mr. PAGET would have made if he hadnt been a Beak: not to be druv round, no not at any prise.

And the School Board man runs owling away to the OME SECRETARY and arkses him for protekshun agin the Beak wot as bullied him and snubbed him and fined him. And he gets the OME SECRETARY to rite a letter to the Beak, very sivel like, for the OME SECRETARY dont like poor foaks to be find and sold up and sent to prisin cos their kids dont chatter French like a lot o munkis of a Sunday arternoon in the Zoo. And the Beak writes back to the OME SECRETARY and tells him why he find the School Board man, and thats all I nose about it.

But Mr. Punch I does want to no sumthink more. Ive a kid o my

hone wot is jist over thirteen. You jist tell me Mr. Punch wot Im to do with him? School Board says he shant go to work: Beak says he shant go to school. Must he go on the streets and lurn to be a thief? Well hes a sharp lad and he can lurn farst enuf for hes a very fair scoller, and havin nothink to do he may read in the Sunday papers that the burglars biznis is about the best goin, and hact accordionly. All Ive got to say Mr. Punch is that Im thankfull to say I was born afore the days o School Boards, for if Ide been on the streets atwixt thirteen and fourteen instid of irrin an nonist penny, I mighter crosssed the Errin Pond years and years ago or may be made my bow some fine mornin at Newgit instid of drivn my Ansom and tho I says it the best oss in Ammersmith.

So no more at pressunt.

Your Bedint Survint,
CABBY.

HUMANITY HUNTING-SONG.

"OPENING MEET OF THE WINDSOR GARRISON DRAG-HOUNDS.—On Saturday, in miserably wet weather, this pack of draghounds commenced their hunting season. . . . The hounds will be hunted twice a week (every Wednesday and Saturday) during the season."—*Morning Paper.*

WE'RE going to have a glorious run,
This mork and mizzling morn.
Our Hunt inferior is to none,
Except not even the Quorn.
A substitute will, scent as strong
As Reynard's own, supply.
Excuse the burden of my song;
This day a Drag must die!

Chorus—

With a hey, ho, chivy;
Hark forward, hark forward, tantivy!
Excuse the burden of my song;
This day a Drag must die!

Because although a herring red
May, like a fox, be tracked,
The Drag is absolutely dead
In point of literal fact.
Yet hounds and horses after go,
With huntsmen's horns, and cry
Of "Yoicks!" and shout of "Tallyho!"
This day a Drag must die!

Chorus—With a hey, ho, &c.

A Drag's as good to ride behind
As ever a fox's tail,
Well drawn about, with turn and wind,
O'er many a hill and dale.
Fence, hedgerow, palings, turnpike gate,
The rider's pluck will try,
As much as though 'twere true to state,
This day a Drag must die!

Chorus—With a hey, ho, &c.

Each man as much risks life or limb
As when a fox is slain;
The sport is all the same to him,
And we give no animal pain.
Humane excitement whilst we seek,
No victim in our eye;
Except, as now, when, so to speak,
This day a Drag must die!

Chorus—With a hey, ho, &c.

Note.—WILLIAM COBBETT, in one of his charming works, tells a delightful story of the revenge he, when a young clodhopper, once took of a huntsman who had fetched him a cut of his whip; in repayment for which injury COBBETT went and trailed a red herring over the hunting-ground, and then, mounted on a hill-top commanding a view all round, stood enjoying the satisfaction of seeing the hounds thrown off the scent, and the fox-hunt turned into a drag-hunt, to his enemy's vexation.

BRIC-À-BRAC AT KNOWSLEY.

MR. GLADSTONE is a great collector. He has lately got hold of a fine specimen of Real Derby, which he intends to place in his Cabinet.

"SIR WILLIAM GULLIVERNON HARCOURT IN THE HANDS OF THE LILLIPUTIANS.



SIR WILLIAM VERNON HARCOURT has made two long and brilliant speeches at Glasgow. He has sprawled over the whole field of Universal politics, but has not uttered a single word about the work and prospects of his own department. Has he a department? No one spelling through his speeches would be able to gather what branch of our Government he is chiefly responsible for. He might be a Foreign Secretary, or a sucking Premier, but no one would suppose, for a moment, that he is that glorified Beadle called, in the language of Whitehall, the HOME SECRETARY. Perhaps the country has no Home Secretary? The Scotch orations fail to tell us that he has waded through the heaps of vegetable refuse in Covent Garden, and resolved to remove them; that he has smelt the distant fragrance of Billingsgate, and resolved to remove it; that he has his eye on the Asylum for Idiots at Clerkenwell, and has resolved to destroy it and its Licensing

power; and that he is alive to the shortcomings of Scotland Yard, and is not content with the publication of a "Code" and a few Fenian "scares" while dozens of murderers remain utterly undiscovered. He playfully alludes to his "recruit," Lord ROSEBERRY, but promises that the Under-Secretary shall devote much of his attention to Scotland. What is the matter with Scotland? If the kilts are too short for the requirements of decency, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN is the proper officer to refer to; and if the musical pitch of the bagpipe requires alteration, the matter can be referred to the Meddlevex Magistrates, as their last musical job before they are exterminated. London alone is quite large enough to tax the energy and ability of even Sir W. VERNON HARCOURT; and it would be well to see him dropping the Universal in his speeches, and attending a little more to the parochial requirements of his office.

QUEEN ANNE'S DEAD; OR, RALEIGH TOO BAD OF HIM.

(Memoranda of a Harassing Ainsworth Night at the Haymarket.)

Two things struck us while seeing *Queen and Cardinal*. What an unfortunate thing for an Actress to have inherited the name of SIDONS without the SIDONS genius, and what a pity it was that an Author, calling himself WALTER S. RALEIGH, should have done little more than string together some of the strongest dramatic situations from HARRISON AINSWORTH'S *Windsor Castle*, and should have produced his indifferent patchwork as a "new and original poetical



State Apartments now Open to the Public. Please not to touch the Figures.

historical play," without the slightest acknowledgment of the source whence he derived his materials. We trace the situations one by one, even to the change of *Norris* for *Wyat* in the scene where *Henry* threatens to enter by force if the door be not at once opened to him. So much for where the idea came from; it is also rather hard on the Author that it should ever have entered into SHAKESPEARE'S head to write *Henry the Eighth*.

ACT I.—*Lord Surrey* composing a Surrey-nade to *Geraldine*. A great poet, but, like all great poets, a very bad hand at reciting his own compositions. Two Jesters enter, both apparently imitating the tones of the late Mr. BUCKSTONE, and both dismally failing in playing the fool. There used to be certain dreadfully dull people called "Shakspearian clowns" in travelling circuses, and these two may have escaped from some such show. Enter *Anne Boleyn* (or *Bullaine*), who, judging from her make-up and accent, seems to have been something between Miss KATE SANTLEY in an *Alhambra* opera and Mrs. JOHN WOOD in an eccentric character, only without the *chic* of the one or the fun of the other. *Henry* comes in, looking at first as bluff and jovial as possible, but, immediately he begins to talk, the consciousness of having before him five Acts of the blankest verse dialogue utterly prostrates the poor man, and the bluntness and joviality of Mr. LUIGI LABLACHE as *Henry the Eighth* disappeared entirely under the heavy tragedy cloud which hangs over him, and he smole no more that night. Someone comes in, and says they've "caught a butcher." (For

details, see HARRISON AINSWORTH'S first Chapters of *Windsor Castle*.) Whereupon *Henry* says, "Hang the butcher!" and then goes off to see the sentence carried into effect, or to string him up with his own hand, on the principle that, "if you want a thing well done, you must do it yourself." The Act finishes with *Katherine* cursing *Anne*, which seems to affect her very slightly, though, to make up for this, it nearly sends



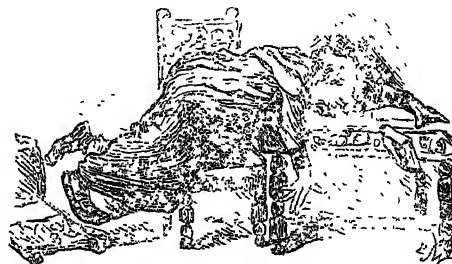
Cardinal Concan and Anna Boleno.

Lord Surrey, the Poet (represented by a very highly-coloured young contortionist), into violent convulsions.

ACT II.—*Wolsey* soliloquises about the betting on his chances of

the Papacy. More AINSWORTH dramatised. *Anne* shows us what her favourite position is, with her knee on a chair, and generally looks as if she were going to break out into a song with *cancon* dance, as KATE SANTLEY, or to say something droll, as Mrs. JOHN WOOD; but as she does neither one nor the other, her part, consequently, is a trifle disappointing. She might have had a dance with *Wolsey*, but even this Cardinal point was omitted.

ACT III., SCENE 1.—Between two fools this scene rather comes to the ground, falling very flat. SCENE 2.—First appearance of *Dr. Cranmer* (Mr. KEMBLE), a middle-aged person in black, looking like a comic countryman, who, having been converted, had taken to the serious line, and was doing a flourishing business as an undertaker of the period. The Act ends with the fall of Mr. SWINBURNE as *Wolsey*, which, as the Actor is a man of considerable weight in his profession, might have been attended with considerable danger to himself and the stage furniture.



Heavy Fall of Wolsey.

ACT IV.—Chiefly remarkable for the idea of the Circus originally suggested by the "Shakspearian Clown," now being sustained by *Anne*, who enters in a wonderful riding-habit, and carrying the usual fair *équestrienne's* switch-whip. General disappointment at no horse being brought in.

Notable also for the sudden and startling appearance of a man dressed as *Grindoff* in *The Miller and his Men*. This turns out to be *Anne's* lover, *Percy*, whose mania for "dressing up" must have entirely obliterated any slight sense of humour he may have possessed, or he never could have appeared out of a Richardson's Show in such a pair of twopence coloured boots, which, in the palmy days of Melodrama, would have been greeted with three distinct rounds of applause from the Gallery of the Wic-



Such a nice Dress to Ride in! Sho's got 'em on.



Percy Hotspur quite per se in his unique im-percy-nation of Grindoff in the celebrated old Miller-drama.

torier Theayter. When his beard is off, he turns out to be a very sheepish sort of person in wolf's clothing; and we feel sure that had his boots been taken away from him, he would have been reduced to the merest nonentity. As it was, his boots gave him, so to speak, a little local colouring, and consequently the audience were so far—that is nearly up to the knee—satisfied. Could he only have stood on his head and talked with his boots, this Act might have drawn all London.

ACT V.—After a front scene in Greenwich Park, where somebody irritates *Henry* by singing a common-place hunting song, we come to—

SCENE 2.—*Room in the Tower*. *Perkins* (Where's *Barclay*?) Here *Anne Bullaine* enters, very much altered in appearance, no longer like Miss KATE SANTLEY and Mrs. JOHN WOOD, but bearing a strong resemblance to what Mr. EDWIN BOOTH or Mr. HARE might be like if either of them took to fair hair and petticoats. She is a trifle off her head, in anticipation of her head having to be very soon off her. She wanders in her mind—but, as *Frank Talfourd* said, "she hasn't far to go"—and then she tells us she has been dreaming of *Hever*—and might have sung, "*Hever of thee I'm sweetly dreaming*"—but she wasn't mad enough for that—and only talks just a little more nonsense than she has already done through the four previous Acts.

Reappearance of the Converted Comic Countryman, who, having given up undertaking, has dropped his respectable black and gone in for purple velvet, with fur collar and cuffs, as Archbishop of Canterbury. He improves the occasion by giving a short but tedious sermon, and then there being nothing left for him to say, he looks

as many unutterable things as possible—we fancy we once caught him winking at a Lady-in-waiting—and plays dumb crambo—(Archbishop Crambo, not a bad name)—by himself in any available space he can occupy, leaving it to the audience to find out what on earth he means by it.

Then, after the window-curtain had been withdrawn, to show ANNE the scaffold, which being more like a platform outside a travelling show, naturally elicited from her a strong expression of disgust and disappointment, a bell tolled, and she herself became the “belle who was tolled off for instant axe-cutting,” as Archbishop Crambo might have said, by way of a good tag—just to enliven the situation a bit—had he not been intent on preserving his equilibrium in a most trying attitude, which reflects the greatest credit both on himself and his dancing-master. If he actually was on one leg, he ought just to have hithched up his cassock an inch or two, and so obtained the full credit of a really clever performance.

Then somebody, in the orchestra I fancy, gave a startling whack on the drum, whether to signify that the unfortunate ANNE had just been hit on the head by mistake, or that her head had made this noise in dropping on to the scaffold, or only to imitate a cannon, (in which it signally failed,) we were unable to learn. But as it had the effect of effectually stopping Archbishop Crambo’s entertainment, and of bringing the Curtain down pretty sharply, we may fairly conclude that this bang on the drum was intended to convey the rather stale intelligence, “Queen ANNE’s Dead.”

At the Adelphi, Miss CLARA JECKS has made a decided hit as *Josephs*, the good young boy who dies in *Never too late to Mend*. There’s not a dry eye in the house at the close of that Act, and it is not before the other eye has been thoroughly wetted during the *entr’acte*, that the audience is able to sit down composedly to hear the remainder of the piece. If it wasn’t for Mr. CALHAEM as *Jacky* making them laugh, they’d be a long time in overcoming their grief. The piece draws tears, “and,” as the learned JOSEPHUS MILLER says, “judging by the crowded state of the house, it draws tiers on tiers.” *Never too late to Mend* ought to be well supported by the washerwomen, for we have seldom seen so many pocket-handkerchiefs in use as during that *Poor Joe* Scene. “Never again with you, sobbin’,” as we observed to our fair companion, when, the cambric being exhausted, we were compelled to offer our ten-and-sixpenny *cache-nez* to dry her eyes with—and—it’ll “never come back no more.”

CIVIC ORATORY.

WE learn, from the *Ratepayer and Trader*, that at a meeting of the United Wards Club a discussion was opened on the “Municipal Reform of London,” when a Common Councilman—or perhaps we ought to say an Uncommon Councilman—made the following glowing defence of the Corporation:—

“This is the grandest city in the world! I was born in it, so was my mother, so was my father; and what harm has it done? Mr. FIRTH’s book is an absolute tissue of falsehoods. Mr. NEWBON’s scheme is ridiculous. He has talked about turtle-soup and the gilt coach, but I love the grand old Corporation as I love my own! (*Laughter*.) It is no crime. I hope not one brick of it will be touched. We have a mortmain of £20,000 a year, and it grows day by day.

“Those fellows who write such books as Mr. FIRTH’s would like to get some of it. I know a man in Whitechapel who would like to get my watch. I have jotted down a note or two. I am told there are four millions of people crying for help. I haven’t heard of ‘em. I have heard of Mr. FIRTH, who wants to get something he can ‘claw.’ I can find ten thousand Mr. FIRTHS in fifty hours, who want to get ‘what isn’t his.’ His book is a tissue of falsehoods. It is lies—lies! I have jotted down a note or two. How about the Commissioners of Sewers? Do they ‘bag’ anything? Don’t touch the old place, don’t ‘change the name of the Firm.’ A ranting Member of Parliament comes from Chelsea, with a few hangers-on, and they think they will get something when they strike at the old Corporation. Some people talk of abuses, but I ask, ‘Where are they? Why the deuce don’t you point ‘em out?’ (*Laughter*.) I hope we shall stand steadfast, like men. Let the present state of London, and its grand institutions, remain intact. Let us not touch a brick of it! (*Cheers*.)”

The audience appear to have been so electrified with this brilliant harangue, that they resolved to ask Mr. FIRTH to attend the next meeting of the Club, and begin the discussion all over again?

TO ‘ARRY.

NO, ‘ARRY; Mr. SULLIVAN has not written a Temperance Water-cantata called *The Martyr of Anti-’oc*. It’s an Oratorio, and is called *The Martyr of Antioch*. But we suppose ‘ARRY must omit an “h” somewhere.

CHANGE AND BARTER.

TO PEOPLE OF LIMITED INCOME.—The carcass of an Elephant for sale. Widow ladies, and Spinsters of gentle birth, who would be glad, by devoting a portion of their leisure time to the prosecution of a light and pleasing employment, to add substantially to their means, will, on forwarding the sum of One Shilling in Stamps to advertiser, receive by return of post the above, together with a full and complete paper of directions to enable them to acquire the art of stuffing the larger carnivorous animals. Materials cost but a few pence, and the occupation, which is elegant and easily acquired, can be carried on quite unobtrusively in the most fashionable drawing-room. A child can do it. Printed testimonials from thousands. N.B. If liked, pachydermatous monsters of any size or style can be procured at a moderate commission.—Apply, Professor X., Hocus Row, Scuttlings Street, S.

MUTUAL SOCIAL ACCOMMODATION.—A Tenor of remarkable power who has studied in Italy, but who, having carried off the gold medals of several European Academies, has deemed it advisable for the future to prosecute his professional labours in England, is anxious to meet with a quiet and comfortable home in a thoroughly respectable family, where an occasional display of his artistic abilities would be regarded as an equivalent for board, lodging, the use of a carriage and pair, and an introduction to a brilliant and refined society. An aged and childless couple, wishing to enliven their declining years by the adoption of an heir who could entertain them continually with selections (either in or out of character) from an extensive operatic repertoire, and be happy to throw in, if required, some entirely new and eccentric nigger business, would find this an eligible opportunity. As the wonderful force and shrillness of the advertiser’s C from the chest earned for him in the Western States of America the complimentary sobriquet of the Hoot de Poitrine, deaf maniacs in need of a new sensation might communicate. Has acted with much effect as a fog-horn on a Channel Steamer. Also can give imitations of Mr. IRVING. By Address, HURDIGARDO, Post Office, Bawls Pond.

TO SAUSAGE MANUFACTURERS.—A Learned Pig to be disposed of. This unique and accomplished creature, that has been for many years perseveringly trained by an eccentric Nobleman, as a personal relaxation from the duties and cares of Parliamentary life, having unfortunately been severely shaken in a Railway Collision, that has somewhat impaired its intellectual powers, will be parted with by the present proprietor on very liberal terms. Can still go through the Alphabet if the consonants are omitted, and tell fortunes fairly on a pack of cards, when assisted by onions. Has been taught to leave the room on being called “Aaron,” but since the accident has, when reminded with a pair of pincers, answered more easily to the name of “Oliver Cromwell.” Having in its best days appeared in a Mimic Steeple Chase at a Circus, it could, with a monkey on its back, admirably supply the place of a Carriage Dog to any turn-out, the owner of which happened to be anxious to create an entirely new and startling sensation in the park. Would not object to sit as permanent advertisement in office window of an Anti-Vivisection Society, and be eaten by the Committee at Christmas. N.B.—Is perfectly well, and has had Trichinosis. For full particulars as to intellectual feats or estimated capabilities, if required solely for bacon, apply to UTRLE DULCI, The Styes, West Ham.

TO THE ENTERPRISING.—Wonderful Invention to be parted with at once. An Experimental Chemist, of high repute, who has devoted his lifetime to the object, has, after a series of exhaustive and costly experiments, almost perfected the manufacture of a Safety Blasting Powder. As the windows are at present blown out and the roof removed from his own villa, and the prosecution of his project meets with but half-hearted encouragement from the householders in his immediate neighbourhood, a quiet home, where he could continue his researches with vigour, would be regarded by him as a fair equivalent for a share of his secret and its ultimate profits. A secluded country parsonage, not too near a church, of which the steeple has been pronounced sound, would thoroughly suit the advertiser. Will bring his own fire extinguishers, outer wall stays, and cellar bearings, and find family in Coxton’s Patent Deaf Wool, and Blakeley’s Artillery Head and Chest Protectors. A Vicar, not on very good terms with his parishioners, will find this a first-rate opportunity.—Apply, X., Post-Office, Gunnersbury.

The Noble Arts.

THE laws that ruled “The Noble Art”

Decreed a blow by rival dealt

Was quite unfair, when in a part

That’s just an inch below the belt.

A trial on the list is down

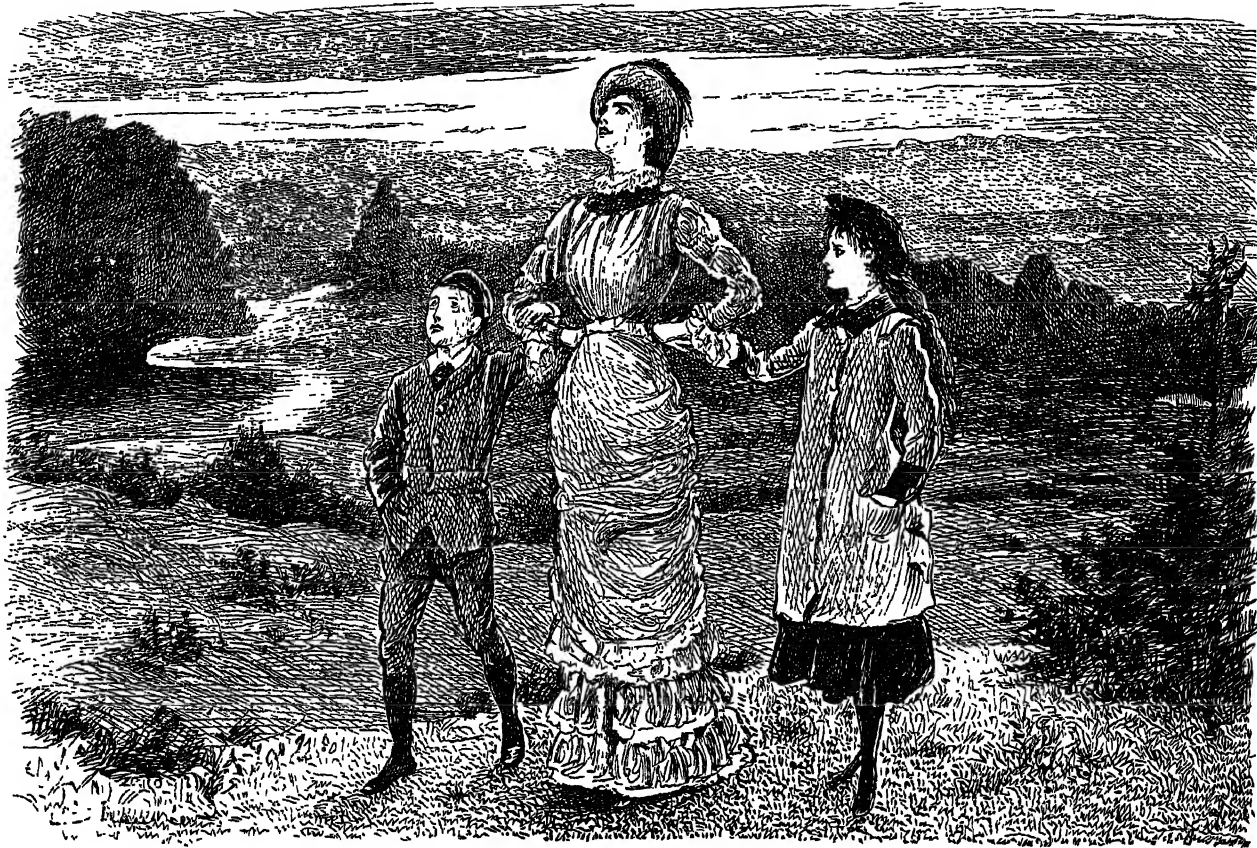
To fix—unless both parties melt—

Whether some statues in this town

Are, or aren’t, “hits” above a BELT.

SPANISH AT SECOND HAND.

Is it true, as stated, that, whereas in 1868 as many as 35,000,000 gallons of wine were exported from Spain to France, that amount is this year in course of being trebled? Because, if so, why cannot BRITANNIA import her Claret and Burgundy from Spain direct? And can it be that Château Lafite comes from one of the *Châteaux en Espagne*?



UNHAPPY THOUGHT.

Tommy. "I MEAN TO BE AN ASTRONOMER WHEN I GROW UP!"

Effie. "WHAT ON EARTH WILL YOU DO WITH YOURSELF ALL DAY LONG?"

THE THREE JOVIAL STATESMEN.

SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT, at Glasgow, in quoting from *The Three Jovial Huntsmen*, referred to it as "a delightful illustrated story-book," which he advised all his hearers to buy. Quite so. Mr. CALDECOTT's pictures are simply delicious, and the verses themselves are quaint and pithy. But "the hearings of 'em lie in their application." And here's their application—much at your service, SIR WILLIAM:—

It's of Three Jovial Statesmen, and a-stumping they did go;
And they spouted and they flouted, and they blew their horns also.
Look ye there!

And one said, "Mind your eye, STAFF, there's Reaction in the wind,
And soon, by hook or crook, we a winning cry shall find."
Look ye there!

They spouted and they flouted, and the first thing they did find,
Was a tattered scare-crow-mummy-thing, which seemed much to
their mind.
Look ye there!

One said it *was* a scare-crow, but another, he said "Nay;"
It's the real farmer's friend, Fair Trade, and I think this cry will
pay."
Look ye there!

They spouted and they flouted, and the next thing they did find
Was a swelling, swaggering Bogey, its arms waving in the wind.
Look ye there!

One said it *was* a Bogey, but another he said, "Nay;
It's our dear old Jingo Fi-Fo-Fum, not yet quite past away."
Look ye there!

They spouted and they flouted, and the next thing they did find
Was a Bull who browsed at leisure, and seemed easy in his mind.
Look ye there!

One said 'twas brave JOHN BULL himself, another he said, "Nay;
It's just a Boer-whipt Jackass, without even pluck to bray."
Look ye there!

They spouted and they flouted, and the next thing they did find
Was a fat pig grunting in a sty, with anger almost blind.

Look ye there!

One said it *was* a fat pig, but another he said, "Nay;
It's just a worthy Alderman who fears Reform's black day."
Look ye there!

They spouted and they flouted, and the next thing they did find,
Was two old Patriots trying to bring PAT to his right mind.
Look ye there!

One said they *were* two Patriots, but another he said, "Nay;
They're just two ranting Demagogues. We're sold! let's come
away."
Look ye there!

So they spouted and they flouted, till the setting of the sun;
And they hadn't got a cry at last, when their stumping-course was
run.
Look ye there!

Then each unto the other said, "This stumping doesn't pay;
But we've pounded up and down a bit, and had a rattling day."
Look ye there!

THE DOG AND THE SHADOW.

(An old Fable with—we will hope—a New Ending.)

A DOG, crossing a bridge over a stream of difficulties, with a Solid Substance in his mouth, saw in the water a dim and distorted phantasm, unreal as unattainable, and, fondly deeming it to be a better and brighter Reality, he was impelled by an almost irresistible desire to snatch at the seeming prize.

But—no farther—as yet. The Irish dog is at pause, the solid prize undropped, the shadowy shape—

"If shape it may be called, that shape hath none—"

has not yet fully persuaded him to drop the Substance for the Shadow. Let him take timely warning, and so avoid the fate of the dog in *Æsop's* fable.



SUBSTANCE AND SHADOW.



BUSINESS AS BEFORE.

Acquaintance. "BEEN AND CHANGED YOUR NUMBERS, HAVEN'T THEY?"
Oxford Street Tradesman. "OH, IT DON'T BOTHER ME. I'VE ALWAYS TAKEN CARE OF 'NUMBER ONE,' AND I MEAN TO STICK TO IT!"

NOTES FROM THE DIARY OF A CITY WAITER.

I DON'T know a better Feeld for studyin Human Natur than behind a Dinner Table. You see men at their best and at their worst. There's the mere Goorman, I thinks they calls themselves, tho' we calls 'em somethink else, who comes only for eating and drinking, who takes everything you offers him, and if there's any special Luxury to be had, helps himself to about half the lot, and never gives a thought to anybody else, not even to the poor Waiter, who has his likings like other folk. When Sparrow Grass first comes in you see this Gent's amyable Tray, and the same with the early Peas. I couldn't help saying to one on 'em, when he quite emptied a dish, "You seems to like Grass, Sir." He wasn't at all offended, but acshally said, "Yes, I do, bring some more!" Well these Gents we all knows and we all dispises. Then there's the Comic Gent, who's always looking out for a chance of telling his jokes, forgetting as we Waiters has heard 'em all over and over again, 'till we're quite sick on 'em. Then there's the important Man, probably a Deputy Alderman or a Past Master, who looks as if it was rayther a condishun on his part to eat or drink anythink, but yet if you don't serve him fust, he treats you more like a Wurm than a Man and a Brother. I likes Past Masters for one thing. They allers speaks of all important events as having happened when so and so was Master, like the people as writes Histry dates things from different Kings or Queens. So instead of saying, that was in the rain of His Most Religious and Grashus Majesty GEORGE 4th (my model of a trowly grate King), they will say, that was when Alderman MUGGINS was Master.

Well, then there's the terrible Kritik, who thinks he knows all about Wine. Ah, I must confess, many and many's the trix we plays him in return for the deal of trouble he gives us. And then there's the good-tempered, good-natured Gentleman as we all likes. He never comes in without saying to me, "Well, ROBERT, how are you, ROBERT?" He's something like a Gent he is. He's redly to laugh at a good story, or make a good speech if asked to, or to sit

TO DOLLY.

You are not made of bran and wood,
 Miss Goldenhair!
 If rather silly, you are good,
 And passing fair.
 Then wherefore do you chalk your cheek,
 With soda wash your hair each week,
 And black your eyes,
 And strive to look like dolls who speak?
 It is not wise!

You hang your head, deny the truth—
 Just see my coat!
 It's evident to every youth,
 On whom you dote,
 That you've a heart that has atoned
 For all your follies to be blonde;
 But cads, I fear,
 Might think your style the *demi-monde*—
 Nay, kiss me, dear!

HONOUR AMONGST THIEVES.

IN some respects it is a pity that the Lord Mayor of Dublin gave his casting vote against conferring the Freedom of the City upon Mr. PARNELL and some of his accomplices. It would have been a pretty compliment to the advocates of sugared-robbery, if that freedom had been presented to them with a suitable inscription engraved upon a pair of handcuffs. One kind of freedom the Corporation of Dublin will never be able to confer upon the No-Renters—the freedom to conspire against the rights of property, and the inviolability of contracts. In the Dublin Corporation there are doubtless many tradesmen who would howl considerably if any No-Renter changed his front, and preached the doctrine of No Bakers', Butchers', or Tailors' Bills. Perhaps the twenty-three who voted for the deification of the No-Renters will think of this?

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM, on hearing that a distinguished Naturalist was going to lecture on the Fauna of the Pyrenees, observed warmly that she hoped he'd give it him well, as she detests any Fawner, and a foreign Fawner must be worse than all.

quiet, without looking as glumpy as a neglected M.P. if he has nothing to do. Ah! he's the Gent for me, and them's the Gents it's a pleasure to wait on, and may their number ever increase more and more, and their children after them be like Olives about the Table!

One of the most trying parts of our duties is that we're all supposed to be Def.

However funny a story may be, we mustn't larf, however affectin, we mustn't cry, however exciting, we mustn't appear interested, however long the bow that is drawn, we mustn't look doubtful. And to tell the naked truth, some Gents do draw it very powerful. I could some tales unfold—but no, so long as confidence exists it shall be mutual. No names shall fall from my pen to excite a ribbald laugh, I likes my place too well to quarrel with my Wenson.

I don't know a greater change for me than to assist at one of the great Gills when they invites their Ladies to Dinner. BROWN and me we both thoroughly enjoys it. All so genteel, so quiet, so slow. Why it's no more like the reel thing than a Mellow Dram is like a Farce. Anyone can see with half an eye that it's nothing but a great Sham.

Where's all the old jokes and the old fun and the old chaff? No more there than the old Madeery and the old Port. The poor Ladies, God bless 'em, are not supposed to be able to appresheate any on 'em, so they gives them instead a box of sweets for the dear children. And at the end of the dinner they drinks their healths, and they always says, oh how they wishes they could have 'em offener, but they never says why they can't, and how as they never enjoys themselves without 'em. Ah that's something really grand to hear them say, that is, seeing what I sees, and hearing what I hears, and knowing what I knows!

Ah, if there is a nice bit of Gammon just done to a turn, and served up with plenty of melted butter, it's the Chairman's speech at a Ladies' Dinner.

(Signed)

ROBERT.

UNLIMITED LEWES.

WHY should a town be given over to the tyranny of Mob Law for even "one night only," in England, any more than in Ireland? Yet, on the Fifth of November next, Lewes, if it still holds to its annual custom, which would be most certainly more honoured in the breach than in the observance, will be handed over to "Bonfire Boys" from about 5 P.M. till midnight; all trade and traffic in the main thoroughfare will be suspended, the street will be covered with damp litter—literally absurd—as a necessary precaution, and the shutters everywhere will be closed. No policeman will be seen, and the roughs will have it their own way, thanks to the stupid old tradition which, on this occasion, places the Committee of the Bonfire Boys above the Law. After this notice they will probably burn an effigy of *Mr. Punch*, who will go cheerfully to the stake—specially if it is a nice hot one, with potatoes—as a martyr in the cause of Law and Order everywhere.

YOUNG Gentlemen in pecuniary difficulties would do well to invest what remains of their capital with Messrs. CLOSE, of Le Mars Colony, Western States of American Union, near Iowa, and turn their attention to agriculture and manual labour. Messrs. CLOSE's pupils will be known as the "Iowa Lot"—and hope to work and pay it.

MR. MOORE says that the "Burgess ticket" given to Sir W. HARCOURT, at Glasgow, will not admit him free to the Christy Minstrels' Entertainment at St. James's Hall.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 56.



PROFESSOR FAWCETT, M.P. AND P.M.G.,

A POLITICIAN OF A CERTAIN STAMP, AND PRESIDENT OF THE
REPUBLIC OF LETTERS AT ST. MARTIN-LE-GRAND'S.

POET'S CORNER;

Or, Nonsense Rhymes on well-known Names.

(Theatrical.)

Says CARTE to GUNN,
"I'll make a pun."
Says GUNN to CARTE,
"With all my heart!"

(Reciprocity.)

Says DILKE to GAMBETTA,
"Our action you fetter."
GAMBETTA to DILKE—
"But how about silk?"

(Musical and Social.)

Says LLOYD to MISS ORRIDGE,
"Take porridge at Norwich."
Says MISS ORRIDGE to LLOYD,
"That dish I avoid."

(Academy Banquet, Mansion House.)

Said MCARTHUR to STREET—
(Which I will not repeat).
Said STREET to MCARTHUR,
"Don't let it go farther."

(After Dinner at the Same.)

Says HORSLEY to FRITH,
"Art's all a myth."
Says FRITH to HORSLEY,
"Don't speak so crossly."

(On W. E. G.'s recent Indisposition.)

Says H. GLADSTONE to HARCOURT,
"What a cold poor Papa
caught!"

Says HARCOURT to GLADSTONE,
"Twill spoil your dear dad's
tone!"

(Herr Lutz's New Opera, "Black-
Eyed Susan," Gaiety Theatre
Matinée, Nov. 5.)

Says SOUTAR to LUTZ,
"Play like old boots!"
Says LUTZ to SOUTAR,
"List to my new Tar."

(After Abergeldie.)

Says CLARE to BRUCE,
"You do look spruce!"
Says BRUCE to CLARE,
"But you weren't there!"

"SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST." (?)

[Trial of MABEL WILBERFORCE, Oct. 24.]

THE Jury couldn't agree. So Sir HENRY HAWKINS sent them back again, observing that "it was not fit that the case should be decided after such a short deliberation."

As a matter of fact, they had been in consultation from 12.25 to 1.50, that is, they had been deliberating for one hour and twenty-five minutes. So then the unhappy Foreman asked for refreshments for himself and eleven fellow prisoners—but not a bit of it—literally not a bit of it—as the Learned Judge, having perhaps just had an excellent luncheon himself, had no sympathy with the hungry Jurymen, who were sent back to reconsider their determination. Then at four o'clock the Jury reappeared with a unanimous verdict, accompanied by a very strong and touching recommendation to mercy. A Unanimous Verdict from twelve men who, two hours before, saw no probability of their agreeing in the matter, and who strongly objected to continue their deliberation unless supplied with refreshments! Surely this is not the revival of the bad old days, when—

"The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that Jurymen may dine."

We sincerely hope not, but we fail to see why the decision of twelve hungry men after an hour and twenty-five minutes' consultation was rejected, and the decision of the same twelve men, only hungrier, after barely two hours further deliberation, accepted. No doubt Sir HENRY was right, and also no doubt Miss Becky Sharp was wrong; but the Jury's Unanimity, like that of the Actors in the *Critic*, was "wonderful!"

THE TRUTH ABOUT GHOSTS.

In the present dead-season, when copy is short,
One reads of some wonderful things;
How folk after dinner, so runs the report,
Saw figures sans legs and sans wings.
'Tis strange after draining too deeply the flask,
When I had deserted the revels,
I too have seen sprites—but am anxious to ask,
If the white D. T. ghosts are "blue devils?"

Comparisons are Odious.

THE City Police last week were entertained in the Leathersellers' Hall. Sir CHARLES WHETHAM, the Chairman, contrasted the present Police Force with the "old Charlies," in the days when "CHARLEY was the darling," and when he was boxed up every night by the TOMS and JERRIES of his day. If this allusion had not been made by a Gentleman who is a CHARLEY himself, it might have been considered as questionable taste in the presence of an eminent CHARLEY then present. It could not be pleasant for him to hear a comparison drawn between Common Serjeant CHARLEY and an ordinary Bobby.

A WIRE.

From the Irish Pig that won't pay the Rent, to the Dutch Boer.—Signed the Convention, have you? 'Dad then, if you've caved in, I think I'll be after following your example!



INDUCTIVE.

Officer. "HOW'S THIS, MURPHY? THE SERGEANT COMPLAINS THAT YOU CALLED HIM NAMES!"

Private Murphy. "PLAZE, SURE, I NIVER CALLED HIM ANNY NAMES AT ALL. ALL I SAID WAS, 'SERGEANT,' SAYS I, 'SOME OF US OUGHT TO BE IN A MENAGERIE!!'"

LYCEUM OPERA.

WHEN the cat's away the mice will play—at least, when Mr. LEVY's not there the Opera Company will play at the Lyceum. Mr. HAYES should have a fair chance of establishing a permanent popular Opera House, either by remaining at the Lyceum—the very place for the purpose—and prevailing on Mr. IRVING to take himself off (he could never take himself off as Mr. ROYCE did at the Gaiety in *The Corsican Brothers & Co.*), to one of the new theatres, or, if the eminent tragedian insists on returning to his own home—a not unnatural instinct—then Mr. HAYES might go to the Olympic.

It is a pity that such a decided success as the Lyceum Operatic venture has been should come to nothing, though it will, in all probability, be repeated next year with a better company. *Dinorah* has been capitally given; *Il Trovatore* was very satisfactory, and, in spite of some disadvantages, it was most encouraging to see the pit and gallery, representatives of what foreigners are pleased to consider "an unmusical nation," paying the deepest attention to the *Miserere*, testifying their appreciation of Mlle. VOERL, and judiciously applauding that very burlesque personage *Il Conte de Luna*, who did not lose any of his ultra-transpontine melodramatic colouring in the hands of Signor D'ANTONI.

What the people evidently enjoyed, was hearing the familiar airs, just as in the good old nights they used to flock into EVANS's to listen to "*The Chough and the Crow*," and any number of English glees, which they knew by heart, admirably sung by the Choristers of that once popular but now defunct establishment. We are not speaking of the additional inducement of the chop, the cigar, the glass, and the convivial society, but simply of the attraction of thoroughly good music, really well done, at moderate prices. We wish Mr. HAYES every success. *Carmen* is down for production, and *Les Huguenots* is selected for Nov. 5, probably out of compliment to Guy Fawkes' Day.

NUMERALS VERSUS TERRITORIES.

(A Military Farce in Three Scenes.)

SCENE 1.—*The Past.* Ensign MUTE INNY trying on his uniform at his Tailor's.

Ensign. And look here, Snip—remember my Regiment is *not* the 121st, although it's so in the *Army List*. Stick "*Royal Diddlesex*" on my case. That's the proper title. Hang the number! We are not Policemen! "*Royal Diddlesex*" mind, Snip, and nothing but "*Royal Diddlesex*." The 121st, indeed! Just like the impudence of those fellows in Pall Mall! [Fumes.]

SCENE 2.—*The Present.* Lieutenant-Colonel MUTE INNY addressing the Officers of his Regiment on Parade.

Lieutenant-Colonel. And now, Gentlemen, one word more. They have put the old 121st in the *Army List* as "*The Royal Diddlesex Regiment*." Never heard of such a thing! Like their impudence! However, Gentlemen, we have to obey orders, and as we *have* to obey orders, Gentlemen, I shall call my battalion what I please, and when I say the 121st, you will know I mean the "*Royal Diddlesex*," or whatever else they've dubbed us! Thank you, Gentlemen! [Rages.]

SCENE 3.—*The Future.* General Sir MUTE INNY, K.C.B., (now Colonel) discovered in the Smoking Room of "*The Senior*" reading a paper.

General. By Jove! Now this is *too* bad! Gracious! the Service is going to the dooce, Sir! Going to the dooce! Hanged if they are not going to change the title of my Regiment, the dear old "*Royal Diddlesex*!" The "*Royal Diddlesex*," going to be changed into some new-fangled title or other! Why, Sir, it will destroy the *esprit de corps*, it will ruin the old Corps, as sure as I am a living man! Hang their impudence! And what do you think they're going to call us, Sir! I am blessed if they are not going to dub us "*the 121st*!" [Explodes.]

GENUINE SPECIMEN OF "FROZEN MEAT."—The Cold Shoulder.

"LEADING STRINGS."—Those of the first Violin in an Orchestra.



HISTORICAL PICTURE, NOV. 5.

GUY FAWKES; OR, THE MAN WHO MISSED THE TRAIN.

OUR POLICE.

Concluding Remarks on the New Code, by Verges Wrongsent, Esq.

HAVING now carefully and exhaustively examined the various items of the Code, nothing remains but to offer a few parting remarks on the great unit of the Force, the ordinary Police-Constable.

And if the Detective in plain clothes is bound to possess the rarest type of human intelligence, cultivated to the highest possible degree, his colleague in uniform must go even beyond this. To the mental organisation of a MACHIAVELLI he must add the manners of a CHESTERFIELD, the *physique* of a LEANDER, and the tact of a RICHELIEU.

A glance at the Regulations to be observed in the pursuit and capture of a suspected offender will make this instantly manifest.

The moment, then, a Constable is "put" on to a case, he has, before commencing any pursuit whatever, to ask himself, whether the delinquent is likely—

(A) *To stay at home*; (B) *To go abroad*; or (C) *To emigrate.*

Say, for example, the case is one of throwing stones at a Metropolitan train, and that, upon mature deliberation, the Constable comes to the not unreasonable conclusion that the offender will emigrate. Having settled this, his duty is definite and clear before him. He knows, by Article VII. of the Code, that "Persons escaping to America or Canada, may sail from London, Southampton, Bristol, Liverpool, Glasgow, Queenstown, Londonderry, Antwerp, Hamburg, Brest, Cherbourg, Havre, and Bordeaux," while, by Article IX., he is enjoined to dispatch at once to all the above places "telegrams, but, better still, letters, accompanied by photographs." And the latter, which he is not likely to have instantly at his command, he is further enjoined by Article X. he may obtain by "patient observation, of friends and, especially female relatives;" a course which, the Article in question encouragingly points out, "will frequently be rewarded with success."

Let us imagine then, that, having made his mark with the ladies, at Liverpool he succeeds in coming up with his man, who, for purposes of illustration, we will suppose to be six feet three without his boots, powerfully built, of notorious antecedents, and "likely," as the Code pitily expresses it, "to give trouble."

And here very naturally arises the question of handcuffs. Though "on a long journey with many tunnels" these are strongly recommended, yet, as the Constable is advised not "to impose any avoidable indignity" on his prisoner, it is better that he should follow the kindly suggestion thrown out by Clause 4, and, still using the handcuffs, yet, with finished delicacy, "fasten one bracelet to his own left wrist, and the other to the prisoner's right." He is thus cleverly and considerably prepared for the journey back to Town; and, bearing in mind the language of Article II., which insists that "it is always safer for a single officer to travel in a compartment having other male passengers than by himself," to avoid possible protest, he waits till the train is starting, and then bounds, with his charge, say, into a first-class carriage, where there are two vacant seats. And, for the purpose of further illustration, let us picture the remaining four occupied respectively by an aged invalid in flannels, a foreign Count who is ignorant of the English language, an Archbishop, and a distinguished but short-sighted antiquarian.

And now, it is not difficult to conceive a situation in which the moral, mental, and physical capacities of the Constable may be taxed to the utmost. The train is off and the first tunnel is reached. With a dexterous spring, the six-foot-three offender, now thoroughly aroused to fury, sends the lamp flying from the roof of the carriage, and making a headlong rush towards the door, that drags the Constable, who, it may be remembered, has one bracelet on his

own wrist, with violence, in the darkness, over the legs of the invalid in flannel on to the lap of the Archbishop; finally, baffled by his portion of the handcuff, makes use of language which even the foreign Count, notwithstanding the confusion, partially understands. And now things may be said to have arrived at a crisis. But the Constable has only to be equal to it. The first thing he has to do is to call to mind the explicit language of the Code under the heading, "Temper." This, he must preserve at all hazards, remembering, not only that "forbearance and moderation will always be understood and appreciated by the public, the magistrates, and the police authorities," but that "idle and silly remarks are unworthy of notice." As it is possible, that after a severe struggle, in which, however, no "unnecessary violence" ought to have been used, the irritated prisoner may now produce a revolver, and fire freely about the carriage, it will be incumbent on the Constable, but only if he considers it likely that he may be overpowered, at last to have recourse to his truncheon.

But he must be cautious in its use. Avoiding, as well as he can in the dark, the Archbishop's head, he must aim "only at the arms and legs" of the prisoner. Any departure from this golden rule will be fatal. And in the present case, we can easily conceive, in the obscurity of the tunnel, some very regrettable incidents. A station is reached. All the passengers are discovered to have received more or less severe punishment, and the case itself turns out to be one of mistaken identity. Under these circumstances, the Constable has only to recall the wording of Article II., on Actions, and remind himself that "the Criminal Law is most frequently put into operation in cases where the truncheon has been unnecessarily and improperly used," and then give himself guilty into custody. From the above example it will be seen, that though the ordinary Policemen's lot is by no means, as has been too often asserted, an unhappy one, it is not entirely free from embarrassments that require of him much judgment, magnanimity, and good humour. And with this reflection, we suspend, for a season, Our Commentary on the Force and their Code.

The Electric Exhibition.

WE'LL give it all publicity, this craze for electricity,

Each wonderful invention we with satisfaction mark,

And when next time we handle light we'll scorn both gas and candle-light,

And feel, without our batteries, completely in the dark.

The lights that incandescent are, extremely bright and pleasant are,

They turn the night-time into day as through the streets we pass;

And while we see their shimmering, eclipsing the pale glimmering

That comes from ancient lamp-posts, here's a long farewell to gas.

Sir Thomas Again.

SEVERAL Correspondents write to say that Sir THOMAS DAKIN, about whom we had a short paragraph last week, has nothing to do with the Tea Trade, being a wholesale druggist. We stand corrected of not being right to a Tea. No doubt Sir THOMAS, like the character in the *Alchemist*, is a very Able Druggist, and we will send to him, as the head DAKIN of his business, when we feel our own head achin'.

[Groans.]

Sarah B. in Brussels.

THE BERNHARDT in Brussels has conquered, they say,

And filled up the Théâtre de la Monnaie

With folks who in acting take such a delight

That some twelve thousand francs are received every night.

Will great Monsieur PERRIN not murmur, "Ah me!

Wish I'd kept SALLY B. with a big Sally-ree."

PROSE AND POETRY.

"A Correspondent who has just arrived here from Pretoria says that the Boers do not want to fight; and, indeed, they are not in a position to do so."—*South African Telegram.*

WE don't want to fight—and, by JOUBERT, if we do,
We can't, because at present we're in no position to.

FORECAST.—A large Depression, coming from America, will shortly be experienced in Ireland, owing probably to the gradual diminution of subscribers to the Land League Fund.

FROM AN IRISH VOTER TO THE ELECT.

FAIX, ye've won it, Misther JERNINGHAM,
Thanks to Berwick for returning 'um!

THE Itchen Boating Club ought always to be ready to provide a Scratch Crew.

THE WAY WE ADVERTISE NOW.

(For further Specimens, see Daily Papers.)

BAMBOOZELUM.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—The Universal Restorative.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—A Delicious and Captivating Preparation.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—Is made from choicest herbs gathered in the Borough Road.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—Can be carried about in a small Portmanteau.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—May be eaten on the top of an Omnibus.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—Can be taken safely by a Prime Minister.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—Produces an agreeable sensation in a Hansom Cab-Horse.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—Should be put surreptitiously into the soup, at public dinners.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—Is an invigorating Beetle Poison.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—Gives remarkable zest to a Wedding Breakfast.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—May be swallowed with confidence in *Articulo Mortis*.**DR. HOCUS, M.F.R.S.,** Fellow of the Any-litical Society, and Medical Officer of Health for Barking Flats, writes: "BAMBOOZELUM is an admirable compound of carboniferous, farinaceous, bituminous, and gelatinous phosphates, and, containing the active principles of pork-chops, cheap champagne, cod-liver oil, caviare, whiskey-and-water, and tomato-sauce, in large quantities, it should prove an invaluable food for infants of a weakly habit. As I have received a handsome cheque for this testimony, and am to take a share of the gross receipts of the sale, I can confidently recommend BAMBOOZELUM to the attention of all young and inexperienced mothers. No Nursery should be without it."**BAMBOOZELUM.**—Is a Hair-Wash.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—Affords a delicate Furniture-Polish.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—Is a Substitute for Train-Oil.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—Is a Relish at Breakfast.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—Makes excellent Fireworks.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—Pickles to perfection.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—Is a Specific for Sea-Sickness.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—Is a Specific for Everything.**AN INVALID,** at Dorking, writes:—"Since I was persuaded by a friend to make a meal of BAMBOOZELUM I have never since been able to put anything to my lips. Don't send me any more."**A SECRETARY** of a Burial Club writes:—"Your BAMBOOZELUM is a wonderful compound. It has caused a run on this Society that has nearly involved it in liquidation."**BAMBOOZELUM.**—Can be had in Packets at 2s. 3d., 5s. 9d., 15s. 6d., £2 17s. 6d., £25 5s., and £63 18s.**BAMBOOZELUM.**—Can be ordered anywhere and everywhere.**THE SCAVENGER'S SOAP.****THE SCAVENGER'S SOAP.**—A wonderful and startling Emollient.**THE SCAVENGER'S SOAP.**—Takes the Skin entirely off.**THE SCAVENGER'S SOAP.**—Puts it partially on again.**THE SCAVENGER'S SOAP.**—Without a particle of emery powder, broken glass, or brick cinders.**THE SCAVENGER'S SOAP.**—Thoroughly renews the whole complexion.**THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA,****THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY,** and**THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA** would all be more clean and comfortable if they would constantly use**THE SCAVENGER'S SOAP.**—Sold everywhere, and supplied on liberal terms to Lunatic Asylums from the Company's Works, Flaybridge-on-the-Wash.**PACHYDERMATON.****PACHYDERMATON.**—The new Material for Dress Coats.**PACHYDERMATON.**—Is thicker and warmer than a door-mat.**PACHYDERMATON.**—Does not crack, crease, or bend, or break.**PACHYDERMATON.**—A Royal Duke writes:—"My new dress coat of your capital material is a great success. I can not sit down in it, and it supports my back. When may I expect the trousers?"**PACHYDERMATON.**—A gentleman from Colney Hatch writes:—"I never knew what a strait-waistcoat meant before."**PACHYDERMATON.**—Is an inflexible, unyielding, everlasting, bullet-proof material, useful for fancy suits, and well adapted for Summer wear at the North Pole. For price-list apply to RIVETT AND BLOCK, Practical Tailors, Stone Buildings, E.**DO YOU WANT A WATCH?****WHOSE?****THE WOUND-UP WATCH COMPANY.****VOLTIZONE.**—The new non-alcoholic prostrating Intoxicant.**VOLTIZONE.**—Is headier than the worst champagne.**VOLTIZONE.**—Creates an uproar at a Public Meeting.**VOLTIZONE.**—Leads to the use of carving-knives at a Wedding Breakfast.**VOLTIZONE.**—Induces a Comic Song on the most solemn occasions.**VOLTIZONE.**—Puts a Temperance Chairman instantly under the table.**VOLTIZONE.**—The Company's Analyst says:—"It is cleverly and wholesomely put together. In strength I find it is equal to the finest potato spirit, fifty degrees above proof. I consider it a positive boon to the conscientious Teetotaller."**VOLTIZONE** can be had direct from the Company's premises in cases of 5,000 bottles, or over.**ESSENCE OF JINGOE.**—The new Medicine.**ESSENCE OF JINGOE.**—Is perfectly tasteless.**ESSENCE OF JINGOE.**—Is practically invisible.**ESSENCE OF JINGOE.**—Sparkles when you can see it.**ESSENCE OF JINGOE.**—Is the remedy for Archbishops.**ESSENCE OF JINGOE.**—Is of great assistance to Amateur Actors.**ESSENCE OF JINGOE.**—Is a necessity for Acrobats.**ESSENCE OF JINGOE.**—Is the mainstay of everybody.**ESSENCE OF JINGOE.**—Can be supplied in pills.**ESSENCE OF JINGOE.**—Can be made into Bath buns.**ESSENCE OF JINGOE.**—Can be turned out in any shape.**JUST READ THIS:—**

"I have been a martyr to Nervous Irritability for upwards of seventeen years. The slightest contradiction at dinner caused me to throw a soup-plate at the head of anybody I could see. I have got through whole services, and was nearly ruining myself when I sent for a double sized quantity of your ESSENCE, and gave the whole of it in a cup of coffee to my mother-in-law. The effect was marvellous. We buried her last Tuesday, and I am an altered man. I find myself singing without knowing why. You are at liberty to make what use you like of this, withholding my real name for fear of the Police.—X., The Swallows, Herts."

PERFECT WRECK RESTORED.

"I was a perfect wreck, and on the arrival of a few nephews home for the holidays, my symptoms, comparatively dormant before, became insupportable. Whenever I sat down to table, I received a violent shock, finding myself on the floor just as if a chair had been pulled from under me. Walking up-stairs, I experienced a feeling as if cans of water were being emptied over my head, the cold perspiration literally drenching me to my boots. My delusions, too, were frequent and appalling. At night crackers seemed to go off in my candle, while I was under a constant impression that a clothes-brush had been cut up in little bits on my bed. Fortunately, your ESSENCE arrived the very day my nephews were leaving, and though, by some mischance, after I had had a teaspoonful, the rest of it was given in treacle to the pig, I have felt wonderfully better ever since; and this, though the house is quiet. I regard this as little short of miraculous.—T. R. MUFFER, The Hole, Slough."

SOCIAL LIFE SECURED.

"My digestive organs were in that state that, whenever I dined, I imagined I sat down opposite a ghost. Ever since I have taken the ESSENCE in quart pots, I have sat down with Six! We form quite a merry family circle. I enclose cheque for next hogshed, and am, Yours faithfully, F. PULP, Turnham Green, W."

ESSENCE OF JINGOE.—Mind you ask for the right thing.**ESSENCE OF JINGOE.** Sold everywhere.



UNFORESEEN CONTINGENCIES.

Effie. "WHY DO THEY LEAVE ALL THEIR SHOES OUTSIDE?"

Mamma. "IN THE EAST, THEY ALWAYS UNCOVER THEIR FEET ON ENTERING HOLY PLACES."

Tommy. "RATHER AWKWARD FOR PEOPLE WITH BUTTONED BOOTS."

Billy. WHO DON'T CARRY A BUTTON-HOOK ABOUT WITH THEM!"

THE LORD MAYOR'S LAST WALTZ.

(An attempt after Weber's.)

DAY above is dying,
Winds without are sighing,
There's a sound of frying
Down below.
And I think, still shining,
Though a star declining,
Yet once more of dining
Ere I go.
Here, till night is done,
And next morn's rising sun
Shall smile on my successor, if 'tis fine,
I remain Lord Mayor,
Gown and chain can wear,
Therefore I don't care,
And I will dine.

Yet at times, with tender
Melancholy, splendour
Though I shall surrender,
When all's o'er,
Council, Court, and Meeting,
Good and great men treating,
And speaking after eating,
Proved a bore;
And what expense to me!
But there, in charity,
I also made a flood of money flow;
So I chase away a tear,
As I close my brief career,
And I don't stand, this year,
The Lord Mayor's Show.

Pomp, and state, and glory,
Oh, how transitory!
'Tis the same old story;
For a span,
Even like a butter-
Fly, or moth to flutter!
Truth too true I utter;
Such is Man!
Egyptian Hall adieu,
Mace and Swordbearers too,
Remembrancer, and you!
Ye Twain who dwell
In Guildhall, you'll make
No moan for my small sake—
But Gog and MAGOG, take
My last farewell!

A LORD MAYOR'S DREAM.—Knight Mayor.

NOTES FROM THE PROMPT-BOX.

A DAILY Newspaper is a commercial speculation, brought into existence by money, for the purpose of making more money, and its profits are largely derived from advertisements. A newspaper reader scarcely desires to find one sheet of his paper, and that the best sheet, filled to overflowing by the outpourings of rival managers. Fifty years ago old GYNGELL shouted down old RICHARDSON, or old RICHARDSON shouted down old GYNGELL at Bartlemy Fair, but neither of these frantic showmen had access to the *Morning Chronicle*, the *Morning Post*, the *Times*, or the *Morning Herald*. Their successors now yell in type—in type measured by the yard—in all the leading journals, and all claim possession of the "greatest drama ever written." It is too much to expect advertisers, and especially theatrical advertisers, to tell the absolute truth; but they might be judiciously edited with a policy of repression.

The Electric Light, as exhibited at one of our London theatres, can hardly be regarded as much more than a very costly toy at present. The few not very powerful lamps are said to require steam-engines of one-hundred-and-forty-horse power to fill them with light, and these engines stand in the centre of a piece of ground which probably represents a rental of three thousand pounds a year. The Electric Light will soon supersede gas, and the sooner the better, but not under such economic conditions as these.

The public guides who go into such raptures over every new London Theatre, or any alteration for the better in an old London Theatre, should visit what are somewhat contemptuously called the "provinces." They should go to Manchester, Liverpool, and Glasgow, and after that to the new Opera House at Leicester, winding

up with a visit to another Opera House—the one at Leeds. The last house has no equal in England, and few on the "Continent."

The thrice happy Director of the Grand Opera at Paris, ought to show a little more artistic energy, for the sake of his numerous English and American visitors. His French supporters doubtless comfort him and themselves with a belief that everything at the Grand Opera is perfect. A thorough Parisian who rarely leaves Paris has no experience to guide him in drawing comparisons; but those who travel are not in the same helpless position. A worn-out ballet like *Sylvia*, with faded dresses and scenery, is not quite the entertainment to give in a house which is helped by the State to the extent of something over forty thousand pounds a year. A theatre that cost nearly two millions sterling, given to a Director rent free, with thirty-two thousand pounds a year to keep it going, ought to produce more Operas and better singers, and get rid of those hideous inner-proscenium boxes which kill every scene, and are standing eyesores at too many Parisian Theatres.

As Bold as Brass-ey.

SHIVER my timbers, and likewise belay!
The Navy of England's as gallant to-day
As when, in past times, with our NELSON 'twas brave,
And at famous Trafalgar we ruled o'er the wave;
And still the old flag in the vanguard shall gleam,
Though it floats above armour-plates, boilers, and steam.

THE BALANCE.—Strictly Tied Up. By a Novelist. To be followed by Carefully Let Down. By a Critic.

A JOLLY VACATION.



W. E. G. (*sings*)—"HARCOURT PLAYS THE BIG SIDE DRUM,
CHAMBERLAIN THE GUITAR,
WE ARE A MERRY CABINET,
WE ARE! WE ARE! WE ARE!"
(*Quietly*) "HOORAY!"

[*Dance by the trio.*]

A GOOD THING TO DO.

If the Church and Stage Guild, and the Association for Administering Weak Tea to Reluctant Ballet Girls, are inclined for practical work, we can tell them how to make themselves exceedingly useful to the humbler members of the dramatic profession. Pantomime rehearsals are beginning, and hundreds of girls, many of them living far off in the suburbs, and most of them receiving only a few shillings a week, are brought into the neighbourhood of Covent Garden early, kept at work all day, with no time to return home before they are required for their night duty at the theatres. There are hundreds of taverns, public-houses, coffee-shops, restaurants, and pastry-cooks, in and about the Strand, but, as far as we are aware, and we are pretty well up in the supply resources of this neighbourhood, there is *not one place where these girls can go to get a cheap and decent meal.* They can go to hundreds of places, if they

like to spend half their week's earnings in less than an hour, but they cannot even do this without being stared at like wild beasts, or annoyed by the insolent patronage of the cad and the prowler. Commercial philanthropy has given the market-men and women of Covent Garden a "kiosk" in Bow Street, and what is done for the Mudford gang might surely be done for Theatrical London. The old Bow Street Police Station is empty and wanting a tenant, as "To Let" bills are stuck upon its broken windows. It has space and position, and the least the Duke of MUDFORD—the proprietor of Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres—can do, is to offer it at a very moderate rental for this useful purpose. A chance for Mudford and popularity!

A SWALLOW IN NOVEMBER.—The LORD MAYOR'S Banquet in Guildhall.

POET'S CORNER.

Or Nonsense Rhymes on well-known Names.

(Complimentary Dramatic.)

Says FARNIE to REECE,
"Let's write a new piece,"
Says REECE to FARNIE,
"For twenty soprani."

(Al fresco.)

Says WARNER to GATTI,
"There's a plum in this patty,"
Says GATTI to WARNER,
"But I'm not Jack Horner."

(Journalistic.)

Says SCOTT to SALA,
"Let's go to La Scala,"
Says SALA to SCOTT,
"And write such a lot!"

("After the Opera is over.")

Said STEPHENS to SOLOMON,
"What is to follow, mon?"
Said SOLOMON to STEPHENS,
"BATEMAN"—bet evens."

(Librarianly.)

Says LACON to OLLIER,
"I never felt jollier,"
Says OLLIER to LACON,
"Let's have eggs and bacon."

(Publishingly.)

Says CHAPMAN to HALL,
"Tell me where's Gaul?"
Says HALL to CHAPMAN,
"Consult a map, man."

Says Mr. ROUTLEDGE to Miss
KATE GREENAWAY,

"Say, what does my KATARINA
weigh?"

Says Miss KATE GREENAWAY to
Mr. ROUTLEDGE,
"What's that to you? You
need a stout ledge."

Says AGNEW to BRADBURY,
"New cheese from Cadbury!"
Says BRADBURY to AGNEW,
"Not worth a mag new."

Says GROVE to MACMILLAN,
"Do lend me a shillun!"
Says MACMILLAN to GROVE,
"Well, you're a nice cove!"

(Operatic.)

Says GYE to ALBANI,
"Can you sing *Kate Kearney*?"
Says ALBANI to GYE,
"I can if I try."

Says CARTE to GUNN—

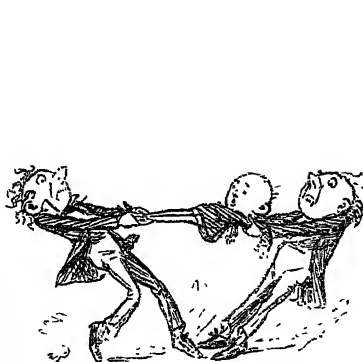
No—on second thoughts, we won't
have that again. We've had it two
weeks running: so its reappearance
will depend on the inquiries made
after it at our Office. Surely some-
body ought to know who CARTE and
GUNN are by this time.—ED.

THE 5th Lancers are now en-
gaged on the pleasant duty of
furnishing escorts three or four
times a week to Naas. The gal-
lant regiment as one man declares
it the Naas-tiest work it has ever
been engaged in.

AN UNQUIET PIPE.—BISMARCK
smoking his Returns.

THE REVISED EDUCATION CODE.

Re-revised by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



We must do our best to secure "more elasticity" in the pupils.



"The children in infant schools are to have a systematic course of training on objects."



"In future, the Inspector will examine the pupils in sample, instead of in bulk."

LE DÎNER DU MOULIN-ROUGE.

(Monologue du Garçon—Communiqué.)

"NON, c'est quelqu'un de plus grand encore que M. DORÉ," me dit le patron, chez qui pourtant M. GUSTAVE a bien mangé des côtelettes et bien bu du Pomard. Et puis, sans pitié pour les nerfs d'un homme qui a déjà deux omelettes manquées sur la conscience, v'la qu'il ajoute sans plus de ménagements: "C'est une altesse, un président, et un quasi-ministre des affaires étrangères." "Si, c'est un complot, patron," que je lui dis, "je n'en suis pas. Je suis marié et père de famille, et un homme qui a la clé du Chambertin 1858 n'a pas besoin de se mêler de politique, comme un simple député."

Bon, si c'est le Prince de GALLES, Boum! on y va. Ça doit être un bonheur de le servir, celui-là. Un Lucullus de vieille roche qui doit vous octroyer des pourboires qui ne sont pas minces en papier qui l'est. Monsieur GAMBETTA aussi; eh bien, tout de même, ça va: et je ne dis pas non pour Sir DILKE. Des Républicains, c'est vrai; mais le dernier l'a été si peu de temps, et l'autre le sera pour un temps si court! Ce sont des ci-devant citoyens. Tiens, c'est l'ex-citoyen DILKE que régale. Tant mieux. Faudra soigner cela. Quand on régale des princes c'est mieux pour les garçons que quand les princes régalent. On a besoin de se montrer généreux: et les princes, ça peut se montrer pingres au besoin. Y en a chez nous qui abusent même de la permission. Après tout, si Monseigneur veut bien s'encanailler qu'il me fait? Allons nous faire beau. Bah! un simple tablier propre suffira. Je n'ai pas d'ordres à mettre. On ne fait que m'en donner. C'est vrai que ceux qui les portent en reçoivent pas mal aussi.

Ils arrivent. Le patron perd un peu la tête; et le chef m'a tout l'air d'un homme qui va se griser. Pourvu qu'il n'y arrive pas avant le cuissot de chevreuil! C'est Sir Citoyen DILKE le premier: a-t-il l'air anglais et Ministre! puis le citoyen GAMBETTA: a-t-il l'air génois et Président! Pour Monseigneur—ah, Monseigneur au moins a l'air d'un homme du monde.

Attention! il déroule sa serviette; il a serré la main aux démocrates—qui les ont propres. Je n'aurai jamais cru ça. Les anchois et les harengs marinés d'abord. Les affaires étrangères ont l'air d'avoir besoin de hors d'œuvre pour leur ouvrir l'appétit. Les autres ont faim.

"Qui est-ce qui aurait pensé à cette réunion?" dit Monseigneur en souriant, et en avalant ses huitres avec un bel appétit de Prince anglais.

"Je n'en aurai pas été au moins," fait Sir CHARLES, avec une modestie bien placée. C'est un brave jeune homme après tout, et je lui réserverai un bon aile du poulet à la rissotte. "Ah, les temps ont bien changé."

"Pas tant que nous:—ça c'est le Président, naturellement, avec son gros rire de Meridional; et ils rient tous; en redemandant du Montrochet 1865. S'ils en prennent tant ils vont parler politique avant l'heure. Aussi je ne leur en verse qu'à moitié plein. Ça réussit. Il s'agit de théâtre; c'est bien plus gai.

"Les Premières Armes de Richelieu—naturellement je l'ai vue; plutôt dix fois qu'une. GRANIER est peut-être bien un peu gamine; mais, franchement, il ne faut pas que DEJAZET, morte, tue les vivants comme cela."

"On a déjà accet de DEJAZET," riposte le Président: et ils se mettent à rire encore, et le mouton d'Armaillac fait glou-glou dans les verres. Sir DILKE n'a pas l'air de s'y connaître énormément en fait de théâtre; quoique on dit qu'il s'entend assez bien en changements de décors.

"La Bamboche me va," déclare Monseigneur; "elle est leste sans être vicieuse; et vous savez les Intransigeants de chez moi disent que je m'y connais un peu en bambocher—en tout bien tout honneur."

"On dit tant de choses de nous autres." Le Prince met le nez dans sa truite à la Chambord pour qu'on ne le voie pas sourire; et DILKE flanque des coups de pied à son ami dessous la table. L'autre ne l'écoute pas.

"Notre rôle à nous dans l'Afrique ne sortira pas d'Egypte; mais la—" Mais là, c'est embêtant, je sors, moi, chercher le poulet sauté et les grenouilles au beurre; et quand je reviens le Prince est en train de discuter le nouveau roman d'ALPHONSE DAUDET.

"Numa Rumestan c'est BARAGNON," dit-il; "A moins que ce soit vous, mon cher GAMBETTA. Vous êtes du Midi, et c'est l'histoire d'un homme d'état qui commence par réussir."

"Je commence à réussir, Monseigneur. Mais je ne me plains pas si j'ai servi de modèle—Garçon, du Pontet-Cannet!—c'est un beau livre, si le portrait n'est pas flatté. En fait de livres, Prince, vous devriez avoir le volume de vers que fait publier ce pauvre ANDRÉ GILL."

Ce diable de Prince l'a commandé; et il a déjà lu "*La Muse à Bibi*,"—il est donc né dans la Chaussée d'Antin, ce futur roi d'Angleterre! Le v'la qui saute du caricaturiste fou à l'Exposition

d'Electricité d' à côté. Et il ne perd pas pour ça une bouchée du chevreuil à la poivrade: une altesse modèle, quoi!

"Tout cela ce n'est pas les affaires," Sir DILKE finit par s'écrier. Sir DILKE ne paraît pas adorer trop follement les conversations plaisantes.

"C'est vrai," répond le Roi-GAMBETTA. "Depuis que tu es aux affaires, tu es un homme diablement affairé, mon bon DILKE. Voyons, où en es-tu avec tes tissus et tes sucres?"

"Nous sommes au coton—"

Et le Sous-Secrétaire vous dit ça avec une solennité à dérider le nouveau beau-fils de Papa GRÉVY.

"Eh bien, GAMBETTA, il faut être bon pour le coton," le Prince insinue, en trinquant avec un grand verre du fameux Chambertin '58.

"Alors, Prince, il faudra être gentil pour les soies."

"Ça, ça dépend de GLADSTONE; mais je peux vous dire que pour ce qui est de la question de vins—comment peut-on faire payer des droits à un vin comme ceci? Je puis vous assurer que—"

Encore! ils le font exprès. On me fait sortir pour servir la salade et le pâté de foie gras. C'est dégoûtant. On m'aurait donné dix francs la ligne pour ce qu'ils sont en train de se dire maintenant. "Asperges fraîches en branche," que je dis en rentrant.

"Elles sont assez grosses pour être de la branche cadette," fait M. GAMBETTA, qui a le mauvais goût de plaisanter la famille Orléans à tout propos. Son altesse détourne la question; mais elle ne se détourne pas des asperges.

"Alors, vous croyez que ce sera pour la semaine prochaine?" demande-t-elle.

"Probablement. Mais le 'Grand Ministère' est terriblement long à composer."

"Il sera peut-être moins long à décomposer," fait M. DILKE, qui a pris un verre de Pommery frappé et se trouve dans du coton d'une meilleur espèce que celui de tout à l'heure. "Je te donnerai des leçons de parlementarisme, mon vieux."

"Je n'en aurai pas besoin. D'abord je ne sais pas permettre à GRÉVY de présider le conseil. Il n'aura qu'à tout signer, comme la Reine."

"La Reine en a pour plus de sept ans," fait observer le Prince; "et on a vu des Ministères qui en ont pour un peu moins. Mais qu'est-ce que le 'Grand Ministère' va faire de grand?"

Sacré nom d'une bombe! On demande les bombes, et tout ce que j'entends du programme ministériel est le mot Tunisie. Franchement c'est pas assez. On peut voir autant dans les journaux.

Enfin, ils ont les cigares aux dents et je leur mets leurs pardessus. Elle est un peu salée la note, par exemple — 884 francs — mais quand on veut des Altesses, des Présidents, et des asperges fraîches — dame! il faut y mettre le prix.

"A bientôt mon cher LÉON et au Ministère — de quoi?"

"Au revoir, Altesse — et peut-être bien à l'Elysée!"

"Adieu, DILKE!"

"Good-bye, Sir!"

"Dis-donc, CHARLES, viens-tu faire une partie de billards?"

Mettrai-je le pourboire dans les trois pour cents, ou prendrai-je des Chemins de Fer Tunisiens?

THE MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

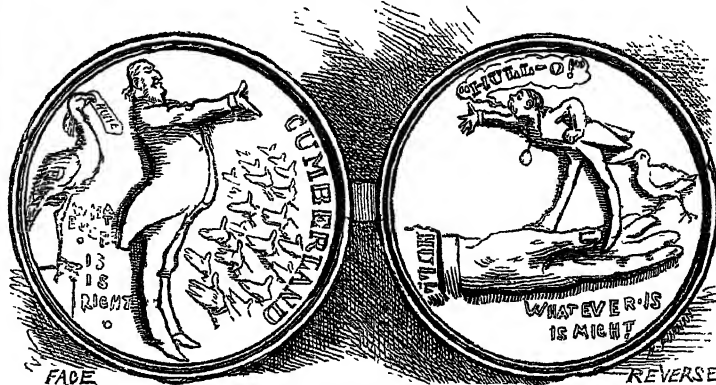
BEDLAM.

Two Conservatives and five Liberals were to-day returned to the Town Council. The election was fought out on strictly political lines; but inasmuch as both parties are agreed on one point, to do as little as possible for the ratepayers when their interests clash with those of the Town Council, the whoop of triumph which the Liberal Press of this town will feel it their duty to set up, will be totally unwarranted.

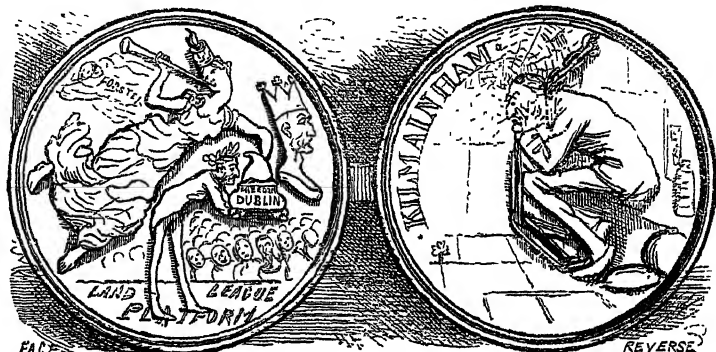
BROADMOOR.

The Election which was fought out on strictly political lines, has to-day resulted in the return of seven Conservatives, and six Liberals. The Conservatives are in high glee on having at last obtained a majority; but inasmuch as their extra Town Councillor could not, we feel assured, state on oath on which sides of the

PUNCH'S PRIZE MEDALS.



Medal struck in commemoration of Two Great Speeches.



Medal struck in anticipation of the Freedom of the City of Dublin being conferred on Mr. C. S. PARNELL.



Medal to commemorate Lord Mayor's Day, Nov. 9, 1881.

House Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL sit, or whether they do not both sit on the same, they may as well keep their glee for themselves.

COLNEY HATCH.

The contest here, fought out on strictly political lines, has resulted in a victory for the Conservatives, they having now a majority of seven, being one more than they held last year. Though Liberals, we are not sorry, as it will give our discarded representative some chance of acquiring a knowledge of the use of the letter H. and his release from his public duties will possibly permit him to see that his assistants in his grocery do not give so much short weight as they have done during the last twelve months.

EARLSWOOD.

The Election here, which was fought out on strictly political lines, has resulted in a tie, there now being eight Conservatives and eight Liberals in the Town Council. This means a deadlock. If we want our new Water-works, we must bribe a man on one side or the other. Town Councillor BLOCKY (C.) seems the most likely man to be got cheap.



COLONISING IN IOWA, U.S.

(A Hint to the Younger Sons of our Aristocracy, and eke to the Daughters thereof.)

Lady Maria. "HOW LATE YOU ARE, BOYS! YOUR BATHS ARE READY, AND I'VE MENDED YOUR DRESS TROUSERS, JACK. SO LOOK SHARP AND CLEAN YOURSELVES, AND THEN YOU CAN LAY THE CLOTH, AND KEEP AN EYE ON THE MUTTON WHILE EMILY AND I ARE DRESSING FOR DINNER."

Lord John. "ALL RIGHT. HOW MANY ARE WE TO LAY FOR?"

Lady Emily. "EIGHT. THE TALBOTS ARE COMING, AND MAJOR CECIL IS GOING TO BRING THE DUKE OF STILTON, WHO'S STOPPING WITH HIM."

HOME, SWEET HOME!

Modern Version.

'MIDST mansions and palaces worthy of Rome,
How pleasant, great BUMBLE, is Poverty's home!
Gehenna-like gloom seems to circle us there,
Which, seek through the world, is scarce met with elsewhere.
Foul fume as from Styx seems to hang o'er the spot,
Its gutters that reek and its rafters that rot,
Its rain-sodden dwellings that threaten to fall,
And its squalid, sad denizens, drearer than all.

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!

As ruled by King BUMBLE, a sweet place is Home!

An outcast from comfort, a bondsman to pain,
The shivering prey of the frost and the rain,
The thrall of King BUMBLE must patiently dwell,
'Midst scenes that might fit the grim Florentine's Hell.
Foul garbage-choked footways snake on through the slum,
Where the sweet airs of heaven seem never to come,
Where a bird shuns to 'light, where a flower ne'er waves;
Where the grass will not grow, though it grows amidst graves.

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!

As ruled by King BUMBLE, a sweet place is Home!

Close-stacked, crazy rookeries, rotting and rank,
Pest-pregnant, plague-foul in each timber and plank,
Rear thick-huddled frontages, row upon row,
The smoke-pall above, and the swamp-ooze below.

Each garret-roof covers its horde—though it leaks,
Each cellar slough hides its pale crowd—though it reeks.
Dumb thralls, voiceless victims, none heeds their mute call;
But Dirt and Disease are the masters of all.

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!

As ruled by King BUMBLE, a sweet place is Home!

Hence Mammon draws tithe, and here Moloch takes toll;
Here conscienceless wealth, of the spiderish soul,
Sucks fatness from foulness in fetid beast-lairs;
Whilst somnolent BUMBLE, as deaf to all pray'rs
As a drowsing King Log, all his powers lets fall,
And skulks in prone impotence. What though they crawl
From their dens to his knees, the poor souls, in appeal?
His brains are of wool, and his heart is of steel.

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!

As ruled by King BUMBLE, a sweet place is Home!

Deaf, blind to all pleas sense or feeling can urge,
Till King Pest, with his fierce, indiscriminate scourge,
Sallies forth from the loathsome, the horrible lair,
That himself and his imps with our pariahs share.
Then, who so affrighted, so helpless as he,
King Log, brainless BUMBLE? Ah! when shall we see
Some stout modern ghoulish-slaying Champion come
To teach our poor outcasts the meaning of Home?

Home, Home, Sweet, Sweet Home!

As ruled by King BUMBLE, a sweet place is Home!

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM wants to know whether the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands are called the Fijits.



THE COURT OF KING BUMBLE.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE MIMIC.

Mary. "WHAT ARE YOU THINKING OF, PAPA? YOU'RE MAKING JUST THE FACE YOU ALWAYS MAKE WHEN YOU'RE IMITATING SOMEBODY!"

Papa (who specially prides himself on the versatility of his facial expression). "SOMEBODY? WHOM, DARLING?"

Mary. "OH, IRVING, OR TOOLE, OR—OR ANYBODY, YOU KNOW!"

OUR OWN CITY COMMISSION.

The Sword-Bearer and the Mace-Bearer.

Our Commissioner. You are, I believe, the Sword-bearer and the Mace-bearer of the Corporation?

Both. We are.

O. C. Have you any other designation?

Both. We are called the City Siamese Twins.

O. C. Why so?

Both. Because we are always together, and always hope to be.

[They embrace.]

O. C. Really very affecting. Pray, what are your principal duties?

Sword-Bearer. I bear the Sword of Justice.

Mace-Bearer. And I the Mace of Mercy.

O. C. Are these symbols of any earthly use at the present time?

S. B. They are supposed to awe the unruly mob into becoming reverence for authority.

O. C. Do they have that effect?

Both. We regret to say, not to any great extent.

O. C. What has been your latest experience?

S. B. On the 9th of November, that terrible day for both of us, when we have literally to face a jeering and contemptuous mob. On the last occasion, from Guildhall to Westminster, I found myself the butt for the jests and scoffs of not only men and women, but of those terrible boys to whom nothing is sacred. I was asked questions

regarding my sacred Sword, of a most profane and sceptical character, and instead of its inspiring awe, it seemed to beget contempt. Even my quaint bear-skin head-dress, whose antiquity should have inspired respect, was the cause of ridicule, and I was asked who was my hatter, and why I didn't take my muff from off my head and warm my poor hands with it.

O. C. And how was it with you, Mr. Mace?

M. B. I can scarcely restrain my indignation when I recall the contemptible ribaldry with which I was received by an ignorant and laughing crowd. I sat back to back to my brother officer, but I could feel that our hearts beat in unison, not with fear, oh no! but in sympathy at our shameful reception. I was asked if I didn't feel a little scrouged? How many footmen it took to get me and my mace into the coach, and how on earth I thought I should ever get out again? How I liked sitting on the stool of repentance, riding sideways, and looking out of the door like a great overgrown baby with a new toy? How much the Mace weighed, whether it smelt like cinnamon, and what I would take for it?

[He pauses, overcome by his feelings.]

O. C. Ah, poor fellow, very sad, very sad. But surely riding to Westminster and back once a year, cannot be your only or even your principal duty?

Both. Oh no, certainly not.

S. B. Among other duties we have to attend Charity Sermons every Sunday, and set a good example by keeping wide awake. I have also to keep a Diary of the daily events at the Mansion House.

O. C. That, I should think, would be a rather interesting document.

S. B. Very, especially as I keep a copy with my own personal observations and reflections. I am now in treaty with the Editor of a popular periodical, for its publication, under the title of "Extracts from the Diary of a Non-Combatant Sword-Bearer."

O. C. Anything further?

S. B. I have to consult with the LORD MAYOR as to the costume to be worn by his Lordship upon state ceremonials, as for instance, whether he should wear his Violet Robe, or his Scarlet Robe, or his Velvet Robe, or his State Robe, and when he should wear his Diamond Star, and above all, when he should wear his Chain of Double S. I have also to keep him well posted up for all his engagements, and assist in coaching him up in his speeches upon matters of which he must almost necessarily be somewhat ignorant, such as Art, Science, and Literature.

O. C. But if all these matters fall to your share, Mr. Sword, what can you, Mr. Mace, have to do?

M. B. Me, Sir! why my duties are so numerous, that I have to be at the Mansion House by ten every morning.

O. C. Poor fellow! And what do you find to do when you get there?

M. B. I have to control the LORD MAYOR's Household, and to carry the Mace before his Lordship on all public occasions.

O. C. What else?

M. B. To attend all Courts of Aldermen and Common Council, and to listen to their long wearisome wrangling speeches, and try in vain to keep order by continually hammering on a table and calling order, when order there is none, and to carry the Mace before the LORD MAYOR on all—

O. C. Oh yes, you said that before. Anything else?

M. B. Yes. I have to find out whether the sureties of the various Officers of the Corporation are worth powder and shot, and to carry the Mace before—

O. C. Oh, bother the Mace! surely you've carried it enough for to-day. And now what salaries do you receive for this crushing amount of work?

Both. Mere trifles, mere trifles!

O. C. One at a time, please.

S. B. I did receive but a paltry £300 a year, but it has been recently raised to £400.

M. B. I did receive £250, since increased to £325.

O. C. Are you satisfied?

Both. We are, for the present.

O. C. I am pleased to find even such conditional satisfaction. You may retire.

[They retire shouldering their Umbrellas, the Sword-bearer leading, the Mace-bearer following.]

ALL SOULS AND SOMEBODY.

IF names go for anything, All Souls College ought to be an association of No-Bodies. This may be true of the All Souls' men generally, but we'll be bound it isn't true of their fine old College port. That wouldn't be all soul, and no body. They've just elected, as Warden, Sir WILLIAM ANSON, who is "Vinerian Reader of English Law." There's a title! "Vinerian Reader!" To Bacche! We should like to hear a Vinerian Reading. Fill your glasses, Gen'l'm'n—Viner'an Reader in the Chair.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

Brown. I say, JONES, what do you take to be the greatest point of the Nineteenth Century? What, as a rule, do we refer to with most pride?

Jones. Why, our Civilisation, of course. Take any magazine, read any leading article.

Brown. I suppose so. And how would you define Civilisation?

Jones. Spread of refinement, increase of humanity, less narrow-minded views than those held by our forefathers: that's what you'll read in any magazine or leading article.

Brown. Have you seen this in the paper?—"Special trains are being run to Maidstone?"

Jones. No, I had not. What's up there? A Flower Show, a capital thing for spreading refinement; or a Poor Children's Day in the Country, an admirable system for increasing humanity?

Brown. Neither. These Special Trains are chartered by sightseers, just as if to a Garden Party or a Flower Show, in the hopes of seeing a poor wretched devil of a young man done to death!

Jones. Ah!

Brown. Ah! And what becomes of the Civilisation of the Nineteenth Century?

Jones. Oh, bother! Let our descendants find out our faults, not us. Do you think that LEFROY—(S.C. of course.)

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 57.



THE NEW LORD MAYOR;

OR, ELLIS IN WONDERLAND.

THE WAY THEY DOWSE IT IN IRELAND.

THE following remarkable statement is made by the Dublin Correspondent of the *Times* :—

"A very violent prisoner named DILLON, a ticket-of-leave man, was sentenced to-day to fourteen years' penal servitude, for robbery with violence by Mr. Baron Dowse."

The italics are ours, but the responsibility for the statement we prefer to leave to the *Times*. If it be true, here is a startling illustration of the way justice is administered in Ireland. That DILLON was very violent and a ticket-of-leave man are circumstances which certainly tell against him. But they do not seem to justify his being condemned to fourteen years' penal servitude because Mr. Baron Dowse committed robbery with violence.

Hyperion a Hoax.

AN Astronomer, a Chemist, nay, an Alderman, has been astonishing the natives of a watering-place in the Isle of Wight. At least, he is reported to have lately delivered a series of lectures at Ryde, with intent to prove that the sun is not the source of light and heat to the solar system. This Philosopher seems, in fact, to aim at making out that sunshine is all moonshine.

A MESSAGE OF PEACE.

(From *Punch* to *Pat*, amidst some remarks on his Irish Cartoons.)

PUNCH never hits the weaker side because it is the weaker side, but because that side at the time appears, as far as can possibly be seen,—which is some distance beyond *Punch's* nose, not a trifle in itself by the way—to be clearly in the wrong. The Ogreish character is the embodiment of the spirit of Lawlessness, of Anarchy, and of that Communism which, by its recent No Rent manifesto, has now drawn down upon itself the just condemnation of such men as the Archbishops of Dublin and Cashel. Houghing and mutilating dumb animals, maiming men and women, and shooting defenceless victims, are ugly crimes, and the embodiment of them in one single figure cannot be made too hideous or too repulsive. Tear off the mask, and what appeared to be a perfectly legal and patriotic association, appears as the Unveiled Prophet—

"Not the long promised Light, the brow, whose beaming
Was to come forth all-conquering, all-redeeming,
But features horribler than Hell e'er traced
On its own brood :—

* * * * *
—Behold your Light, your Star—
Ye would be dupes and victims, and ye are."

On the other hand, *Punch* has consistently and persistently kept before the public his ideal classic figure of Hibernia, graceful, gentle, tender, loving, but "distressful," as being more or less in fear of this Ogre, her evil genius, from whose bondage may she soon be free; and then, mistress of herself, with peace and plenty in her land, blessed with wise Administration and Local Government, in happy and unbroken union with her sister, England, with a regal residence in her midst, may she see the emerald gem of the Western World set glittering in the crown of one who will be no longer a stranger.

* LOVER's song, "When first I saw sweet Peggy," is what a Saxon Cockney would call the best Irish Car—"toon" we can remember.

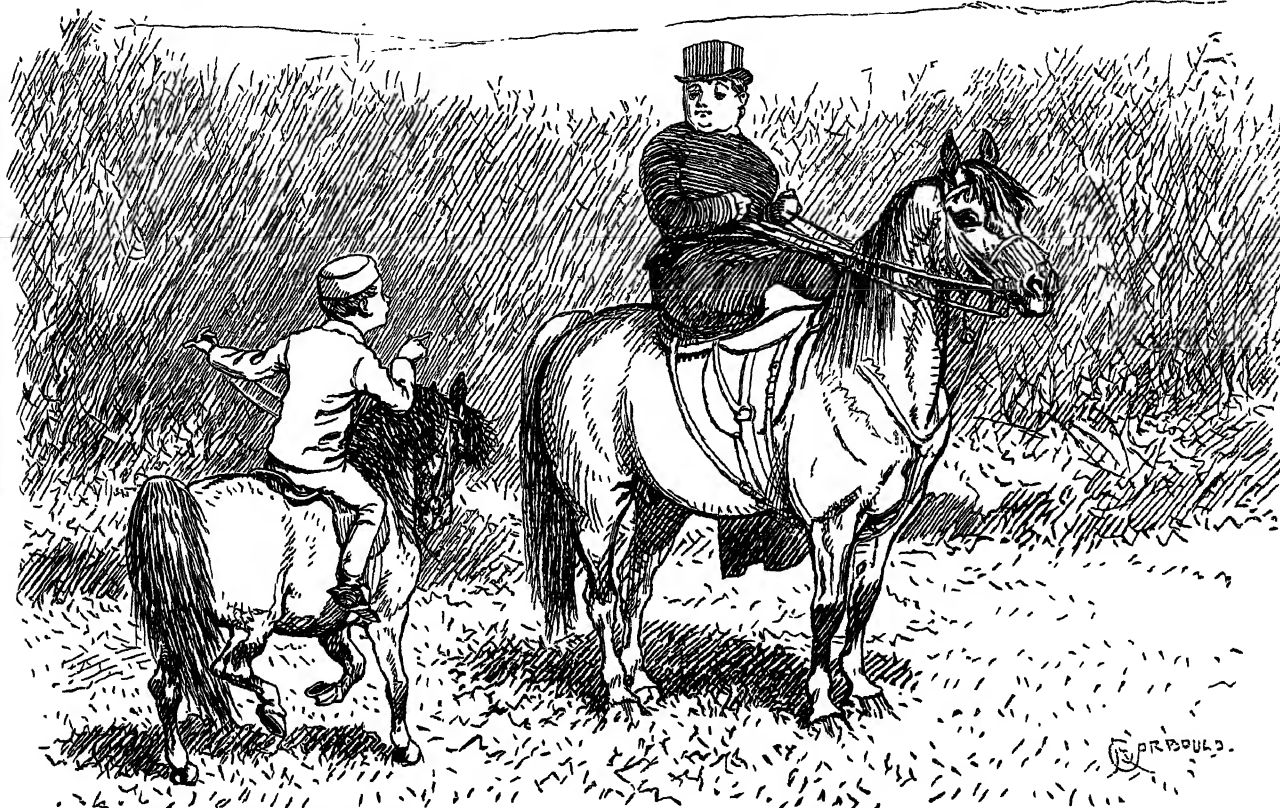
THE NEW LORD MAYOR.

(A long way after Tennyson.)

You must mind and call me early, call me early, JOHN, d'y'e hear,
To-morrow 'll be the nobbiest day of all this blessed year:
Of all this wonderful year, JOHN, the scurmiousest I declare,
For I'm to be made Lord Mayor, JOHN! I'm to be made Lord Mayor!
There's many an Aldermanic Swell, but none so great as me;
I scorn your Common Councillors, such men I will not see;
But none so grand as Alderman ELLIS the Livermen all swear,
For I'm to be made Lord Mayor, JOHN! I'm to be made Lord Mayor!
I sleep well after a heavy meal, and I shall never wake,
If you don't knock at my door, JOHN, when day begins to break;
And I must dress in my Sunday clothes, and titivate up my hair,
For I'm to be made Lord Mayor, JOHN! I'm to be made Lord Mayor!
As I came up to the Mansion House, whom think ye I should see,
But FREGGINS and other Aldermen as glum as they well could be,
They thought of the coming pageantry, and how I should swagger there,
For I'm to be made Lord Mayor, JOHN! I'm to be made Lord Mayor!
Then mind and call me early, call me early, JOHN, don't fear
To dig me in my illustrious ribs, and shout in my lordly ear;
And to-morrow will see me roll along, while all the people stare,
For I'm to be made Lord Mayor, JOHN! I'm to be made Lord Mayor!

Lord Random Churchill.

It is enough to make the late Lord BEACONSFIELD writhe in his grave to see the fuss the Tory press are making over this unlicked cub of politics. If a once great political Party, respectable if mistaken, that is, according to the point of view from which it may be regarded,—we speak impartially,—have no better leader than this lively product of misapplied taxes, they had better preserve a dignified silence, and turn their "organs" into literary and scientific journals.



Very Small Boy (to Stout Aunt on Cob). "I SAY, AUNTIE, DON'T YOU TRY FOR A GATE! COME ALONG WITH ME! I'VE FOUND A CAPITAL LITTLE HOLE WE CAN CREEP THROUGH, AND BE EVEN WITH THE BEST OF 'EM!"

CHRISTMAS IS COMING!

Isn't he, rather! and don't the publishers let us know it too—bless 'em, and bless everybody, or some such Tiny Tim sentiment as that, neat and appropriate to the occasion.

Here's little Master EDMUND ROUTLEDGE with *Mother Goose*, by Miss KATE GREENAWAY, a gem of a production—only we don't believe in the authenticity of these nursery rhymes—(Look at the small dog, p. 23.)—for whoever heard this—

"Ride a Cock-horse
To Banbury Cross,
To see little JOHNNY
Get on a white horse."

No, no—we used to "go a Cock-horse" to see "A fine Lady ride on a White Horse; Rings on her fingers, And bells on her toes"—(how exquisite! How Intense! How too utterly symphonious!)—"And she shall have music"—(She shall! She shall!)—"Wherever she goes!"—and she may go where she likes.

Miss GREENAWAY's text may be correct. "Maybe," we say—but we are afraid it looks like a "Revised Version." Touch one nursery rhyme, and down comes the glorious constitution. Again. Regard "Humpty Dumpty!" He was an Egg, wasn't he? Of course, therein lay the whole point of the riddle, probably invented by CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS. Yet this is not an Egg, it is a Boy! Only a Boy! O Eggonny! Then we'll trouble you, Miss GREENAWAY, for "Tom, Tom, the Piper's son." Well, any infant properly brought up will inform you that THOMAS BAR-piper, or the Son of the Piper, having become unlawfully possessed of a pig—whose property it really was has never been ascertained, but, anyhow, it wasn't Tom's—"run away" not ran away, if you please, Mr. School-Board Inspector, you're not on in this scene—"The pig was eat, and Tom was beat, and Tom went roaring down the street,"—quite "A rantin' roarin' boy," as ROBBIE BURNS would have called him "for a' that."

But what says Miss GREENAWAY? Why, her revised version gives it thus—

"Tom, Tom, the Piper's son,
He learnt to play when he was young,
He with his pipe made such a noise,
That he pleased all the girls and boys."

Oh! oh! oh!—why the American version of this is far better:—

"PING WING, the Pieman's son,
Was the very worst boy in all Canton;
He ate his mother's pickled mice,
And threw the cat on the boiling rice:
And, when he'd eaten her, said he,
'Me wonder where that mew-cat be.'"

Which has been set by Mr. FREDERIC CLAY to a characteristic Chinese accompaniment, and can be sung with great effect by any one with half a dozen manageable notes in his voice.

Next, the best of Miss LIZZIE LAWSON's illustrations to *Old Proverbs with New Pictures* are the frontispiece, "Lightly Come, Lightly Go," and "The Toad and the Wooden Horse," where, though it has escaped the Artist, the horse is being tow'd. In every Englishman's house should be his CASSELL—PETER, & Co., by which firm this is published.

Goody Two-Shoes.—Goody, Bettery, Best, Two-Shoes. Facsimile reproduction of the edition of 1776, with an introduction by CHARLES WELSH,—as if anyone wanted an introduction to so old a friend as little *Goody*! A very quaint little book, published by GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.

N.B.—Why are there usually two publishers, to every book? Does it take two to "make" a book as it does to make a quarrel? Either publishers are not publishers, or the old proverb about "Two of a trade never agreeing" is utterly and hopelessly wrong.

VENICE UNPRESERVED.

"Steamers have been started on the Grand Canal at Venice."—*Globe*.

I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand.
I saw from out the wave black funnels rise
Whence clouds of densest smoke I saw expand,
And common steamboats, at a penny a mile,
O'er the canal—saw many a person land
Upon the piers. O Anguish! it does rile
The Bard to see all this—and what a smell of ile!

"I WANT to see you 'tickly," as the Fly said to the bald-headed man.

A SORT OF "SORTES."

AFTER perusing Poet O. WILDE's *Eleutheria, The Garden of Eros*, the egotistical poem called *The Burden of Itys*—(or "I 'tis," evidently egotistical)—we hastily snatched a volume of BYRON from the shelf—alas! why should it be on the shelf, and O. WILDE on the table?—when, on the book opening at haphazard, the first line that caught us was—

"Say, why should OSCAR be forgot?"

To which there is evidently no answer whatever. The Fifth of November owes its apparently lasting popularity to the fact that it rhymes with "Remember." And then there came a flashing reminiscence—from *Hamlet*:—

"For O for O the hobby-horse is forgot."

Well, if the hobby-horse is forgot—as 'tis the fate of most hobby-horses to be forgotten, and that pretty quickly—why not OSCAR?—of whose style this is something like a specimen—though we quote from a very treacherous memory:—

"Myrtle and jessamine for you
(O the red nose is fair to see)!
For me the cypress and the rue
(Fairest of all is Thingumee)!"

"For you three lovers on your hand
(Green 'grass twopence a head)!
For me three paces on the sand
(Chuuk lilies at my head)!"

"Three paces on the sand"—evidently a dance of niggers at Margate. Hooray for OSCAR! Why shouldn't he be forgot? Was he taken round the town on last Saturday the Fifth? Holloa, boys, holloa! Will the Savely Manager "exploit" him in America as a splendid advertisement for *Patience*?

And isn't he delightful when he gives us his impressions of the Theatre—specially of Miss ELLEN TERRY as *Portia*?—

"No woman VERONESÉ looked upon
Was half so fair as thou whom I behold."

"O PORTIA, take my heart: it is thy due:
I think I will not quarrel with the Bond."

He should have written—

"I think I will not quarrel with the Blonde."

He had better not, or he'd get the worst of it. But perhaps he was thinking of Miss JESSIE BOND, at the Savoy Theatre, in which case his first inspiration was right. But—shall OSCAR have a statue—no, we mean, shall OSCAR be forgot—

Shall young acquaintance be forgot
And never called to mind?

He'd better be called to mind as soon as possible, or, if *Shylock* is about with that knife, he'll soon "Larn him to be a Poet" and give his impressions of the theatre.

"O Hair of Gold! O Crimson Lips! O Face"—

he cries—and we exclaim—

"O Soda Wash! O Carmine Brush!—O Cheek—"

But this last expression must be applied to the half-sovereign bard in the stalls, whom Mr. HENRY IRVING of the Consummate Legs must love like a real Corsican Brother. Ah, yes, "Only, should OSCAR be forgot?" We give it up—but we feel sure there is no sort of reason why he shouldn't.

MUSICAL NOTE.

ONE of the best Barbers we have ever seen on the Operatic Stage—and we've seen at least five, beginning with TAMBURINI—is Signor PADILLA, at present playing *Figaro* at the Lyceum. The Opera is capitally done. Mlle. MARIMON, invaluable in comic opera, is nearly as good a *Rosina* as she is in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, which is saying a great deal, but not a whit too much. Signor ZOBOLI, as *Don Bartolo*, has a touch of the quaint stolidity that occasionally suggests reminiscences of KEELLY. *Almaviva* is a trifle weak, and *Don Basilio* spoils his appearance by wearing a heavy moustache, quite out of keeping with the character, and enough to provoke Signor PADILLA (who, as *Figaro*, always has an eye to "business") into shaving him on the spot—in fact, on two spots, upper lip and chin.

The immortal Comic Opera "went" as if it were a "farceical comedy"—there is a considerable amount of farce in it, as the lesson scene, with the shaving of *Bartolo*, would be called "pantomimic" nowadays—and the whole house split its sides with laughter, a cheap gallery and pit showing real pleasure and appreciation by its discriminating applause.

Mr. HAYES's short season is soon over, and we hope he will have been encouraged to greater efforts by the success of this venture.

But what is this? More German Bands! for Her Majesty's and Drury Lane!! Heavens! we are promised a Cycle of WAGNER! And perhaps at two guineas a head for each performance. Hum! Our Musical Young Man says, though very fond of bicycling, he shan't buy cycle stalls for that journey. But he's a Wobbling Wag'ner, he is. And WAGNER is coming with his *Parsifal*-lal-lal-lal-lal!

HOW TO IMPROVE LONDON.—No. 5.

SOME OF OUR STATUES.

Queen Anne, Queen Anne's Gate, Westminster.—Her Majesty is standing haughtily in an area at the corner of two windy streets. She is thus in a very exposed condition, which accounts for her piebald appearance. One clear moiety of her is comparatively white,



Anne lodged.



Anne boarded.

the other half is black. She might be taken, so far as colour is concerned, as an allegorical representative of "Dusk and Midnight." Her bearing is suggestive of "defence and defiance." She is gallantly protecting, with an expression of extreme determination, a dead wall. She is armed with an enormous sceptre, with which, apparently, she has just been giving somebody what is popularly known as a "one-er." In front of her is a lamp-post of a homely pattern, which seems to have been placed there to assist her during the watches of the night in detecting the presence of her sworn foes, the street-boys. But further protection has been afforded her. The palings belonging to an adjacent house have been thoughtfully continued round her area, so that the more violent attacks of the costermonger are prevented. In revenge, the costermonger has pelted Her Majesty with old tobacco-pipes—fragments of which plebeian but useful articles are seen lying at her feet. It is impossible not to notice that the exigencies of her painful situation have deprived her of all womanly tenderness. She has the ferocity of the tigress robbed of her cubs—the deadly malignity of the insulted *boa constrictor*. Only one little trait recalls the fact that, after all, she belongs to the coquettish sex—from her attitude, she is evidently foolishly proud of her boots!

James the Second, Whitehall Gardens.—In a moment we seize the situation. The statue was evidently the result of a practical joke



James despondent.



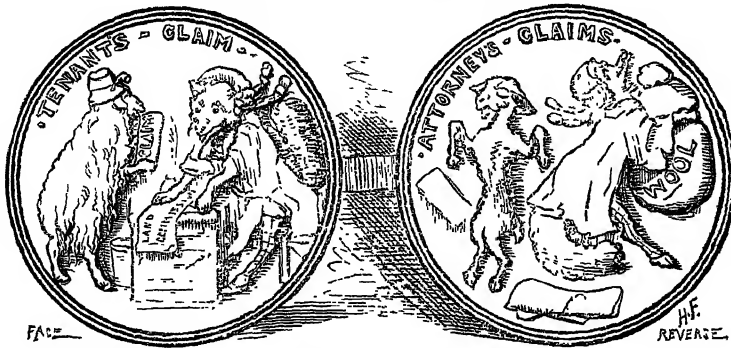
Buoy'd up with Hoop.

in the time of "the Merry Monarch." No doubt JAMES was persuaded by his madcap brother to "get up" as a Roman General, to amuse the ladies of the Court. The weak but illustrious Personage consented to gratify CHARLES's whim. When he was dressed, the roars of laughter with which his appearance must have been greeted no doubt made the walls of the Banqueting-Hall hard by echo again. "Old ROWLEY" regained his gravity, and insisted that JAMES "looked very well." The sycophant courtiers, taking their cue from His Majesty, chimed in with "Admirable!—noble!—grand!" The weak JAMES, incredulous at first, was gradually convinced that the costume was becoming. "Odds fish!" exclaimed the Merry Monarch—"but we will have Master JONES, the Sculptor, to take our good brother off!" No sooner said than done. JAMES is kept in an absurd attitude for hours while grinning Master JONES hammers away at the marble, and—here is the result! Perhaps it was once a real JIM of art. But alas! a couple of cent'ries haven't protected it from the cockshying boys.

(To be continued.)

BALLAD Opera disappeared with BALFE and BURN. It has been superseded by GILBERT and SULLIVAN, with what may be fairly termed "The Bab Ballad Opera."

PUNCH'S PRIZE MEDALS.



Medal to commemorate the Institution of the Irish Land Commission.



Medal to commemorate Mr. Irving's Music-Hall Entertainment, Edinbro'.



Medal designed as a Gambettist decoration.



Commemoration of the St. Paul's Industrial School Inquiry.

"My Nephew is not content with a gig," says Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "but he gets two horses, puts one before the other, and drives about the country in a tantrum."

PROBABLE RESULT OF "THE CURATE'S ALLIANCE."—A large family.

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.

BRIGHTON IN NOVEMBER.

COME down to Brighton! Leave London in hazy time,
Leave it enshrouded in yellow and brown!
Come here and revel in exquisite lazy time,
Jump in the Pullman at once and run down!
Blue is the sky and the sunshine is glorious,
Charged is the air with delicious ozone:
Gay is the cliff and most gentle is Boreas,
Come down at once and recover your "tone!"

Here come the Light Brigade, laughing deliciously,
There is bold Atlas astride on his cob:
The prelate, the poet, the peer adventitiously,
Mingle and meet in the gaily dressed mob.
Fur-coated beauties in carriages roll about,
Can this be November?—the sun is so hot;
Light a cigar, as we languidly stroll about,
List to the songs of the merry *Mascotte*!

Here is Mamma looking anxious and serious:
List to the patter of tiny *bottines*,
Dainty young damsels, whose faces ne'er weary us,
Foolish young maids in the new crinoline!
Angular ladies in gloomy æsthetic coats,
Maudle and dawdle the afternoon through;
Graceful girlettes in the shortest of petticoats,
Flutter their frills as they walk "two-and-two."

Sit on the Pier, underneath the *velarium*,
Noddle your head to the tune of the band;
Or, if you please, you may see the Aquarium,
Call if you like at the Ship or the Grand.
Good Doctor Brighton, a mighty magician is,
Healing at once all your ailments and ills;
Take his advice—there no better physician is—
"A blow on the Pier, and a header at BRILL's!"

Here not a trace is, of smoke or of haziness,
Found as we stroll on the Road of the King;
Happy indeed is His Most Serene Laziness,
Happy, but almost too idle to sing!
Were it not so, I would lengthily talk about
People and places—my dear Mr. Punch—
Everyone sees as they lazily walk about,
I've lots more to say, but I must go to lunch!!

HARD LINES.

A SPORTING Cantab, writing to *The Field* about the Trinity College Foot Beagles, said:—

"The above pack, under the able mastership of Mr. R. HUNT, have shown excellent sport this season; but, owing to lectures, they are unable to meet before one o'clock, and consequently lose the best part of the day."

"Owing to lectures!"—isn't this melancholy? The Master of Trinity ought really to have consulted the Master of the Beagles, before arranging the curriculum of studies for the term.

A REAL GOOD OPPORTUNITY.

THIS appeared in the *Daily Telegraph*:—

A GENTLEMAN (R. C.) of very respectable family, and holding a good business appointment, is anxious to acquire a LOAN for a short time, in order to enable him to settle his mind in religious matters.—Kind offers, in strict confidence, to, &c.

What is his tendency in religious matters? rather Mor-money probably. Or is he going to try whether breaking the sixth commandment will ensure a religious conviction? Anyway, there must be a tremendous rush of persons eager to supply this Gentleman (R.C.)—(by the way, what is R. C.? Rum Customer?)—with the desired coin. Why didn't he hint that he had a leaning towards the ancient faith of ISAAC of York, the city once so celebrated for its Jews, and now for its hams?

A DISCLAIMER.

THE *Graphic* gives illustrations of the "Smack Boys' Home" at Ramsgate. The Smack Boys' Home has no connection with St. Paul's Industrial School.



THE FUTURE OF INOCULATION.

Customer. "MY NEPHEW IS JUST STARTING FOR SIERRA LEONE, AND I THOUGHT I COULD NOT MAKE HIM A MORE USEFUL PRESENT THAN A DOSE OF YOUR BEST YELLOW FEVER. WOULD YOU TELL ME THE PRICE, PLEASE?"

Chemist. "WELL, MA'AM, THE GERMS ARE SO DIFFICULT TO CULTIVATE IN EUROPE, THAT I WOULD ADVISE YOUR WAITING FOR THE NEXT WEST INDIAN MAIL, WHEN I AM EXPECTING A NICE FRESH CONSIGNMENT FROM ST. THOMAS. MEANWHILE WE WOULD RECOMMEND OUR HALF-GUINEA TRAVELLER'S ASSORTMENT OF THE SIX COMMONEST ZYMOTICS, AND COULD ADD MOST OF THE TROPICAL DISEASES FROM STOCK AT FIVE SHILLINGS EACH. WE HAVE SOME NICE ASIATIC CHOLERA, JUST RIPE, BUT THEY ARE MORE EXPENSIVE."

SMIKE'S STORY.

[The Special Committee appointed by the London School Board, met to inquire into the charges brought by Mrs. SURR against the Management of St. Paul's Industrial School, Burdett Road, Limehouse, which, among other things, included excessive punishment; cruel treatment; insufficient food and clothing; defective education; starvation.]

"No! I ain't nobody's darlin'—I've 'ooked it from Dotherbuys Hall, I'm frozen and ragged and starvin', but I ain't a done nuffin at all. I've only 'ooked it, 'cause w'y? 'cause I took the fust chance as I got; 'Cause w'y?—now I puts it to you, would ye like your own kiddie to rot Of a 'orrid disease 'e coteched by 'unger, and dirt, and cold? If you'd got a young kid as yes fond on, no more nor some ten year old, With eyes like the skies of 'eaven, and 'air like a piece of gold, Would ye like to see him stealin' the poor dog's dinner, or bread Wi' the aid of a common pitchfork, or 'ave no softer bed Than the hard bare boards of a storeroom, with a pal lyin' next him, dead? Would ye like to see 'im 'andcuffed, or trailin' a chain at his feet, Like a common criminal 'waitin' the death the law finds meet? Or locked in a dungeon on bread and water, deprived of God's light, There to shiver and jabber, where the day's just blacker nor night? Would you like to see him in winter, washing his sheets and rags In icy cold water, standin' without shoes or stockings on flags? Could you bear to see 'im punished for another boy's fault, and not groan, That is, if your kid had his mother's eyes, or, pardon me, Sir, your own? I asks yer pardon, yer 'onor, for liken myself to your son; I forgot for a minit as I is wot we calls 'a reglar 'un."

Ain't they taught me no trade? Not they! they never taught me no good 'Cept lyin' and stealin', and drawin' water and choppin' wood! You look in my eyes as if doubtin' if I ain't a lyin' to you, But I wish I may die this minit if every word ain't true. I've often wished I might die as I lay wide awake o' night, So tired and 'ungry and cold, though I felt somehow it warn't right. Give us a tanner, your 'onor, to pay for a four D. doss, And a bit of somethin' to eat, for you'll never feel its loss? I'm famished with cold and 'unger, I ain't turned a copper to-day, An all as I's eat was a bit o' stale the baker was pitchin' away. God bless ye an thank ye, yer 'onor, when ever yer up in town, I'll call ye a handsom or growler, and never charge ye a brown. An if ever ye see the QUEEN, for I'm sure as she ain't so cru'l, Tell her to send us to prison—but not to a 'Dustrial School As long as a crossin' wants sweepin', or a 'orse to be 'eld in the town, As long as there's puddles to sleep in, or a river in which to drown. 'The Coppers' ain't werry perticler, and they cuffs us, and makes us cry, But they ain't so 'ard-arsed as teachers of morrils and books, says I."

SCHOOL BOARD AGAIN.

DEER MR. PUNCH,

I AVE red in vooer videly sukklelated Junnel a letter from a Vest end Cabby all about Byskles and Beeks and Skool Bords in all vich Brother Cabby as it the nail on the ed. Barrin one bit of cheek an they doesn't want for cheek in the Vest end, in vich he says he druv the best oss in Ammersmith. Now *Mr. Punch* I aint proud, but Id back my oss agin him for a fiver and you shall be humpire and old the stakes and the vinner shall stand you summat werry short for your pains. Im blest if this aint a fair hoffer and I spectfully awaits yur reply.

But I av summat to say about this ere Skool Bord as well as Bruther Cabby. He says as ow he as a chap as the Skool Bord wont allow to work and the Beek wont send to skool and the chansis is hed grow up to be a waggerbone and cum to be hanged. Now *Mr. Punch* my perdikament is wuss for I ave a gal twixt 13 and 14 an if she mustnt go to work or go to skool or help the old oman to nuss the young childrun at ome what the dickins is she to do? Dont ye see *Mr. Punch* its a more kritikaler age for a gal than a boy. As farther of a famly yesself you knows all that without goin into more pertiklars. Vell a lad may kick over the traycis a bit and yit turn out a stiddy goer arter all. Ive knowd many sich. But a poor gal if she once does any think amiss—God help her thats all I got to say and you *Mr. Punch* will say amen.

Brother Cabby is quite rite. Them Parliment chaps are allays a jawin about us poor folks, but they know nothink at all about us. Vy should they? They've lots to eat and drink, and Skool Bord man dont keep knockin at the door to ax their missuses vy Masr TOMMY or Miss ANNIE dont go to school, and threaten to sell em up if they dont. Oh, no, they keeps them delikit attenshuns for the likes o us. Brother Cabby says things will nivir cum rite till we gets into Parlelament, he means to insinuate that he hisself would be the rite man in the rite place, and I m blowed if I dont give him my vote nex elexshun. We aint allowed, wich is a sin and a shame, to ave even a pot o beer for our vote. Not but leastways Ill be drew to the Poll in an ansom. And then I xpex weel ave somethink done about rent, as they does in Hireland. I pays six bob a week for my ouse, and sixteen bob a day for my cab, an they tells me that gin we wer in Hireland, and went afore the big-wigs, theyd let us off a haf, ay, or more. Vy should these 'ere Hirish chaps ave it all their own way, I've heerd say Charity begins at ome, but I dont see it.

CABBY OVER THE WATER.

From the Pigg and Whizzle, Bermundsey.

WAR OFFICE TOURNAMENT.



THE GARNET IN THE RING.

A WARBLE FOR WALBERSWICK.

"Walberswick may be called the artistic suburb of Southwold, for it is dear to the heart of the painter and etcher, and certainly a very picturesque place for those who have eyes for quiet beauty."—*Standard*.

Oh, Walberswick's a village boasting very little tillage,
In the northern part of Suffolk, and it's very picturesque,
And you fly from all the gritty, dirty highways of the City,
To forget in pleasant rambles dreary duties of the desk.

There's a harbour old, and rotten planks and anchors left forgotten,
Mid the tangle of the cordage, boats whose sea career is o'er,
There's a ferry with scant traffic, that MACALLUM in the *Graphic*
Drew long years ago, and sea-gulls sweep along the lonesome shore.

And there gathers many a sketcher, Doctor EVERSLED the etcher,
DELAMOTTE, and MARKS and HALSWELLE, LANGTON BARNARD, and
one KEENE

That *Punch* wots of, love the queer place, and declare it is a dear place,

While with skilful brush and pencil they've immortalised the scene.

There no horrible "cheap tripper" comes, a most persistent dipper
In the briny, and Cook's tourist is unknown within those parts;
But the sunsets waxing fainter o'er the church delight the painter,
No wonder then that Walberswick is dear to artist hearts.

The Value of Money.

If the wretched Convict had possessed a few pounds—say a ten-pound note—he would probably have escaped, and the "Brighton tragedy" would have added another to the long list of undiscovered murderers. Hiding in Stepney, with scarcely money enough to buy a postage-stamp, he was an object of suspicion, and eventually he was handed over to the "Authorities." A criminal who has money, and knows how to spend it without suspicious display, is perfectly safe under the present system of police inefficiency.

MIMI; OR. THE GENTLE GENT AND THE GENTEEL GIPSY.

MR. DION BOUICAULT's *Mimi* is a Bohemian girl, not the Bohemian who dreamt she dwelt in marble halls, &c., but a gipsy of "the days when we went gipsying—a long time ago." Yes, Mr. BOUICAULT, emphatically a long time ago, a very long time ago, when albums were in fashion in drawing-rooms, when strong drinks were handed round at aristocratic evening parties, and when there was a canal within measurable distance of May Fair. "The Author," says the bill, "desires to draw attention to *La Vie de Bohême*, by HENRI MURGER, which inspires two scenes in the latter part of this play," and it would have been far better for Mr. DION BOUICAULT, had he stuck to his own inspiration and not gone in for a Sub-Murger which has extinguished the not very strong flame. Och! Murger in Irish! but sure 'tis a pity to see the Author of *The Colleen Bawn*, *Arrah-na-Pogue*, and *The Shaughraun* giving us such a weak-kneed, old-fashioned, halfpenny-journal-novel kind of play as is this *Mimi*. On its first night the expiring *Mimi*, under the unfortunate inspiration of too much Murger, called for her Muff, that she might die with it on her lap—and the audience laughed. Fatal!

On the second night of *Mimi* the Muff was cut out,—at least the "property" muff was, but the real muff of the piece, the wretched muff *Leo*, the lover, remained in, and as no change had taken place in his character, the audience, though they didn't laugh, were simply apathetic, it being impossible for anyone to feel the smallest interest in two such feeble creatures as the sentimental *Mimi* the genteel gipsy, and the youth who bears the terrible name of *Leo*, but who is the most lamb-like young man we've seen for some time.



Herr Max-imus; or, the Unlimited Mail.



Mr. Henry Neville as he ought to have appeared at an evening party in Mr. Kyrie Bellew's dress-clothes.

Mr. JOHN CLAYTON represents a stout German, and wears a sort of uniform which at once suggests the idea of his being an overgrown postman who has become too big for the post, and has, consequently, retired from work—with the official livery and apparently the results of a partially successful Post-Office robbery.

MR. HENRY NEVILLE is "gallant and chivalrous"—(this is always the safe thing to say of Mr. NEVILLE in any part)—as *Sandy McElrath* the Bohemian Artist, and Mr. ONE CURL BELLEW as *Leo* the Lamb-like, had far better have been out of it altogether, or if he had stayed in, he



To One Curl Bellew. Beware of Mimi-cry!

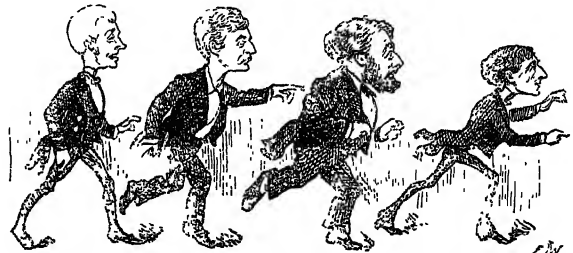
should have followed the Author's example of directing the audience's attention to the Murger inspiration, and have insisted on a line in the bill intimating that his performance was inspired by the peculiarities of Mr. HENRY LIVING as *Louis de Franchi*.

Lady Maude Kennedy is given to Mrs. BERNARD-BEERE, "by the kind permission of Messrs. A. & S. GATTI," the well-known Confectioners, Restaurateurs, and Ice-Purveyors, who, it seems, let this lady out with the ices and other refreshments, BEERE included; and, we regret to say, that in spite of our real appreciation of this Actress's talents, we soon began to think that even the Divine SARAH in the rôle of *Lady Maude* would have had to be emphatically put down in the bills as Madame BERNHARDT BORE. This *Lady Maude* is madly in love with *Leo* the Lamb, pursues him energetically,—appearing therefore in this Act as a Mrs. Leo Hunter,—and runs him to earth in the Gipsy encampment, where she tells him that if he will return to his distracted mother all will be forgiven.

Leo the Lamb, who has gone through some kind of ceremony like jumping over a broomstick, or tossing a lucky shilling, with *Mimi*, which involves marriage, now leaves her without any ceremony at all! And yet some clever person has pointed out that there is no villain in the play. Well, perhaps not in the strictly moral and melodramatic sense, but, as a blunder is worse than a crime, so a noodle is worse than a criminal, and so *Leo* the Lamb is unconsciously (because a conceited idiot) a black sheep whose wool is of the deepest dye.

Mimi follows him to London, where she has never been before in her life, and here she intuitively picks out his mother's house in Mayfair—(what more natural?)—and is taken up-stairs into the drawing-room by *Max*, the German Postman,—and again we ask what more natural, and what more likely in the circumstances? Then *Mimi* (Miss MARION TERRY), who is generally overhearing something which causes her to stagger, swoon, and flop, and support herself against the wall in a variety of picturesque attitudes—as if an artist and a photographer were dodging her about everywhere to get the best pose possible—after hiding in the smoking-room, listening to a conversation, and having a pretty sharp passage of arms with the *Lady Maude*, totters down-stairs to the front-door, on her way, perhaps, to Totter-nham Court Road; but even then the Regent's Park Canal is not within five minutes' walk.

Leo the Lamb, learning that *Mimi*, his Broomstick Bride, has just been and gone, and not yet done it, so that there is plenty of time—considering she can only stagger and totter and flop, and hasn't got the strength of a wounded rabbit to drag her slow length along,—to overtake her in the street, and save her life,—instead of at once dashing down the stairs, and sending *Max* one way, *Furridge*, the comic servant (who has been either a Gyp or a Gipsy, or both)



End of Act II.—Quite a rush after *Mimi*.

another, and *Sandy* another—any one of whom could have caught her up at the pace she was going in less than half a jiffey,—stops to make long speeches, to pitch into *Lady Leo Hunter*, to have a row with his mother, to—as *Box* says in that immortal work—"throw off the Lamb and assume the Lion," and then to do at last what naturally he would have done at first, and what he had been doing for some time previously, that is, run after *Mimi*, which he does, followed by *Max*, *Sandy*, and the Comic Servant.

Away go the three after the Broomstick Bride, but, of course, too late, and the Act-drop falls on an anti-climax. (N.B.—Nothing to do with the other *Max*.)

Were this situation whipped up sharp, the long speeches omitted, and the *Lady Maude Bernhardt Bore's* part considerably shortened, there might be yet some life in the piece.

In the last Act *Mimi* comes in to die. Mrs. *Chillingham*, *Leo's* mother—who, from her general readiness for a row, might have been appropriately called Mrs. *Warning'm*—is now reconciled to her son, joins *Mimi* and *Leo's* hands, and *Mimi* joins *Maud's* and *Leo's*—so that, had *Mimi* recovered, there would have been rather a trouble. Mrs. *Warning'm* feels the difficulty as she stands at the back of the chair with the air of a woman who defies consequences, and appears to be blessing the two before her, as though saying "There, *Leo*, my son, take 'em both and be happy!" And then *Mimi* dies, and there's an end of the Genteel Gipsy, and, as Mrs. *Warning'm* would say to herself, "A good riddance of bad rubbish."

A strong caste, and a weak piece.—*Verb. Sap.*



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM?



THRONE AND COURT.

has been carousing, we do not know. But the accompanying picture is the result. He shall hear from us again. No, on second thoughts, he shan't.

CHANGE AND BARTER.

ECCLESIASTICAL ACCOMMODATION.—A Colonial Bishop, who, on account of his Examining Chaplain having been eaten at a Visitation Breakfast by his native Clergy, has found it impossible to continue the hearty administration of his diocese except by deputy, wishes to dispose of his perfectly New Episcopal Outfit, as soon as possible, to a responsible Purchaser. He would have no objection to part with it in lots if required; and, as to meet the exigencies of a severe winter climate, an entire Suit, including a bold and handsome Apron, had to be made of long fringed black Siberian bear-skin, an Arctic Explorer in half mourning would find this an excellent opportunity. Several Shovel Hats in prime condition: one, a little damaged, could be ironed out, covered with red calico, and worn with great effect by a retrenching Cardinal at the sea-side. A large selection of superior Gaiters. A Foot-Ball Team of a serious turn might write.—Address, EPISCOPOS, care of the Hall-Porter, the Athenæum, W.

HISTORIC HEIRLOOM.—A Gentleman whose family have been connected with Brixton Rise since the Conquest, but who is himself thinking of shortly returning to Normandy to claim his original possessions, wishes, prior to his departure, to find an appreciative purchaser for the identical suit of block-tin armour that was worn by his direct ancestor at the Battle of Agincourt. The plumed helmet, leg- and arm-pieces, breastplate, spurs, and shield, are all really in a wonderful state of preservation, and had only quite recently been worn, together with a large pasteboard head, by the representative of *Sir Jocus Pocus* for upwards of a hundred nights in a provincial pantomime. Would form a pleasing and appropriate umbrella-stand in the passage of a small Suburban Villa, to the tenant of which some slight but ostensible connection with a county family would be considered an object. Could be cut up into excellent coffee-pots. Helmet makes a capital jelly-mould. As Advertiser would like to do business with a genuine Antiquarian, the Constable of the Tower might communicate?—HONI SOIT, care of MOHUN, 5, Araminta Row, Upper Camberwell.

TO THE INGENIOUS.—A Mechanician, who has devoted the patience and labour of a lifetime to the Construction of a Figure capable of producing accurately all the Articulate Sounds of the Human Voice, and of effectively sustaining a Monosyllabic Conversation with the Manipulator in five different European Languages, has had the misfortune to fall down-stairs with his priceless invention on his seventy-fifth birthday. Though the shock has somewhat impaired the efficacy of its complicated and intricate internal Mechanism, yet as, when fully wound up, the automaton may still be counted on to provoke considerable merriment by a sustained imitation of the Screech of an Ostrich for five-and-twenty minutes, the Proprietor would be willing to take any useful Domestic Article in Immediate Exchange. Being represented with a rather grotesque cast of countenance, and seated with crossed legs on a mahogany chest of drawers, it might be shipped with confidence and disposed of with advantage to any community of Savages anxious to secure the services of an agreeable Fetish. Could be shot at for Nuts at a Fair, or utilised as a powerful Forge Bellows. Would be changed for a Wadded Japanese Dressing-Gown or an equivalent in Cranberry Jam. Open to any offer.—PROFESSOR, Springfield, Shouter's Hill.

THE LYCEUM OPERA.

CONSIDERING the difficulties to be contended with, the Lyceum performances of *Les Huguenots* have been very satisfactory, that is, as far as the principals are concerned, but Signor TIRO MATTEI might have limited the Rataplan chorus to one verse, and sung the Huguenot soldier's solo himself. Oh, that Huguenot soldier! if all the rest of his party were like him, the "massacre" was an act of retributive justice. The bathing chorus might be judiciously omitted. Signor PADILLA's *Il Conte di Nevers* is admirable; we do not remember a finer performance of this most dramatic part. Madame ROSE HERSEE is a pleasant and sprightly *Urbano*, though we could wish that her costume, which is of the old-fashioned two-pence coloured style, did not render her so conspicuous as a startling page in French history.

The singing and acting of Signor FRAPOLI as *Raoul*, and MLLÉ. VOGER as *Valentina* would leave scarcely anything to be desired if they would only agree not to have a shouting match in their last grand duett. Also when *Valentina* has once fainted we should strongly recommend her to remain unconscious, and on no account to rouse herself for another effort.

Very wisely the Fourth Act of *Les Huguenots* is omitted, and the curtain goes down to the sound of a tremendous explosion, and then a lot of smoke from the Prompt Side, suggesting the idea that the Last Act has gone off capitally by itself off the stage and blown the Prompter all to pieces—three Act pieces.

Don Giovanni is worth seeing for the sake of Signor PADILLA's performance of the *Don*. "The Don! he's a Nipper!" as the Russian Joker observed. The grace with which Signor PADILLA does the honours of his house in the gay and festive supper scene, when he has invited three ladies of the ballet to supper after the Opera is over, and gone in with reckless prodigality for a quarter of a pound of ham from the cookshop at the corner of Bow Street, six pennorth of milk biscuits, and a bottle of zoedone, is something to see and to remember. His extreme gallantry and politeness to the ladies of the ballet, made their conduct in nudging one another to pass the ham, and then helping themselves to it with a carving-fork, all the more reprehensible. But these are mere details of stage management, and perhaps these gay young things had never been out to supper with a real Don before: but when the Opera has been repeated three or four times, the novelty of so much unwonted luxury will begin to wear off a little, and then perhaps they'll ignore the milk biscuits, refuse the zoedone, and turn up their noses at the ham. What will the Don do then? A delicate situation for a host to have asked three sneering guests to supper; but still such is our unlimited confidence in Signor PADILLA, that we back him to be more than equal even to this emergency, and to come triumphantly out of the difficulty. We wish there were a better *Leporello*. But the Ghost-Statue is a very spirited performance.

We would go miles to see Signor PADILLA as *Figaro*, and should like to see him the central figure of a first-rate caste.

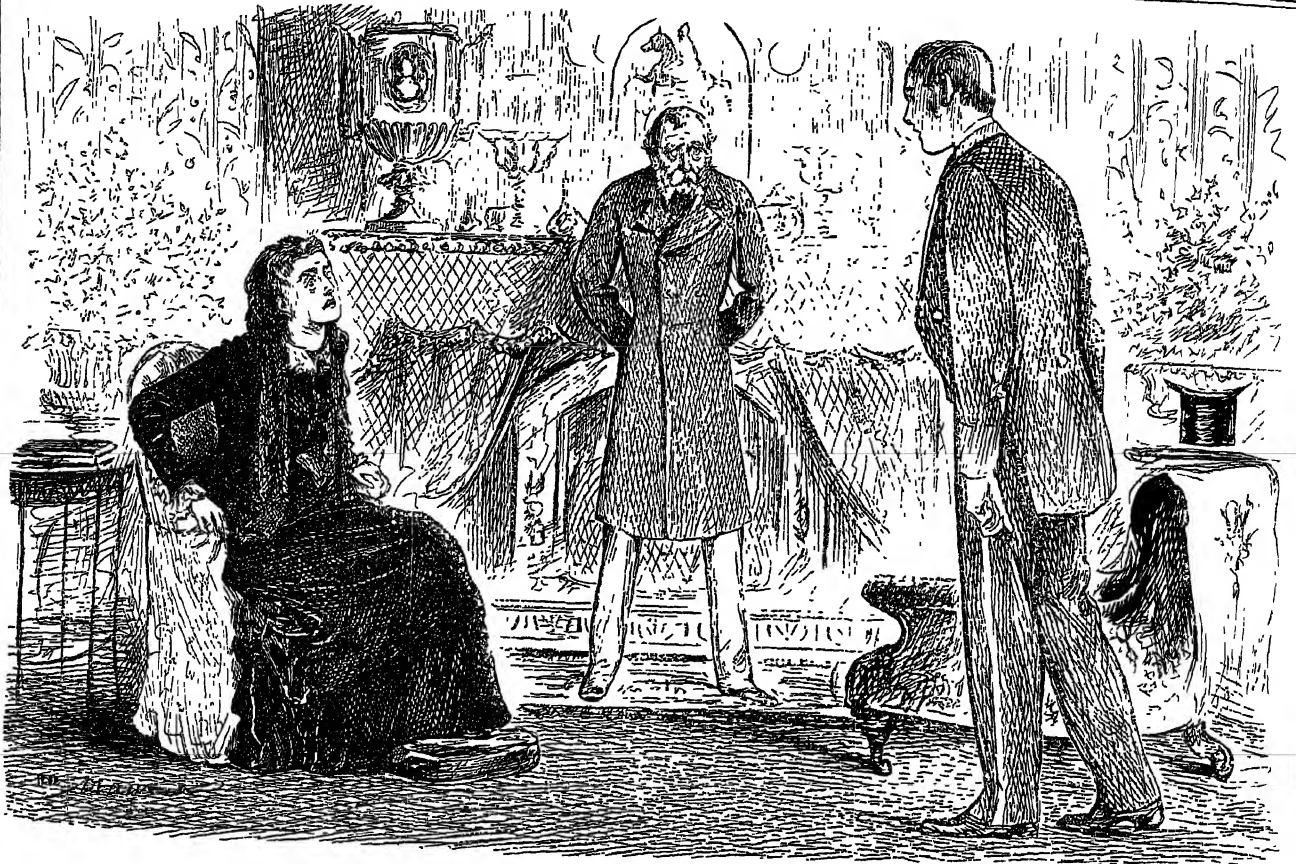
The public should be grateful to Mr. HAYES for what he has done to bring good performances of the best operatic works within reach



"The man was a phantasmagoria in Himself—he was so volatile and thin." Byron.

GROSSMITH as the æsthetic *Bunthorne*, the greenery gallery young man.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM tried to think of the name of that early Dutch Painter. "What is it? dear me!" she said; "it begins with M. Oh, I know—SQUINTING MOSES." Then they found out what she meant. QUENTIN MATSYS, of course.



COMING OF AGE—A DOMESTIC DRAMA.

My Lady. "NO, NO, GENERAL! DON'T TALK TO ME OF SCHOOL AND COLLEGE! THERE'S NOTHING LIKE HOME INFLUENCE FOR BOYS! MY PRECIOUS DARLING HAS NEVER LEFT MY SIDE SINCE HE WAS BORN—JUST TWENTY-ONE YEARS AGO THIS VERY DAY, GENERAL—AND HE HAS KEPT THE HEART OF A CHILD, AND NEVER GIVEN ME AN HOUR'S ANXIETY IN ALL HIS INNOCENT LIFE!"

The General. "AH, HE'LL SOON BE WANTING TO MARRY THE LADY'SMAID, OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT! SEE IF HE DON'T!"

My Lady. "GOOD HEAVENS!" (*To Footman, who enters.*) "ADAMS, WHERE'S PARKER?"

The Footman. "SHE JUST STEPPED OUT FOR A MINUTE THIS MORNIN', MY LADY—TO GIT SOME 'AIRPINS, SHE SAID. BUT THEY DO SAY DOWN-STAIRS AS MASTER GEORGE WERE WAITING FOR HER ROUND THE CORNER WITH A FOURWHEEL CAB AND A SMALL PORKMANTEAU. LEASTWISE SHE NEVER CAME HOME, NOR MASTER GEORGE HASN'T NEITHER. LUNCH IS WAITING, MY LADY!"

THE WISION OF ALDERMAN WIGGINS.

"MY LORD MAYOR, I believe that the chair in which you sit has been filled successively by the representatives of this community for the last 500 years and more, and I earnestly hope that for as many years to come it may still be filled by persons chosen according to such laws as the best wisdom of the times may dictate to represent the interests of this great community, and to fulfil the duties with which the position of the occupant of that chair is attended."—*Mr. GLADSTONE at the Lord Mayor's Banquet.*

I'AD 'eard 'is smooth palaver, 'eard with a contemptshus smile.
"Soap!" I whispers to old MUGGINS. "What do you think?"
He says, "Pe!"

ELLIS poked him up most lovely. "Trust our Institutions?" Yes!
Him as hinterferes with them, is bound to make a precious mess.

But they cheered his perryrashun, which again I whispered "Bosh!"
"The best wisdom of the times?" No! 'ang it, WILLIAM, that won't wash.

Know percisely what that there means. Lord Mayor's chair has stood no end.
Some five 'undred years or more, and now your cry's "Old Chairs to mend!"

'Fore I went to bed that night I 'appened to take up a book,
Which I own it isn't often into one I chance to look;
But the title of a ballad sort o' seemed my heye to strike,—
"Snapping Tuttle, JANE," says I, "my dear, I wonder wot that's like?"

Very natural curocity, in a Alderman at least;
But it was a disappointment. This ere Tuttle was a beast.

So was him as wrote about it,—one BON GAULTIER—hang his stuff!
Gave me such a hawful night, and worried of me more'n enough.

For I see that Snapping Tuttle in a kind o' City swamp
(Somethink like a London Market)—green as an old woman's gamp,
Big as Brompton, bold as Brutus, perks and pickings gulping down,
As myself might bolt a oyster, as a street-boy snaps a brown.

All my innards yearned towards it. "Them five cent'ries has done well."

Murmured I, "in jest perdoocing"—Here I heard a hidjus yell,
And that Tuttle's hopties wobbled, and he flopped his giant fins,
Jest as if he'd swallowed pison, or was sitting upon pins.

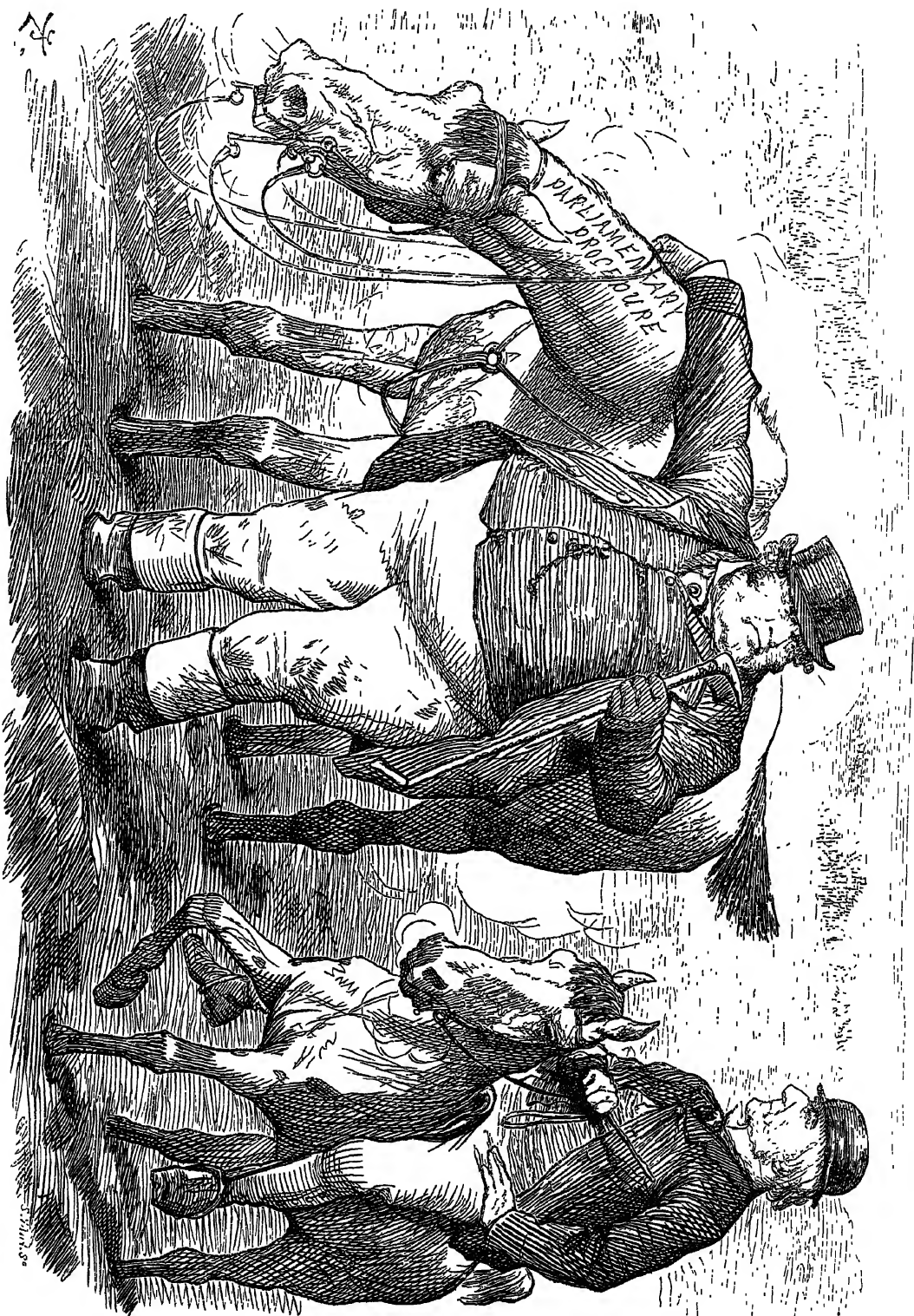
Then a shudder run all through him, and I cried aloud, "By George!
Is it—can it—no it—yes it—it is goin' to disgorge!"
Oh, uncivic! Oh, unworthy! Are you mad, delooded, blind?"
Then I twigged a gray-haired party stirring of it up behind!

Stirring of it sharp and savage, lettin' of it 'ave it warm,
With a offle sort of weppun marked "Municeprle Reform."
Reglar instrymt of torture, sech as in a period proud
Of its anti-wiwiseckshun didn't ought to be allowed.

Then I 'owled, "What are you hup to? Stop this hojusest of crimes!"
Wot's that weppun?" Came a Voice—"Tis the best wisdom of the times!"

And I shrieked, and that there Tuttle, staggerin', flopped atop o' me.

Waking then, I cussed BON GAULTIER and that willin, W. G.



THE OLD HORSE.

W. E. G. (*on his well-known pony, "Energy"*). "AH! HE'S NO LONGER UP TO YOUR WORK, MR. BULL. I'VE GOT SOMETHING IN MY EYE THAT'LL CARRY YOU STRAIGHT, RIGHT THROUGH THE SEASON."



"ANOTHER INFERNAL MACHINE!"

DISCOVERED BY OLD PENWYSE IN A SEVEN-AND-NINEPENNY UMBRELLA HE BOUGHT AT A CHEAP HOSIER'S. WE FORBEAR TO PRINT THE REMAINDER OF HIS OBSERVATIONS.

THE BALLAD OF THE BATTUE.

Go, bring me my new double-barrel, the best that is made under sun,
Top-lever, snap-action, and locks that rebound—a remarkable gun;
Best treble strong powder, and shot that is chilled every cartridge shall fill,
So it isn't my fault, you'll observe, if I fail the gay pheasant to kill.

Then show us the way to the covert,—of course we shall drive to get there,
And outside the hottest of corners you'll place, if you please, an armchair;
The warmest of warm carriage-rugs I have ready to throw o'er my knees,
And I think if my man stands behind, he will keep off the worst of the breeze.

A table beside me can hold some liqueurs—I prefer Curaçoa,
A flask of the purest Glenlivet as well will be quite *comme il faut*;
And I've always maintained, and shall still, there are very few things on a par
With the noble excitement of shooting consoled with a pleasant cigar.

But here come the pheasants—they're running both backward and forward
pell-mell,

It's really absurd they won't rise till the beaters have uttered a yell;
And yet, when you think how they're bred, it's no wonder the beauties are
tame,

I fancy the keepers must know them, and call every bird by its name.

And now the big battue goes on, and the pheasants convulsively flop
At my feet; I shoot into the mass, and a few are quite certain to drop.
This is sport, noble sport, to my mind, and we warm to the work,—let me see,
I fancy the hour has arrived for a casual "Soda and B."

Then luncheon's announced. There's hot soup, mutton outlets, potatoes, game
pie,

With just a few more piquant dishes,—Champagne that's uncommonly dry;
Then endless cigars, *petits verres*, as our 'ARRY would say, "that's your sort."
That's how we arrange a big battue—a brave English Gentleman's sport.

THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR BILLINGSGATE.—Lord RANDOM CHURCHILL'S speeches.

THE COMING MANNIKIN.

[Many Conservatives are said to look upon Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL as the "Coming Man" of the Conservative Party.]

RING out fools'-bells to limbo's dome,
Which copes the neo-Tory clique!
The Man is coming whom they seek!
Ring out fools'-bells, and let him come!

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring jangling bells a Bedlam chime;
'Tis the true *Simon Pure* this time;
Ring in the chief of Gnatdom's crew!

Ring out the sound and sober mind,
Profoundly versed in statesman lore;
Ring in the prattler, pert and poor,
The ribald railer, hot and blind.

Ring out the Attic wit that wins
E'en where it wounds; to suit the times;
Ring in the mirth of midget-mimes,
That, born in rancour, dies in grins.

Ring out old pride in race and blood,
That kept the fierce old fighters right;
Ring in crude slander and small spite,
The urchin love of flinging mud.

Ring out the gentleman! Ring in
The narrow heart, the rowdy hand.
Ring out the brave, the wise, the grand!
Ring in the Coming Mannikin!

CHRISTMAS IS COMING.

MORE Books! Get 'em and lock 'em up for Christmas week.

Comic Insects. By F. A. S. REID, M.A. Illustrated by BERRY F. BERRY. Berry well done, Massa, the Reid portion being thoroughly Reid-able. Better in idea than execution.

WARNE & SONS publish two charming miniature books: *Little Red Riding Hood*—fancy a miniature "Little" E.R.H.! she'll become small by degrees and beautifully less; but, thank goodness, she can't vanish altogether—illustrations by M. E. EDWARDS, and vignettes by H. GARSTONE; and *Puss in Boots*, illustrated by E. K. JOHNSON, with GARSTONE'S vignettes. *Puss* is the more humorous of the two productions.

The Mole and the Bat, from the Nursery Library of Messrs. PATERSON & SONS, Edinburgh. Capital! The story of the Three Blind Mice, might have been added to complete the quintette; and the colour of the binding should have been Blind Man's "Buff."

A good notion this of MRS. VALENTINE'S, to put "Shakspearian tales" into verse, with M. ANDRÉ'S illustrations. The plots of the selected plays are clearly told, and the book itself may be considered as a first stepping-stone to the future study of the works of the immortal Bard, which, written for the stage of three centuries ago, and "produced under the direction of the Author," do not now require to be seen in order to be thoroughly appreciated. This book is both useful and ornamental.

POET'S CORNER;

Or, Nonsense Rhymes on Well-known Names.

(Concerted.)

SAYS RICHTER to HALLÉ,
"She danced in a ballet."
SAYS HALLÉ to RICHTER,
"That's not as I wished
her."

(Æsthetic.)

SAYS WILDE to ROSETTI,
"Catch shrimps on the
jetty."
ROSETTI to WILDE—
"And have 'em well biled."

(Bookpublshy.)

SAYS CASSELL to PETER, "
"You do look much better."
SAYS PETER to CASSELL,
"So would you with this
tassel."

(Songpublshy.)

SAYS BOOSEY to CHAP-
PELL,
"I'll give you an apple."
SAYS CHAPPELL to BOOSEY,
"I'll eat it with goosey."

THE UNITED STATES, NOW.—England and America.

FRESH LIGHT
ON CABINET AFFAIRS.

In the telegrams from Cape Town appears the following announcement:—

"KIMBERLEY is to be lighted with the Electric Light."

This is a fresh illustration of the usage of going from home to learn news. Perhaps the intelligence might have been communicated in a little more courteous form. It is rather a familiar way of alluding to the Right Honourable the Earl of KIMBERLEY, Secretary of State of the Colonial Department. That, by the way. Of course we know that brevity is the soul of telegrams. The news is the thing, and if confirmed this is exceedingly interesting. To see the Colonial Secretary moving about the House of Lords ablaze with Electric Light, would be quite one of the incidents of a dull evening next Session. It is doubtless merely an experiment, and if it succeeds, we shall have all the Cabinet thus illuminated. We suppose the determination taken is an indication that there is to be no more gas amongst Ministers, which would be rather hard upon Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. Otherwise, we might have here one of those interesting competitions between Gas and Electricity, that, like good words, have been worth much and cost so little to the Ratepayers during the last two years. If Lord KIMBERLEY is to be rigged out with the Electric Light, why should not Lord GRANVILLE be fitted up with Sugg's London Gas Burner, and let there be fair competition between the rival methods of illumination?

THE PREMIER TO THE CITY.
—Set your Mansion House in order.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 58.



SIR ERASMUS WILSON, P.R.S.

"REM ACU TETIGISTI!"

BISMARCK.

BISMARCK, according to rumour, is again threatening to resign, but probably he will think better of his determination. Germany is quite as necessary to BISMARCK as BISMARCK is to Germany. He is like the late Duke of WELINGTON, an excellent fighting Minister, but not so excellent on questions of domestic legislation. His resignation would probably be accepted with resignation. Germany wants rest, and time to accumulate capital. Her effective but costly military system has left her one of the poorest nations in the world. If BISMARCK studied the rudiments of economic science, he would know that you cannot send the pick of your industrial population into the field, without losing all that population would have produced during the term of campaigning, to say nothing of the cost of clothing, feeding, &c. If you send out a million of men, whose average individual power of production is equal to £300 a year, this gives you three hundred millions a year as the dead weight of your Army. No wonder the French indemnity failed to fill such a hole as this, or that the Germans are somewhat discontented.

Episcopus et Henricus.

"And the Bishop says,
Sure as eggs is eggs
This here 's the bold IR-VING."
After Sam Weller's Song.

SAYS the Bishop to IRVING,
"You're very deserving,
Of merit we are the rewarders;
But Clergy won't pay
To see any play,
Because we have all taken
Orders."

"ROUSTAN be thankful!" as
GAMBETTA said, after carrying
his adroit resolution.

THE DAY AFTER THE FAIR.

SCENE — Study of Ex Lord Mayor JONES on the Morning after leaving the Mansion House. Ex Lord Mayor discovered reading Newspaper containing the account of the Inaugural Banquet.

Ex Lord Mayor. Come, it doesn't look so bad, after all! It is true they have put me in small type in the Procession, but still I have a line all to myself! Ah me! Next year I shall find myself lumped with "the Aldermen who have passed the Chair," and shall come just in rear of the Recorder! They haven't reported my speech. "Returned thanks in suitable terms." Oh, hang it! Why, a short month ago every word I uttered was taken down, with lots of "Cheers," and "Applause," and "Laughter." But it is all over now. (Knock at door.) Come in! (Enter Buttons.) Well! What do you want?

Buttons. If you please, Sir—

Ex Lord Mayor (with a fearful frown). "Sir!" How dare you address me as "Sir?" You forget—(suddenly remembers that it's the 10th of November—Aside) the boy is right. What is it that SHAKESPEARE says, "But now a king—now thus." I'm "thus." (Rouses himself from his reverie.) Well?

Buttons. Please, Sir—I mean my Lord—Mr. BROWN wants to know if he can see you, Sir—I mean My Lord?

Ex Lord Mayor (with mellowed sadness—gently). No—no—not "My Lord" now. You can say "Sir." Show him in.

[Buttons opens door, when enter, suddenly, Friendly Neighbour, who shakes Ex Lord Mayor cordially by the hand.

Friendly Neighbour (heartily). And so, JONES, you have come to live with us again? Glad to see you back—glad to see you back.

Ex Lord Mayor (aside). BROWN seems horribly familiar. Yesterday he wouldn't have dared—(Aloud.) Yes, BROWN, now that my official duties are somewhat lessened by the kindness of my successor at the Mansion House—

Friendly Neighbour. Lessened! Why, you old humbug, you've nothing to do!

Ex Lord Mayor (haughtily). You forget, BROWN, that I am still an Alderman.

Friendly Neighbour. No, I don't—one who has passed the Chair. All you will have to do now is to retire gracefully into private life. Nothing further will be expected from you. You have been a Sheriff, my boy, and a Lord Mayor, and we can't get anything more out of you! Ha! ha! ha! (Slapping Ex Lord Mayor, who shrinks from the familiarity, on the back.) And how's the Missus and the young Ladies?

Ex Lord Mayor (with dignity). My Lady is fairly well, though somewhat fatigued by the many social duties of her high station.

Friendly Neighbour (more respectfully). "My Lady!" Then they are going to knight you, after all?



ECHO ANSWERS.

Short-sighted Swell (to Gamekeeper, who has been told off to see that he "makes a bag"). "ANOTHER HIT, WIGGINS! BY THE WAY—RUM THING—ALWAYS SEEM TO HEAR A SHOT SOMEWHERE BEHIND ME, JUST AFTER I FIRE!"

Wiggins (stolidly). "YES, SIR, 'ZACTLY SO, SIR. WUNNERFLE PLACE FOR ECHOES THIS 'ERE, SIR!"

Ex Lord Mayor (with an air of mysterious reserve). I—I—I am not at liberty to say. But—here are my Lady and—I mean Mrs. JONES—and her daughters—they can speak for themselves.

Enter Ex Lady Mayoress and her Daughters.

Friendly Neighbour. Good morning, Mrs. JONES. I have brought a message from my wife.

Ex Lady Mayoress (giving Friendly Neighbour the tips of her fingers patronisingly). I hope Mrs. SMITH—

Friendly Neighbour (laughing). No, no—Mrs. BROWN. Surely you haven't forgotten who I am? GEORGE BROWN, who married your old schoolfellow, SALLY ROBINSON!

Ex Lady Mayoress (icily). I remember you perfectly well, Mr. BROWN. At the Mansion House we forget nobody. As I said to His Royal Highness, "Sir," I said, "I am sure your Mother and I are obliged to have good memories. I know from our *lettres* that her drawing-rooms must be perfectly awful." His Royal Highness laughed, and was very amiable.

The Daughters of Ex Lady Mayoress (gushingly). Oh yes, Mamma, the Prince is perfectly delightful! (*All sigh, except BROWN and the Ex Lord Mayor.*) And so (*after a pause*) is the Princess.

Ex Lady Mayoress. As I told the Archbishop, darlings. "She is really most agreeable," said I to his Grace.

Friendly Neighbour (becoming a little tired of it). Well—my Missus says, will you and your Missus, and the young ones, come and take pot luck with us—six sharp.

Ex Lady Mayoress (unwilling to come down all at once). I'm afraid we're engaged this evening—in fact we're engaged for the next fortnight; but if, after that, Mrs. BROWN and yourself are disengaged, we shall be delighted to see you here. Our dinner-hour (*pointedly*) is eight. Don't forget. Remember me kindly to your wife. Good morning, Mr. BROWN.

Friendly Neighbour. (*Makes a stately exit, followed by daughters.*) Ahem! (*Seizes the situation.*) Well, JONES, my boy, I'll look in when you've settled down again comfortably.

Ex Lord Mayor (taking it good-humouredly). My dear fellow, I'm quite—

Friendly Neighbour. Yes, I see. So am I.—Ta-ta! (*Pauses at door, returns; then confidentially.*) Are you engaged to-night?

Really, I mean, between ourselves—

Ex Lord Mayor (uncomfortably). Well—um—you know my wife says—

Friendly Neighbour. Yes, I know. But you can get off, eh? I'll wire home, say you can't come, and we'll have a quiet little dinner together, and go and hear something afterwards, eh?

Ex Lord Mayor (who foresees a very dull evening at home with the Ex Lady Mayoress, brightens up). Well—(*cordially*)—I will. Five-thirty sharp, and (*cheering up*) we can go to the theatre—

Friendly Neighbour. Or the Alhambra, if it's open—or a music-hall—

Ex Lord Mayor. Ah!—(*brightening up still more*)—I haven't had a night out for a year. Capital! I shall enjoy it immensely. Five-thirty sharp. (*Exit Friendly Neighbour.* Ex Lord Mayor rings. *Re-enter Buttons.*) Bring me my boots.

Buttons (readily). Yes, my Lord.

Ex Lord Mayor (severely). Not "My Lord" now—you must say "Sir."

Buttons (frightened). Yes, Sir.

Ex Lord Mayor (rubbing his hands). I'll go out quietly . . . and—(*chuckling*)—I can wire to my wife from the City. (*Boy returns with boots, and exits.*) "Farewell—a long farewell to all my greatness!" I'll go and see how my successor's getting on. Capital idea of BROWN's!

[*Hums softly, "When we were boys together" as he puts on his boots—gets his umbrella, and exit stealthily.*]

AN OBVIOUS MORAL.

ANOTHER wing is to be added to the West of England Sanatorium, at a cost of £6000. If riches have wings, so have hospitals.

OUR LITTLE GAMES.



Cribbage.



Back-gammon.

VOICE FROM THE PROMPT-BOX.

AGAIN the sickening cry is raised about the "social status of the Actor," and this time a *propos* of a paper read by Mr. HENRY IRVING, at a Philosophical Institution known as The Music Hall in Edinburgh. The social status of the Actor is that of a well-fed, well-clothed, well-paid—perhaps over-paid—worker in a curious profession. If he be amusing and intelligent, and behaves like a gentleman, he is exceptionally favoured by what is called "Society," as most people, except a few fanatics, are interested in the world behind the footlights. But every Actor is not necessarily amusing, intelligent, and gentlemanly, and these are the people, probably, who are a little uneasy about their status. If they are not content with their pudding, the world is all before them. On the other hand, the more favoured ones are a little apt to be spoiled by injudicious patronage. "Society" is a little too ready to treat them like pet poodles.

Why on earth does Mr. IRVING yearn for the companionship of Bishops? Does he want to convert them all to Irvingism, and to come and listen to him discoursing Shakspearian Inspirations in Unknown Tongues? Does he require Church Patronage for the Stage, and his Theatre Stalls filled as those of a Cathedral are with Prebends, Minor Canons and Greater Guns of the Ecclesiastical Establishment? Is it the height of an Actor's ambition to swell the crowd of distinguished Nobodies at the Duchess of MONTROUSE's reception, or to appear as a great attraction at Lady DOUBTFUL's Assemblies, and to be able to exhibit cards of fashionable "At Homes" in the mirror which is held up to Nature over his mantelpiece?

Elevation of the Stage forsooth! We should have thought that the Stage had elevated Mr. IRVING above all such twaddle as this.

"Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

Be satisfied with this:—Live for your Art, not for that limited, narrow, uncharitable, scandalmongering section of the great public which calls itself "Society," and which loves to patronise Art in any form at the least possible cost to itself. If Mr. IRVING can't be happy without a Bishop, there's one for him, and a most excellent one, at the Opéra Comique—we mean Mr. ALFRED BISHOP—only just now he's engaged.

The coffee is cold at the Victoria Coffee Palace, the Music Hall singers have departed, and the place is only opened occasionally for spasmodic concerts, at which amiable, but comparatively obscure connections of royalty are sometimes induced to be present. This is all that fussy philanthropy has been able to do for the reformation of the New Cut, while it has driven the "Transpontine Drama" into more distinguished temples.

Queries.

Why Billingsgate Dies Hard.—Because a fish-stall is worth five hundred pounds a year rental, and as much as sixty thousand pounds has been paid, before now, for the Good-will and Premises of a Fish Salesman.

Why is the Commercial Treaty Unpopular in France?—Because France is afraid to give up one franc of indirect taxation.

Why has Prince Bismarck become a Protector of the Jews?—Because, after his late parliamentary defeat, he can hardly help himself.

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.—St. Paul's Industrial.

ROBERT AT THE GUILDHALL BANQUET.

I WUNDER if anybody ever quite realeyesed the sensashun of rapshur as must have come over a certain Right Honorable Gent this morning. Mr. Alderman ELLIS when he sort his downy couch last nite probabably said to his Wally, "Good Nite, JAMES!" to which JAMES wood naterally reply, "Good Nite, Sir!"

But this morning a well known wrap cums to the door, and in anser to "Who's there?" cums the delishus reply, "Eight o'clock, my Lord!"

Ah that must be a sensayshun wurth a good many long ears waiting for! But then cums the other end of the Pictur, the doctoring of compensations, I think the Surveyors calls it.

The Rite Honorable Mr. McARTHUR, Lord Mare of London, retired to his Lordly couch last nite, and with that curtesy that nobless obliges, said to his Groom of the Chambers, "Good Nite, BRYMER!" to which BRYMER replied, "Good Nite, my Lord!" But this morning, another voice knocks at his chamber door, and says boldly, "Eight o'clock, Sir!"

I draws a Wail over the sad scene and passes on.

We had a werry fine day for that momentous ewent that stirs the big art of London to its core, and stops all the common traffic of the streets for ours, annuallly every year, but the splendor of the scene would have been suffishent without no Sun to show it off, in fack, as BROWN said, the jawgeus uniforms of the LORD MARE and Sherryfs Gentlemen was as good as a dozen Suns. Ah! they was summunt like they was! I think on the hole some of the best I ever seed, speshally Sherryf HANDSOME's, as one would naterally expec.

I didn't think much of the Fire Brigade. They seems a ruff and redly lot, and their common clothes didn't armouronise at all with the delicate plush of the Gents above eluded to.

The Beedle of one of the Companys, whose an old frend of mine, told me as the crowd was emense, but he thort not quite so respectfool as they mite have been. He said they seemed to look upon the whole thing as more of a November Lark, than a August Sherry-moneysall.

It seems to me that reverence is almost a dying out among the grinning and uneddicated Mob, and even such a noble Site as the Lord Mare's Show is looked upon by 'em almost as a Joke!

I missed my fav'rites, the Men in Armour. I trust their much regretted, and much remarked absense, is not to be taken as a sine of yeelding a single pint to the Public Enemy, for depend upon it, if they give him a ninch he'll take a hell!

The Bankwet was simply perfect. When I first attended them purteshonally, they used to print in all the newspapers the number of Tworeans of Turtill Soup consumed on the premises. I wonders why this isn't done now. It must have had a startling effect on the poor devils who had never even smelt it. Have they got rather ashamed of the quantity as they eats? If not, why this inner-wayshun? I sumtimes thinks that since the shamful report was spread about the Irish Congo Eels being made into Turtill Soup, they ain't quite so eager after it, speshally the thick golopshus sort. Werry few of even the Deputys taking more than twice.

The Company wasn't quite fast rate. We hadn't no Dooks, and I never thinks a grand Bankwet is quite A one unless we has a Dook or 2. A Archbishop might do, but Archbishops seems scarce.

The new LORD MARE has got a fine loud voice of his own, and he didn't forget to make jolly good use of it, quite in the old Haldermaniac style of his successors before him, as different as possible from poor Mr. GLADSTONES who hadn't a chance with him.

We tried the Lectrick Light for the fast time, but lor bless us that won't do at all, not at no price. There's no hiding nothink from that.

In the first place it don't do for the Ladies, speshally the rayther old 'uns, some on 'em seemed to have come out in such a hurry that they had quite forgot to wash the flour off their poor old faces, and this warn't only among some of the Common Councilwomen but speshally among the great swells. BROWN says it's this emoderate use of flour as makes people call 'em the "Upper Crust," but I never can trust what BROWN says.

And then as to us poor Waiters, why it's as bad as if everybody had both his eyes upon us all the time.

I'm sure with the exception of a little Turtill Soup as I managed to get behind a curtain, and just a slice of Turkey and some Fezzant, I had nothink to eat all dinner-time; and as for drinking, why the only Bottle of Shampain as I could get a chance to put under the table, blowed if a Lady didn't kick it over, and then achshally abused me for putting it there out of her way, and so spiling her rubishing dress, though it was only a mowve silk tamburine or some such cheap rubbush, and her old Father who sat opposite skowled at me as if I was a Tacks collector.

The fact is there's preshus few of us as can stand such a light as that either on our faces or our actions.

The full blaze of truth like the full blaze of the sun is allers plesenter for being just a little tempered,—pr'aps I might say, for being just a little good-tempered.

(Signed) ROBERT.



A NON-SEQUITUR.

Affable Old Gentleman (who has half a minute to spare). "I SUPPOSE NOW, MY BOY, YOU TAKE A GOOD SUM OF MONEY DURING THE DAY?"

Shoe-black. "YESSUR, 'CAUSE LOTS O' GINTLEMAN, WHEN THEY WANTS TO KETCH A TRAIN, GIVES ME SIXPENCE!"

[Old Gent finds the Sixpence, but in thinking over it afterwards, couldn't see the connection.]

VERY UNRIPE.

By MISS RATHER.

(From our Braddonian Brass Farthing Novel Series.)

So she (*Mignon*) went into the garden to pick some cherries, and make a gooseberry fool (*of herself*). At the same time a Sham-Gardener (*Sweetheart Number One*) popped his head over the wall. What, no hope? (*This was the agonised inquiry of Sweetheart Number Two, Philip Rideout, a brilliant "bad lot," with whom Very Unripe—we mean Mignon—carried on a good bit, until she found he had betrayed her sister.*) So he (*Rideout*) died, and she (*Mignon*) very imprudently married the Gardener. And there were present (*in this Story*) the Fantoccini, and the Marionettes, and the Automata, and the GRAND SIMULACRUM (*Lady Romancer's "Love"*) himself, with the little round button (*where he is wound up*) at top, and they all fell to playing the game of "let's pretend to be real live people" till the sawdust ran out of the ends of their fingers.

PUCK.

By WERDER.

I'm a dog who has seen the world. A small Maltese who can hide in a muff. I know all about muffs. Man is a muff, and I know all about him. As to woman, she manages the muff, to her own comfort and advantage. That's canine philosophy in a nutshell. Cynical? Pooh! Here you are! AVICE DARE, vulgar peasant girl and splendid harpy; LORD BELTRAN, superb aristocrat and magnificent—muff; GLADYS GERANT, mimosa-like Virtue, with weak venous system. Valiant VAURIEN, venal COCOTTE, virtuous She-baby! *Voilà!* There's the world, according to *nous autres*—lady-romancers and lap-dogs. Pedants and prudes say it's only the half-world, *but que voulez-vous?* (when in doubt play a French phrase, the more hackneyed the better). Valiant VAURIEN at feet of venal COCOTTE. *Pour-*

THE DOWNFALL OF THE DADO.

A Drawing-Room Operetta.

"It is said many of the *Æsthetes* are weary of their tomfoolery. They have cut their hair, and returned to their barber and common sense at the same time."—*Weekly Paper.*

AIR—"Cock-a-doodle-doo."

TENORI.

WE'VE cropped quite short our lengthy hair,
We've smashed up all our crockery-ware,
For daffodils we do not care,
Or even hawthorn blue!
We do not care about BURNÉ-JONES,
We worship not his maidens' bones,
And quite detest his "subtle tones"—
We mock a Dado do!

O mock a Dado, mock a Dado, mock a Dado, do!
[Blue-and-white generally smashed and distributed.]

SOPRANI.

WE're much too sage to wear sage green,
We even sport a crinoline,
And wear a neat high-heeled *bottime*,
Or tasteful Oxford shoe!
We part and smooth our tawny locks,
From WORTH we order all our frocks,
And even sneer at hollyhocks,
And mock a Dado do!

O mock a Dado, mock a Dado, mock a Dado, do!
[Rend hollyhocks, lilies, and other æsthetic flowers, and strew them about.]

TOO TUTTI.

WE now have lots of common sense,
We are not prone to take offence,
If people say we're not "intense"—
Or hint we're not "too-too!"
E'en lilies now we don't adore,
We're sick of Art and what is more,
Vote BOTTICELLI is a bore
And mock a Dado do!

O, mock a Dado, mock a Dado, mock a Dado, do!
[All seize hatchets, pokers, chisels, and forthwith proceed to demolish the Dado. POSTLETHWAITE changes to Clown, MAUDIE to Pantaloon, PILLOX to Harlequin, and Mrs. CIMABUE BROWN to Columbine. General rally. Spill and Pelt. Scene changes from the Dismal Depths of Dado-cracy to the Coral Caves of Common Sense.]

quoi? Bah! We live in the world, *our world*—and lions have parasites. Parasites "have" lions too, in one sense. AVICE "had" BELTRAN, to the tune of nine-tenths of his fortune; then she tried a change of air. So did he, with the virtuous She-baby. Happiness? *Pas du tout!* Venal Vice, turning jealous, destroys Venous Virtue, by way of revenge on Valiant VAURIEN. Valiant VAURIEN bites his lips, knots his veins, and curses under his breath—only signs of broken heart and blasted life that the great God "Form" allows its votaries—and goes back to the World of Muffs, Mimosas, and Mes-salinas. Mixture as before. Venal vice,—AVICE—LAURA PEARL—FAUSTINE—CLÉOPATRE—VENUS ANADYOMENE—what you will, goes on conquering and to conquer. *Telle est la vie!* All is vanity—save Dogs and Dinners!

ADAM AND EVE.

By MRS. PARADISE.

REUBEN MAY, Watchmaker, was evangelical, and loved EVE. EVE was latitudinarian, and didn't care a fig-leaf for REUBEN. Bidding MAY March, EVE went in search of ADAM. She found him at Polparrot—we mean Polperro. She also found there that long-sought mystery, "the father of ZEBEDEE's children," together with jovial JERREM—or JEREMIAH—PASCAL, and jolly JOAN HOCKEN. JOAN would have liked ADAM PASCAL for her Darby. She could not win that Darby. EVE did. PASCAL's thoughts were all of EVE. EVE had one little weakness—coquetry; ADAM two small frailties—bad temper and smuggling. Hence mischief. ADAM and EVE had a fall-out. EVE flirted with JERREM; ADAM, enraged, "peached" on JERREM. . . . Curse of ADAM—by ZEBEDEE. . . . Lamentations of JEREMIAH—by himself. . . . Morning of EVE all mourning, twilight hour of EVE all darkness. . . . Break-up of smuggling Eden—expulsion of ADAM and EVE. . . . World all before them where to choose, but no return to the Polperro Paradise. 'Twas an apple caused the exile of the first ADAM and EVE; a peach brought about the banishment of the second.



LOOKING TO THE FUTURE.

Algy. "THEY WANT £6000 FOR THE LEASE, MARIA. IT RUNS FOR EIGHTY-NINE YEARS."

Maria. "OH, DON'T BUY IT, ALGY. ONLY EIGHTY-NINE YEARS! FANCY DEAR BABY BEING TURNED OUT OF HIS HOUSE AT NINETY-ONE, AND POSSIBLY INFIRM INTO THE BARGAIN!"

ON THE BOULEVARDS.

(From Our Own Correspondent—du Perron de Tortoni.)

Lundi.—Woke up dreading the newspapers as though they were all printing Premiers-Paris by SAINT GENEST. Called JOHNE to tell me what party I belong to now. Find I'm Left Centre. *Tant mieux: ça vous dispense de penser à la politique.* Ah, si on pouvait se dispenser d'en entendre parler! And after Padeloup yesterday with *ma tante du Périgord*! Padeloup and the Chamber to begin at the same time—it's a Pelion of pain on an Ossa of ennui.

Breakfasted at the Helder, where I met PITANCHARD, who is reduced to taking an interest in the Academical Elections. Why, the other Elections were better. *En fait de candidats:* Three nobodies, or the third part of a mediocre man of dead letters. *Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose: re-pouah!*

Turned into the Chaussée d'Antin: thought the Cercle Artistique de la Seine would choke off PITANCHARD. Ah, bien, pas du tout. PITANCHARD dragged the Academy after him into the Winter Salon, and franchement, if Académie means nudity in Art-slang, the Winter Salon doesn't require any more Academy at present. It really is d'un déshabillé—je ne vous dis que ça! I was really sorry for a jeune mees before FRYEN-PERRIN. She looked as if she had been dressed by the Belle Jardinière of her native fogs, but what a delicious profile, and what flush of horror when she came face to face with those wicked *Baigneuses*!—a fine morceau, ma foi—carnations like golden peaches. What a divine disgust when she fronted the *Pêcheuses de Cancale*! who are cousins-german of LEOPOLD ROBERTS' Italian *pêcheuses*. And GERVEX's bath-scene, and The Blondine of BALLAVOINE! C'en était trop. She would not stop to look at DETAILLE's Barracks and VOLLON's magnificent Paris under Snow, but fled down-stairs as though—as though a Frenchman were after her. And I went and startled ces bons parents by dining en famille; and dreamt of la famille all night. Il y a des moments où on consentirait à être Anglais. A propos of English and Art,

THEORETIKOS.

BY OSCURO WILDEGOOSE.

(Put into plain English for the benefit of Philistia.)

THIS mighty Empire seems in a bad way!
Of all that may a languorous bard delight
Our little Island is deserted, quite.
What now is left Me, but the moon to bay?
Loll on the hills, and cry, "Oh, lackaday!"
Who prates of Progress? Oh, come out of it,
My most superior Soul! Thou art not fit
For virile conflict or for manly play,
The Forum's toil, the labours of the Mart.
Nasty rude people rage with impudent cries
Against the worship of dead centuries.
It mars my calm! In dreams of moony Art
And maudlin Cultchaw I will stand apart,
Since Providence proceeds not as I please!

A Hint for the Not-At-Home-Office.

IF the Seldom-at-Home Secretary would spare Mr. HOWARD VINCENT for a few months' residence in America, he might spend his time more profitably than he has lately done, by learning his business. The capture of WELLES, the man who tried to "blackmail" JAY GOULD, is a case in point. By clearing every letter-box in a certain district, putting on two hundred Detectives, one at each box, and arresting the first person who posted a letter to JAY GOULD, they caught their WELLES. In England, we should have left WELLES alone.

"KEEP IT DARK," OR OTHELLO ON THE RECENT POST OFFICE DIAMOND ROBBERY.—"Put out the light and then"—and then they went off "bag and baggage." Plenty of Diamond Merchants round and about that quarter, so it was very natural that the first question asked by an intelligent Detective should be, "Where was MOSES when the light went out?"

DR. McEVILLY, the able successor of Archbishop McHALE, exercises a strong personal influence on his clergy, who, as loyal to the Crown as true to their country, must not be described as McEvilly-disposed persons.

Æstheticism hasn't much chance here, as the worship of the Lily is confined to the Monarchists. *The Lily and the Bee!* Both out of luck in France just now.

Alas, poor GRÉVY! How pleasant it must be for the master of a household to be ruled by his butler! GAMBETTA is *L'Homme Nécessaire*—the man for the time; but for what time? PAUL BERT, Rampant Vivisectionist and Ferocious Freethinker—whose idea of liberty of thought is to compel everyone to think as he does—is a difficulty. At the Bert idea Boulevardiers haussent les épaules. *Démissions* coming in fast.

Mercredi.—A melancholy day, though entirely devoted to LECOCQ. Managed to console myself towards the hour of Madeira, after trying to look at BELOT's *Fleur de Crime*, by reflecting that if they are buying the book by thousands, there is still a future for the *Opéra-bouffe* in Paris. *Ceci console de cela.*

Jeudi.—Finished *Fleur de Crime* before I went out. What a poor attempt at combining ZOLA, ARTHUR ARNOULD, and the *Vie Parisienne*! Ah, give me *La Soirée Parisienne* at the Variétés, with Miss ÆNEA, DUPUIS, LASSOUCHE, and—surtout—toujours THÉO. That's true Parisian: an ex-Prefect, qui s'émancipe, a Bretonne beginning her career as an amuseuse. THÉO's a divinity—I mean I take a loge to see THÉO, and that's the sort of Théologian I am.

Vendredi at the Vaudeville. SARDOU's *Odette*. Much better have let it remain an Owe'd Debt. One person, at all events, thinks very highly of it, and that is M. SARDOU.

A French Theatrical Agent asked me, "Has SARDOU's piece any chance in London?"

To which I at once replied, that it would be "a Has-Sardous piece to try." Ahem! Good-bye!

DISCOVERED AT LAST!—Exact Position of the Centre of Gravity.—The Office of "The Quarterly."

A PICTURE OF RESIGNATION.



WHILE RESIGNATION GENTLY SMOKES AWAY,
AND ALL HIS PROSPECTS BRIGHTENING SO FAST—
HE RECOMMENCES ERE HIS WORD BE PAST.
Goldsmith (Bismarckian Translation).

Plenty of Brass!

A BRASS QUARTET are anxious to find a Room in a Private House where they could practise once or twice weekly for two hours during the afternoon; terms 4d. to 6d. an hour; a disused work-room would suit.—Apply, &c.

WHAT may result from the above advertisement in the *Standard* it is impossible to tell, but the owner of the "private house" who may meet the advertiser, will certainly do so at the cost of his privacy. The Brass Band may "blow by stealth," but they will certainly have to "blush to find it fame."

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.—The Established Church of Scotland will probably do away with "Moderators," and use the Electric Light.

Summary, but Suggestive.

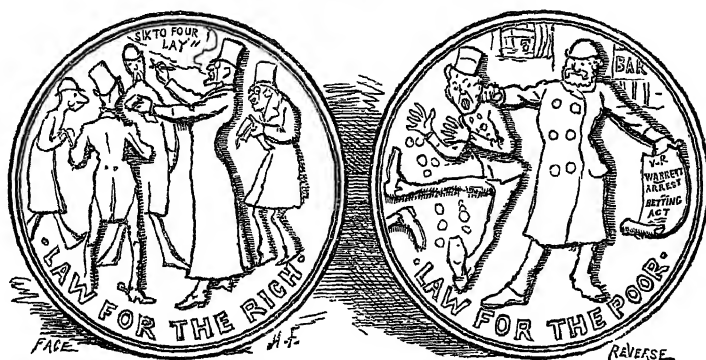
At Tunis, the other day, according to telegram—

"An Arab who was accused of placing stones on the railway metals, was shot this morning close to the Bey's palace."

As it is stated only that the Arab was accused, not also that he was convicted, of attempting to upset a railway train, it cannot yet be said with exact justice that they manage these things better in Tunis.

SENSATION FOR MESSRS. CONQUEST AND MERITT.—Revive *Smike*, with all the horrors of Dotheboys Hall. It ought to be a regular Surr-ey Drama.

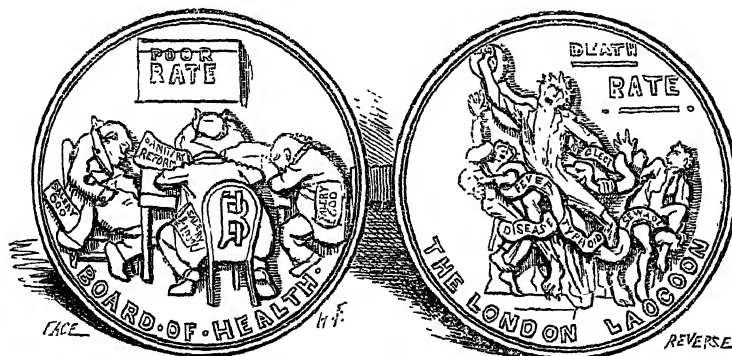
PUNCH'S PRIZE MEDALS.



The Rose and the Ring; or, under the one and in the other. Medal struck to commemorate the recent Treasury Prosecution under the Betting Act.



Bourke and Turk. Medal struck by the Sultan to commemorate an eminently satisfactory settlement.



Medal to commemorate the existence of the Typhoid Beds and Fever Dens of London, 1881.

STRICTLY ACCORDING TO PRECEDENT.

"The concentration of the various departments of the War-Office and the Admiralty has long been recognised as one of the most important requirements of the public service. . . . Whitehall will be equally divided between the War-Office and the Admiralty."—*Morning Paper*.

SCENE—Hall of the Proposed Combined Naval and Military Office.

Enter One of the Public, as an Inquirer, timidly.

Inquirer (after waiting ten minutes, addressing Intelligent Messenger). Oh, can you tell me—?

Intelligent Messenger (promptly). Yes, Sir, certainly, Sir. Public or private business, Sir?

I. Oh, it isn't private, it's—

I. M. (cutting him short). Something about a contract, no doubt, Sir?

I. (hesitating). Well, yes—

I. M. To be sure, Sir. Well, you had better go to Sub-Division 7—or, no, perhaps to Room G. Yes, I think Room G would do, Sir.

I. Thank you. Can you direct me?

I. M. Certainly, Sir. Down that passage, Sir, up that gallery, through the corridor. Then up two flights of stairs, and then turn to the right.

(Attending to someone else.) Public or private business, Sir?

[Inquirer disappears, and, after some difficulty, stumbles into Room F, which is occupied by three Officials busily engaged in doing nothing in particular.

Inquirer (timidly). Oh, if you please—

Junior Official (sharply). About naval cocked-hats?

I. No—not exactly.

J. O. Then we can't attend to you. Better try the Military side.

I. The Messenger told me that perhaps Sub-Division 7 would suit me.

J. O. Very likely—try it.

I. Could you kindly tell me where it is?

J. O. Haven't the faintest idea. Good morning! Shut the door after you.

[Inquirer retires, and after traversing (at the contrary direction of various Messengers) about a quarter of a mile of passages and staircases, at length reaches Sub-Division 7. It is a large apartment, occupied by four Officials as busily engaged in doing nothing in particular as those he has already seen.

Inquirer (timidly). Oh, if you please—

Senior Official. Yes—you have come about sentry-boxes?

I. No—not exactly.

S. O. Then we can't help you. Try the Naval side.

I. I have tried the Naval side, and—

S. O. Quite so. But as your business is not relative to sentry-boxes, we can't assist you. Good morning!

[Inquirer retires, opens a door in the same passage, and suddenly finds himself face to face with an angry-looking Gentleman in fierce moustaches.

Angry-looking Gentleman (exploding). Here! Hi! Here! Mr. FITZ-PLANTAGENET! Mr. FITZ-PLANTAGENET!

Private Secretary (entering hurriedly and removing Inquirer). What do you mean, Sir, by intruding upon the privacy of the Head of a great Military Department?

I. I am very sorry, Sir, but I wanted information—

Priv. Sec. (severely). Then obtain it in the proper way. [Disappears, leaving Inquirer in the passage.

Inquirer. I won't be beaten. I will try another.

[Enters another room in same passage, and discovers a good-natured looking old Gentleman in spectacles.

Good-natured Old Gent. (heartily). Ah! here you are at last! I am glad you have come yourself, as I think it right to tell you that the champagne you sent in is quite a different brand from—

Inquirer (puzzled). I beg your pardon—

Good-natured Old Gent. (taking in the situation). Ha! ha! ha! (Calling out.) SINGLETON! SINGLETON! Come here, my boy! (Enter Private Secretary.) I say, SINGLETON—never had such a joke in my life. Ha! ha! ha! I took this gentleman for my wine-merchant. And he's come on public business! Take him away. Good day, Sir. Mr. SINGLETON, will attend to you. Ha! ha! ha!

Private Secretary (after regaining the passage). I say, he's a kind-hearted old fellow, don't you know, but you oughtn't to invade a Naval Lord in that way. Never mind; don't do it again. [Exit into his own room.

Inquirer (losing his temper). They don't know me if they think I am going to submit to this sort of thing!

[Tries half-a-dozen departments, with the result of learning that they deal respectively and exclusively with Cavalry Sabretaches, Naval Stores, Military Schoolmasters, Pay of Ship's Carpenters, Army Chaplains, Field Allowances, and Tarpaulin Coverings for Sheet-Anchors.

Inquirer (exhausted). I must continue my journey to-morrow. (Seeing Intelligent Messenger.) Will you please show me the way out?

I. M. Certainly, Sir, first turning to the right, second to the left, then turn down the corridor, go up a staircase, and ask again. (Recognising his questioner.) Hope you have found out what you wanted, Sir?

I. No, I haven't. It is most annoying. I have come about an invention.

I. M. (smiling). An invention, Sir! Oh, I, or anyone else in the Combined Department (even the smallest paperboy) could have told you all about that, Sir.

I. Oh, you could—could you? And what could you have told me?

I. M. No offence, Sir—only save you trouble, Sir. Whatever your invention is, Sir, you may be sure it won't be wanted!

(Exeunt severally. Curtain.)

HUNTING.

Illustrated by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



Show Meet.



Up to Weight.



Mounted on a thorough good Fencer.



Going to Covert.

HOW THE RICH LIVE.

(Inspired by a Daily Telegraphic course of "How the Poor Live" Articles, and written by One who won't be Crowded Out.)

FEELING that no panoramic sketch of such a kind as I have proposed to myself could be complete without a close inspection of one of the mansions in Belgrave Square, I repaired there yesterday, and waited my opportunity.

There was the usual question as soon as the door was opened, as to "what I wanted," rendered all the more embarrassing by the fact, that five lackeys, in the rich plum-coloured plush, white cashmere cloth shoulder-knots and hair-powder, constituting the livery of the house, were drawn up in a line on the polished porphyry of the hall, apparently awaiting the descent of the family to breakfast. The situation, however, being not unfamiliar to me, I knew what to do. Dashing past them with a rush, and making for the stairs, I bounded up the first flight five steps at a time, just pausing for a second amidst a forest of exotics on the half landing, to inform them, as they seemed inclined to follow me, that I was merely "going to wind the drawing-room clock." This had its desired effect. They returned to the porphyry, and in another couple of leaps I had entered the splendid suite of reception-rooms of the establishment.

For a moment, the dazzling splendour of everything about me, fairly dumbfounded me. The ceiling entirely hidden with chandeliers, the floor covered with a velvet pile so rich, that I sank in it up to my ankles, and stumbled as I trod; bullioned tassels, blue Lyons satin, gold arm-chairs, chiming Louis XV. clocks, Cupids by WOUWERMAN, and full-length family portraits frowning at me which ever way I cast my eyes, all helped to produce a dazzling effect of such luxury and refinement, for it was as yet hardly nine A.M., that for a moment I was off my guard, and threw myself into a cushioned fauteuil, to drink in the splendour of the whole thing. As I did so, a little playful well-bred scream roused me to myself. I turned sharply round with an apology. I had sat down on a Duchess. She was a magnificent creature in a delicate tulle peignoir, and was absorbed in the selection of tiaras of diamonds, several trays of which, sent on approval from the nearest jewellers, lay scattered about her, even at this early hour, in all directions on the floor.

"And what do you want?" she said, looking up with an air of such perfect *ton* that I felt instantly at my ease, and without further hesitation, striking the comic *Paul Pry* attitude I found of such use when discovered by the Royalties the other day under the dining-room table at family prayers, I assumed a pleasing leer.

"I hope I don't intrude, your Grace?" I said; "but the fact is, I've heard so much of how the rich live, that I thought I would just look in for myself to see what it really was like."

"So do," she rejoined, with a pretty inclination of the head, trying on three or four of the costliest tiaras at once as she spoke; and I was about to produce my note-book, for the purpose of taking down the weekly amount of the washing of the establishment and a few other domestic particulars, when an angry oath and the rattle of a dice-box from the door of a boudoir at the furthest end of the magnificent suite attracted my attention. "Ah! those naughty boys!" said the Duchess, shaking her bewitching head this time

almost seriously, "they are still at it! and PLANTAGENET promised me not to sit up later than half-past five." I did not wait for permission, but pushed the door gently, and put my head in.

The sounds were easily accounted for. Two Earls and an heir-presumptive in evening dress, with white lips, bloodshot eyes, tall glasses of brandy-and-water, and trembling hands, were seated round a small card-table literally creaking beneath the piles of bank-notes and gold with which it was heaped. Games of chance and packs of cards were strewn about the floor. Each of the players was provided with a dice-box, but I noticed that they all three wore "advantage cuffs," and dexterously changed the table-dice for a set of their own concealed in a back-trick pocket, whenever it came to their individual turn to throw. I watched them for about five-and-twenty minutes. They were throwing nothing but sixes. "Well," I said, giving a cheery twinkle of my eye all round, "you seem to be going it, anyhow." Before they had time to kick me out, I was once more seated opposite the Duchess, note-book in hand.

"I have often read in the Society papers," I remarked, "of the way in which your young nobles, your Grace, get through a pot of money every night at the gambling-clubs in Regent Street. But, bless me, that don't seem a patch upon that little affair over yonder." I gave a familiar wink in the direction of the boudoir as I spoke. The Duchess smiled.

"Ah! the naughty boys!" she said; "they will do it, though they know it annoys the Duke. By the way," she added, considerably, "I dare say you would like to look at the Duke. He is up-stairs, in bed."

I was on my feet in a moment. "Immensely!" I rejoined, making for the door, and again tripping up in the velvet pile in my hurry. "My dear Duchess, a live Duke in bed would be worth anything. I shall make half a column out of him if I make a line. Which is the room?"

"Second floor, best back," she said; then added, with a silvery little laugh, "but take care you don't go to the wrong room; for we're full of guests just now, and they're sure not to be down yet."

"Oh, nobody ever minds me!" I said, making a comic exit, to give point to my speech, and in another instant I was on the landing above, opening the doors, without knocking, one by one, and getting a few boots and hot-water cans thrown at my head as I went along. At last I reached evidently the door of the "best back" in question. This, then, was the Duke's.

I never knock; and so, with a good-humoured rush, I was through the door, and in another second standing behind the head curtains of a massive *ormolu* four-poster. "What is it *this* time?" inquired a feeble and melancholy voice from the recesses of the full Swansdown pillows—"Not the Gas?"

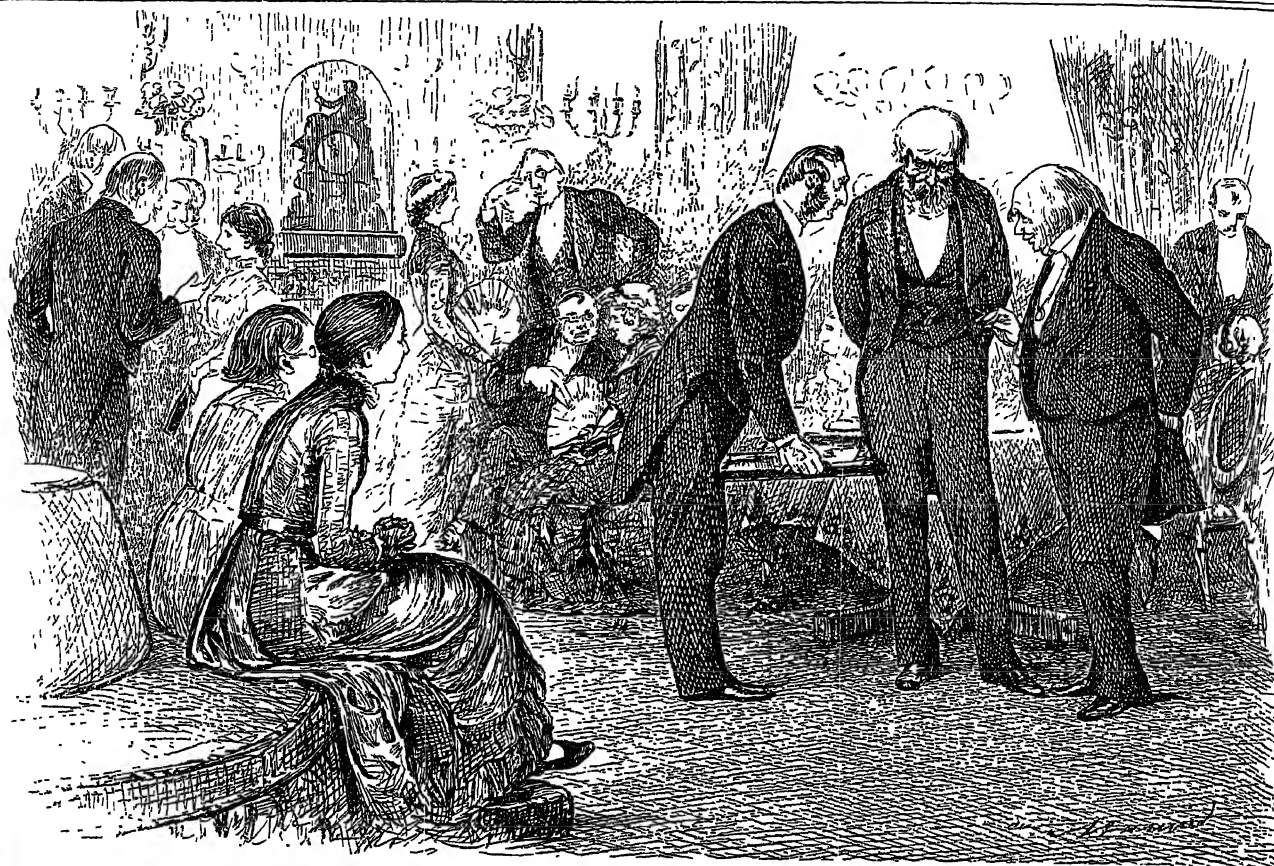
"No, it is not the Gas," I said, springing out with an agreeable *bonhomie*, and taking up my position adroitly at the foot of the bed so as to enable me to get a good view of its occupant. "No, I've only just looked in to see how you're getting on,—just to make about a couple of columns out of you, you know,—that's all."

"Ah! well, I'm glad it's not the gas," continued the Duke in a relieved tone of voice; "take a chair, and I'll give you some particulars."

There was no doubt about it being the Duke. He might have been two-and-fifty, for a somewhat worn and wizened, but well chiselled countenance emerged from the spotless sheets, surmounted by a *cerise* satin nightcap, on the front of which the escutcheon of his house was embroidered in brass metal-work.

"You are remarking my head-gear," he said, as an involuntary "Well, I never!" escaped me. "The Duchess will insist upon it. In case of a fire breaking out at night, she wouldn't have me shot down the escape without some distinctive mark of my position in Society about me. So I have to sleep in this. There's a bicycle bell on the top, too, to give notice of my approach." And as he spoke the poor old Nobleman bobbed his head, and rattled the tinkling appendage in sulky illustration. "It keeps me awake all night when I'm restless; but it costs money, and that's enough, for there are no limits to the boundless extravagance that goes on in this establishment. And I have to pinch and scrow to make up for it. Talk of how the rich live! You little know the shifts conscientious heads of families like me are put to, to enable women like the Duchess and the rest of them to go it as they like. The very ribbon of the Garter I wear at dinner is backed with cotton; and, hang it all! if I go to a play by myself, it's always in the upper boxes with an order that's of no use after seven. Then, look at my exercise. Why, the very piebald that takes me up and down the Row every morning, has been so long in a circus that if ever he sees a street-organ, he sits down, with me on his back, and won't move on again till I've managed to imitate the Clown's voice, and said, 'Now, CHARLEY, here's a policeman a-coming!' And the creature cost me five pounds from an Omnibus Company! Ah! you outsiders little know how some of us live! Here am I with every acre of timber cut down in five counties, and reduced to spending half the day in bed to save shoe-leather."

At this moment the breakfast-bell rang loudly below.



OUT OF IT.

Miss Ludoosh. "OH, LOOK, PALLADIA! THE TWO GREAT SCIENTISTS OF THE DAY IN EARNEST AND INTIMATE COMMUNION! HOW BEAUTIFUL IT WOULD BE TO HEAR THEIR CONVERSATION! HOW I ENVY MRS. LYON HUNTER'S BUTLER!"

Miss Meagrim. "OH YES! DEMOLISHING SOME TIME-HONOURED, OUT-WORN CREED IN EVERY SENTENCE! HOW THEY WOULD APPRECIATE WOMEN LIKE YOU AND ME, CYNTHIA!"

Mr. Professor. "MRS. PONSONBY DE TOMKYN'S? I SHOULD THINK SO! THE DEAREST CREATURE THAT EVER LIVED! SUCH A THOROUGH WOMAN OF THE WORLD, YOU KNOW! TELLS SUCH CAPITAL STORIES, AND GIVES SUCH CAPITAL DINNERS!"

M. le Professeur. "Hé, hé! AND 'OW VELL SHE DRESS! AND SHE DANCE LIKE AN ANGEL! AND VAT A SHARRMING FIGURE! AND VAT A PRETTY FOOT! HEIN, MON AMI?"

THE WAR GAME.

[The *Standard* Correspondent says that America has recently produced a new weapon—the "Lyman-Haskell Accelerating Multicharge Gun," and a torpedo with a dynamite charge, called "The Destroyer."]

THESE are piping times of peace, but our armaments increase,
And how heedfully each nation strives to keep its powder dry.
Lo! the German glowers at France, who returns the warlike glance,
With a thought of what may happen in Lothringen by-and-by.

We it seems are just as bad with each mighty iron-clad,
With the fearsome guns of FRASER known as "Woolwich Infants" grand,

With torpedo-boats that go 'neath the water at the foe,
And our terrible projectiles that fly far o'er sea and land.

Now America awakes, and we find her crying, "Snakes!
Shall the stranger beat the Yankee, and haul down the starry flag?
Here's the Lyman-Haskell gun whips the English eighty-one,
And it goes off with four charges—that's our plan of playing 'Brag.'"

"Then our new torpedo-boat beats all other craft afloat,
For it sends the deadly missile full six hundred yards and more;
'The Destroyer' it is hight, with its charge of dynamite,
And 'twill serve to warn the foemen off our well-protected shore."

Thus all nations arm apace and press forward in the race
For the deadliest of weapons and for armaments of might;
And poor Peace exclaims, "Ah, me! shall I one day have to flee?
Do these warlike preparations not forebode a future fight?"

QUEER SORT OF SPORT.—"Shooting Gaiters."

LÉON AND THE LITTLE 'UNS.

M. LÉON GAMBETTA, failing to obtain the best men for his Cabinet, has, *faute de mieux*, chosen some Gam-better men. The projected Grand Ministère doesn't appear, but the LÉON has his jackals-in-office about him, and that will suffice. They form, doubtless, a loyal, though not a Grand Ministère, of which it may be said, parodying *Polonius*:—

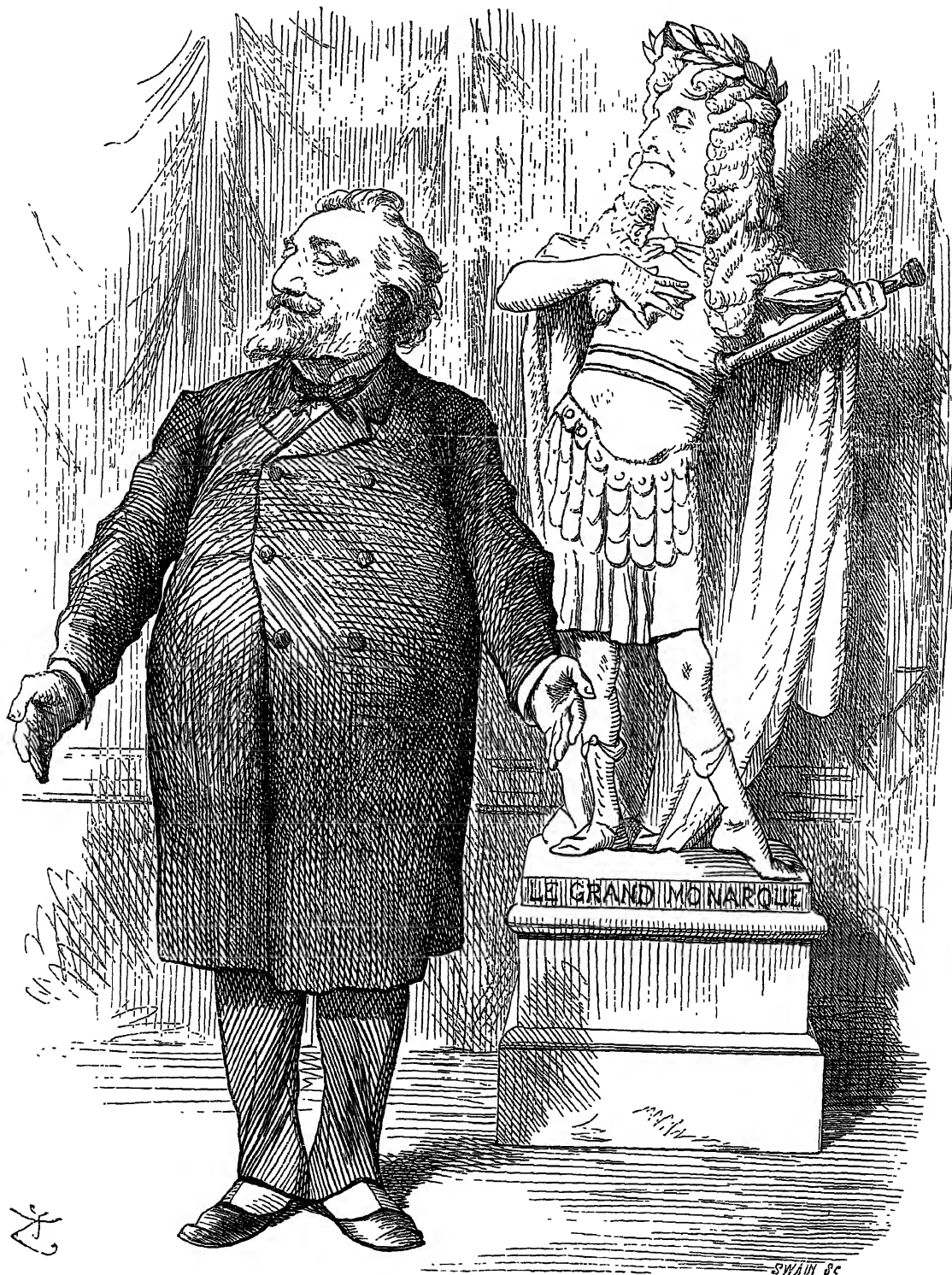
"'Tis true 'tis petit, très petit: tho' petit 'tis, 'tis true."

As interested but unprejudiced spectators of the new drama, we withhold our applause until the first genuine hit shall have been made. Will the Author and Star Actor pose as a Chasseur d'Afrique? Well, chorus, Gentlemen, if you please:—

"LÉON s'en va-t-il en guerre?
Miron-ton, Miron-ton, Miron-taine!
Mais, sans le Grand Ministère
L'Etat—c'est GAMBET-ta!"

French and English Duelling.

DUELLENG exists in England, as it does in France, but it follows the lines of English cookery. There is a touch of "Bleeding Beef" about it. Yesterday, M. PAUL DE CASSAGNAC fought his sixteenth duel without injury, his opponent, M. DE MONTEBELLO, being wounded, but not as much injured as he would have been by drinking the champagne which bears his name. In England, JOHN HENRY BEEDHAM and JAMES NEWMAN fought their first duel with fists, the cause of quarrel being the guilt or innocence of the penniless LEEFROY. BEEDHAM was killed, according to the English fashion—the fashion of mad bulls. In France they fight like dancing-masters and gentlemen.



“L’ÉTAT C’EST MOI!!!”

SCHOOL BOARD AND WASHING:

OR, NO SOFT SOAP!



ALLEGORICAL Statuette presented by the Seldom-at-Home Secretary as a *Surr-prize* to the energetic Lady who is here represented as cleaning the St. Paul's-Dirty-Industrial-Schoolboy-System. N.B.—They want a regular wash and brush-up all round; and even Mr. SCRUTTON professes himself anxious for a thorough Scruttony. *Magna est Veritas et Praybelievit!*

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF CRUSHER.

A TALE OF MODERN STUCCOPOLIS.

(With Apologies to the Shade of Edgar Allan Poe.)

DURING the whole of a dull, damp, and chilly afternoon in the autumn of the year, I had been wandering through a singularly dreary suburb of Stuccopolis, and at length found myself, as the sooty gloom of evening settled down, within view of the melancholy house of CRUSHER. I know not how it was, but at the first glimpse of the building a sense of insufferable depression possessed my spirit. I looked upon the scene before me—upon the chill grey house, and the sentry-box-like stiffness of its surroundings—upon the blank bare walls—upon the empty eye-like windows—upon a few shrivelled evergreens—and upon a few sooty trunks of spindly, scarce-rooted trees—with an utter depression of soul, which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-thought of one who has married a toothless piece of antiquity for her money, and finds that it is all invested in Turkish Bonds or Jerry-builders' bad bargains.

The recent purchaser of this house, BRODRICK CRUSHER, had been one of my companions in boyhood, but I had lost sight of him for years. A letter, however, had lately reached me from him, which, in its wildly importunate character, had admitted of no other than a personal reply. "Come, for Heaven's sake, come, old man!" it ran; "for I am down on my luck about this blessed new house of mine to that extent, that earthquakes and railway smashes are not a circumstance to it." What could I do but go?

Its principal feature seemed to be a combination of raw newness and premature antiquity. An infant with wrinkles could not be

more incongruously ghastly. The discoloration of ages seemed to have settled on its six-months'-old face. There appeared to be a wild inconsistency between its untuned crudeness and its crumbling dilapidation. The eye of a scrutinising observer might have discovered a barely perceptible fissure—wider in no part than a couple of inches, or so—which, extending from the pretentiously ornate roof, made its way down the wall, in a zigzag direction, until it became lost in the mangy turf of the diminutive fore-court.

Upon my entrance, CRUSHER arose from his arm-chair with a gingerly caution and hesitation which at first made me doubtful of my welcome. But I soon found that the reason of his tiptoe trepidation of manner was—not inhospitality. The man had, for reasons I could not yet divine, got into so mysteriously nervous a condition that he was, literally, *afraid to move*. To an anomalous species of terror I found him a bounden slave. "I shall perish," said he; "I *must* perish in this deplorable folly. Thus, thus, and not otherwise, shall I be lost!" "What the deuce do you mean, old fellow?" said I with unromantic directness of speech, and stamping my foot with a certain instinctive impatience of his morbid poltroonery. A singular sound—hollow, ghostly, vague, vault-like, all-permeating, nowhere-everywhereish—was the only answer to my petulant inquiry. It made even *me* feel uncomfortable.

CRUSHER had grown mysteriously like unto his house. Its *physique* seemed to have interpenetrated his, and to have wrought a kindred change upon the *morale* of his existence. His complexion had the aspect of unbaked dough kept till it had got musty—like that of the house. He seemed all creaks, cracks, and crevices—like the house. He seemed dull, dingy, tremulously senile, and prematurely paralytic—again like the house. "A nice time I'm going to have of it in this dreary abode, with this dismal hypochondriac!" thought I.

Our books—the books which for months had formed no small portion of the mental existence of the invalid—were, as might be supposed, in strict keeping with the circumstances. We pored together over such works as *Mudd on Bricks and Mortar*, *Juggins's Jerry-builder's Guide*, and *Diddlem's District-Surveyor's Vade Mecum*. I was indescribably bored, but also enlightened somewhat, both as to the genesis and character of my poor friend's malady, and what I may call the "Mysteries of Stuccopolis." In fact, I began better to understand the case, both from a mental and a tenemental point of view.

"Get out of it at any cost. Sell it off, if only as builder's rubbish," was my advice. But CRUSHER, with the irritable perversity of a monomaniac, said he would see me—in short, he *wouldn't*. He had given a good round sum for the freehold you see, and didn't like being done. Though whether acute rheumatism and long repairing bills were not worse than—but no matter.

It was an awful night. A family of promising young whirlwinds were apparently in full training in our vicinity. It appeared to me that from every portion of the house came ripping, cracking, and splitting sounds, mingling with the rattling of the casements and the clattering of flying slates and falling chimney-pots. "Look here, CRUSHER," said I, "if you haven't had enough of this, I have. Come out of it, man! Why fall a willing victim to knavish Jerry-builders and negligent Surveyors? Come!"

For a moment he remained; trembling and hesitating upon the threshold; then with a low, moaning cry, fell heavily inward in a swoon of mingled terror and tightfistedness.

From that chamber and from that mansion I fled aghast. The storm was still at its height. Suddenly the moon shone forth from a driving cloud. It shone vividly on that barely discernible fissure, of which I have before spoken as zigzagging down the face of the building. While I gazed this fissure rapidly widened—there came a fierce blast of the co-operative whirlwinds—my brain reeled as I saw the mud-reared walls rushing asunder. There was a long tumultuous crashing like the voice of a thousand coal-shoots: and the damp and dingy forecourt at my feet disappeared suddenly and wholly under the frontage-fragments of the "House of CRUSHER!"

Startling Announcement.

THE Ex-Governor of Canada having but just returned to his native land, a newspaper announces that "Yesterday morning, the Marquis of LOAN and the Princess LOUISE were driven from Eaton Hall to Chester." Poor things! "Driven from Eaton Hall!" what a shame! But, of course, no violence was used to the illustrious couple.

"SIEMEN'S Electric Light!" exclaimed Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM. "Why don't they use it in the Navy, and prevent accidents?"

UNCANNY NEWCASTLE.

A CERTAIN Mr. W. ROBSON, a cattle-dealer, of Darlington, was summoned for having caused a cow to be cruelly ill-treated at the Newcastle market. The poor animal was suffering in her feet, and also from being allowed to go too long without milking, those facts being vouched for by a veterinary surgeon, while the defendant said if the cow were milked it would spoil the market. Several witnesses were called to prove the cruelty, though others testified that there had been none, notably a gentleman who had been convicted of a similar offence, and therefore was, no doubt, a judge of such matters. In the end the Bench dismissed the summons, holding that there was not sufficient evidence of cruelty, certainly a most remarkable decision in the face of the testimony reported, and one which shows that humanity to animals is not a weakness of the Magistrates of Newcastle. Vivisectionist friends at a distance, please receive this intimation.

To John Bright, M.P.

On his Seventieth Birthday.

STOUT JOHN BRIGHT,
Whether wrong or right,
Whatever you
Set your hand to do,
You did it with all your might.

SOBRIQUET FOR MR. SIDNEY GRUNDY (*Author of the latest novelty at the Royalty Theatre*).
—"The Literary Dust-man."

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 59.



MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD.

ADMIT THAT HOMER SOMETIMES NODS, THAT POETS DO WRITE TRASH,
OUR BARD HAS WRITTEN "BALDER DEAD," AND ALSO BALDER-DASH.

A SONG OF SIXPENCE.

SING a Song of Sixpence—
Cabmen warm and dry—
Four-and-twenty Cabmen,
drinking on the sly;
When they left the "Shelter"
For fares they couldn't shirk,
The rain had come a pelter
On beasts half dead with
work:
Sing a Song of Sixpence—
Philanthropy's awry,
Which leaves these wretched
cattle
To shiver till they die.

We Pause for a Reply.

ONCE a year General BROWN-
RIGG, in his capacity of a Med-
dleve Magistrate, insists that
all soldiers shall be welcomed
and respected in all public
places of entertainment that
are licensed under the infa-
mous and stupid Act of GEORGE
THE SECOND. Judging from
the past conduct of soldiers in
the streets, and from certain
"outrages" that have occurred
lately, we may ask General
BROWN-RIGG whether a soldier
in uniform is altogether cal-
culated to inspire confidence
and respect in the minds of
the Public and Music-Hall
proprietors?

Is Mr. MATTHEW ARNOLD
an extreme Land-Leaguer?
asks a Correspondent who,
having heard the title of one
of his poems read out, viz.,
"Resignation. To Forster,"
—wouldn't wait for the re-
mainder. The question is
natural: only on referring to
the book we found that
"FORSTER" is spelt "FAUSTA."

NECKLONG.

(After "Neckan"—a reckless, neck-or-nothing attempt.)

In summer, in Sky-Limbo,
High o'er PHILISTIA's throng,
Sits NECKLONG with his harp of gold,
And thrums a dismal song.
Thick herds, beneath Sky-Limbo,
The incult dull British P.,
And there Gath's shallow singers chaunt
Their *Laus Philistiae*.
They sing not of High Culture,
In pure perfection pale,
Of earth, gross earth, the Gathites sing—
They have no other tale.
But NECKLONG, in Sky-Limbo,
Soft pipes a sombre stave,
Sweetness and Light inspire his lay,
Bland taste and manners suave.
He chaffs the swell Barbarian,
He chides the stolid clown,
The dull dissenter, BOTTLES,
JONES, ROBINSON, and BROWN.
Upon the middle classes
His feather-flail he lays,

And the D. T.'s "young lions" mocks,
Whose roars to him are brays.
Pooh-pooheth all the Parties,
Their fuss and fi-to-fum,
And twitteth their small tweedledee,
And smaller tweedledum.
He sings how from the Chapel
Comes nought but narrow pride,
And how the Church's shibboleths
Pure Reason doth deride.
How Beauty, lone, sits weeping,
Midst wastes that round her lie,
"PHILISTIA shares my state," she weeps,
"No cultured mate have I."
How if that fed on Sweetness,
Exposed to Light's soft rain,
Even the Philistine himself
True Culture might attain.
He sings how on an evening,
Beneath the willows cool,
He sat and thrummed upon his harp,
And wept into the pool.

Beside the pool sat NECKLONG,
Tears filled his soft blue eye;
On his slow mule, across the bridge,
The Philistine rode by.
"Why sitt'st thou there, O NECKLONG,
And thrumm'st thy harp of gold?
'Tis pretty twangling, I admit,
But finical and cold.
"A soft-curl'd SAMSON, doubtless,
Or dandy DAVID, you;
But all your songs and sneers won't dash
PHILISTIA's merry crew."
The Philistine rode onwards,
And vanished with his mule;
And NECKLONG, in the twilight grey,
Wept on into the pool.
He wept: "This earthly blindness
Would shame the burrowing moles.
By Hecate, I begin to doubt
If Philistines have souls!"
All Summer, in Sky-Limbo,
Above PHILISTIA's throng,
Sits NECKLONG with his harp of gold,
And pipes this plaintive song.



EXPERTO CREDE."

Husband (of a scientific turn, who had been Lunching in the City). "MY DEAR, 'D YOU READ THESHE CUR'OUSH 'NVEST'GASH'ONSH 'BOUT THE EARTHSH TREMOURSH?—'XPER'ENSH'D 'EM M'SHELF CONSHT'LY!!"

THE DIGNITY OF CONSTABLES.

CONTEMPORARY foreign intelligence, last week, included an account of exploits performed, as follows, by two Englishmen of rank, who assisted at a satisfactory—

"CAPTURE OF BRIGANDS.—*Bronte (Sicily), Nov. 12.*—Two brigands were captured yesterday by the Hon. ALEXANDER HOOD, with the help of three policemen, and some people employed at Bronte. Viscount BRIDPORT was present at the capture. The arrest has created a good impression among the populace."

Let the Honble. ALEXANDER come over here. Plenty of work for him and three policemen. We know that, in the Middle Ages, the Lord High Constable was a dignified officer of the Crown. The Constable of the Tower was a tremendous swell. So also could be the Constable of Brompton Boilers, the Constable of Cromwell Road, and so forth. Hang the Brigands! Let Greeks catch Greeks, and do you ALEXANDER with your staff come and help our Bungling Bobbies to catch the Brutal Burglars in the act of burgling.

POET'S CORNER.

Or Nonsense Rhymes on well-known Names.

(Jovial.)

SAYS MUNDELLA to BRIGHT,
"Let's stop out all night."
SAYS BRIGHT to MUNDELLA,
"Then bring your umbrella."

(Mansion-Housey.)

SAYS BOWMAN to CARDEN,
"Police I won't pardon."
SAYS CARDEN to BOWMAN,
"Go quietly home, man."

(Dramatic Author and Manager.)

SAYS GRUNDY to HENDERSON,
"My play! a tremendous 'un!"
SAYS HENDERSON to GRUNDY,
"I stop it next Monday."

(Haymarketable.)

SAYS SIDDONS to BANCROFT,
"For good plays I hanker off."
SAYS BANCROFT to SIDDONS,
"Good bye! A good riddance."

(Musical.)

SAYS STRAUSS to PIATTI,
"How are you, my 'earty?"
SAYS PIATTI to STRAUSS,
"Get out of the 'ouse."

(Tailoring and Costume.)

SAYS POOLE to HYAM,
"Why, who can buy 'em?"
SAYS HYAM to POOLE,
"I make 'em for TOOLE."

(At Bow Street.)

SAYS WADDY to INGHAM,
"A chorus let's sing 'em."
SAYS INGHAM to WADDY,
"Tol lol de rol luddy."

The Criminal In[ve]stigation Department.

THE Police, acting under superior orders, have again been trying to make crime in order to punish it. Jonathan-Wildism, without its cleverness, appears to be rampant in Scotland Yard, though Jonathan Bradfordism has caught it in the north. Ready-money betting, nursed and stimulated by the Police, is brought up for judgment at Marlborough Street, and the sitting Magistrate, Mr. MANSFIELD, is so indignant, that he threatens to commit the Police! The Treasury representative whines at this, and thinks the Detective Force may as well be at once disbanded. The Public probably think so, too; but for very different reasons.

SOME REAL LONDON IMPROVEMENTS VERY STRONGLY RECOMMENDED TO THE FIRST COMMISSIONER.—Continue the width of the thoroughfare as it is at St. Martin's Church right up to Bloomsbury, and make a clean sweep—oh, the filthy, dirty sweeps to be seen there now!—of Hart Street, Soho, and the Dials. Tell the noble owners to come and inspect their own property themselves, without the intervention of middlemen and muddlemen, and appoint an independent Court to sit regularly every day as Freehold Land Commissioners, to hear tenants' complaints and claims, and see what can be done for the health and happiness of the community.

HOW TO IMPROVE LONDON.

SOME OF OUR STATUES.

A RAPID walk of a few minutes towards the river, brings us on to the Embankment. Here we find plenty of statues of all sorts, the golden rule of the Metropolitan Board of Works being, when in doubt as to what to do with somebody's effigy, "Plant it opposite the Thames in a flower bed!" The first exception to this rule is—

Isambard Kingdom Brunel, Victoria Embankment. ISAMBARD is turning his back upon the Temple Station of the Underground Railway, as if he would insist that he has no sympathy with that great rival to the London General Omnibus Company. The sculptor



Ornamental.

has given the celebrated engineer a pair of trousers of peculiar construction, which are chiefly remarkable for buttons at the ankles. The misfit of the statue's waistcoat is, so to speak, "toned down" by a couple of greatcoats. He seems to have quarrelled with his hairdresser—who, in revenge, has arranged his locks, after "cutting and shampooing, one shilling," in a grotesque, not to say

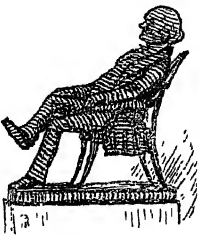


Useful.

ridiculous fashion. ISAMBARD is playing on a triangle, as if he had been taking part in a lucrative stroll with a perambulating German Band.

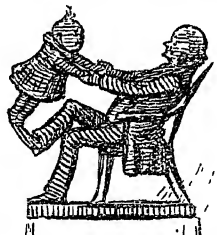
And now we come to two statues in a sitting posture. Those we have already examined are standing. They would make an admirable pair, and it is a thousand pities that they are separated. I allude, of course, to—

George Peabody, Royal Exchange, and John Stuart Mill, Victoria Embankment. The first is the more pleasing. The great American



Taking it Easy.

Philanthropist is lounging in an easy-chair with an air of the greatest contentment. He seems amused at the busy crowd passing and repassing him, and finds endless satisfaction in the stealthy contemplation of an adjacent drinking-fountain. Apparently he is chuckling over the



"One Touch of Nature."

failure of the Temperance Movement as evidenced by the contemptuous indifference with which the spring is avoided by the vast majority of foot-passengers. Altogether a very pleasant statue indeed. The effigy of JOHN STUART MILL on the Embankment is a marked contrast. Of course it is funny, but the humour is forced, not to say disagreeable. The great political economist is represented seated on an iron stool so constructed that the cushion placed upon it cannot be retained in its place. Consequently it has slipped down, causing Mr. MILL to wish to get up. This natural desire has been restrained. The martyr is seemingly mesmerised. In an attitude suggestive of extreme torture he gazes at the time-tables of the



Irritability.

District Railway, which have been placed just far enough away from him to be illegible. In his hand he has seemingly a Dictionary—the only literature the hard-hearted sculptor has given to him. His costume is a disgrace to his tradesmen. His coat is a shapeless garment, boasting only two buttons. His collar seems attached



"Look out below!"

to a flannel shirt. And as for his boots, no words can describe their hideous make. They are square-toed and "roomy." They suggest numberless bunions. Apparently aware that he has carried the joke

too far, the sculptor has given Mr. MILL, at the last moment, a waterproof sheet to be used no doubt as a covering to conceal the many absurdities of his model's toilette. But the great political economist will have nothing to do with it. He has been insulted—grossly insulted—and he treads the cloth of would-be conciliation indignantly underfoot.

Yours,

THE PERI-PATETIC.

SOLVING A DIPLOMATIC DIFFICULTY.

WHO shall officially represent British Interests at the Vatican? Can there be any hesitation in fixing on the very person—indeed, the only person for such an important post? Why, here is the Diplomatic Agent of all others, to whom, not even Cardinal MANNING, the *St. Giles's Journal*, nor the *Newdegate Calendar*, can possibly object.



PONCHE À LA ROMAINE, OR AN UN-ERRING-TON AGENT AT THE VATICAN.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

MR. PUNCH welcomes the Marquis of LORNE on his arrival in England, and trusts he will find his Royal Bride none the less blooming after her brief sojourn amid home scenes. The popular welcome which greeted the reunion of the young couple when the Marquis arrived in the Mersey, shows that public interest in the match has not faded by lapse of time. Every effort was made by the Railway Authorities to expedite the meeting. We read in the *Times* :—

"A special train was in readiness at Chester Station, and Her Royal Highness, accompanied by the Duke of WISTMINSTER, Lady SOPHIA MACNAMARA, LORD WALTER CAMPBELL, the Countess of GROSVENOR, and Lady BEATRICE CAVENDISH, departed in it from Woodside landing-stage."

Seeing that Woodside landing-stage is on the Mersey, and Chester (if following the sober example of Scotland, it stands where it did) is on the Dee, ten miles off, this is certainly one of the most remarkable feats in railway travelling ever performed, and worthily commemorates the visit of the Governor-General. This development of railway enterprise should not be confined to the Provinces, and we live in hope of seeing the day when, a special train being in readiness at Euston Station, we may depart in it from Gravesend Pier.

THE Agricultural Interest in danger? Not of neglect, at any rate. After the long, exhaustive, and interesting address of the President of the Statistical Society, one cannot help feeling that at least it is well CAIRD for!

PUBLIC EVENTS.

THE World was not destroyed on the 15th of November, and Prince BISMARCK has not resigned.

"DISTINGUO!"—MR. G. BARNETT-SMITH is announced this week to read a Paper before the Browning Society on the "Genius and Works of ROBERT BROWNING." Two separate subjects, evidently.

MR. FARINI advertises a "Tattooed Greek Nobleman and a Leopard Boy" at the Aquarium. We must believe in the Leopard Boy, as MR. FARINI has evidently spotted him and brought him here.



MISERIES OF LIFE.

Angler (taking a stroll on the day after the last day of trout-fishing). "THERE—AH!—HAVEN'T SEEN 'EM RISING LIKE THAT ALL THE SEASON!"

LINES TO A JAPANESE AIR.

I HAVE decked my dim-lit bower
With the peacock's plumes I love,
And the dado's dark below,
And the frieze is faint above:
I have decked my dim rich bower
In the last sweet style of Art;
With pale plates in a row
I have made my chamber smart!

The slender tables stand
On the waxed, the matted floor;
The convex mirrors gleam,
The horse-cloth drapes the door.
'Twas BOTTIGELLI'S hand
Drew Venus there, so sweet!
I sit as in a dream
Close huddled at her feet!

Oh, let me be Intense!
I pine, I yearn, I fade,
And my hair hangs o'er my brow,
And my necktie's disarrayed!
My soul is so immense, immense,
My culture is so vast,
I sometimes fancy, who knows how!—
That I shall burst at last!

NOTICE.

IN consequence of the crowded state of the publishing market and of the Bookstalls, and taking a hint from the *Illustrated* and the *Graphic*, &c., which have now brought Christmas to the beginning of November, we beg to announce that

"SUNNY DAYS,"

which is the title of our

EXTRA SPECIAL SUMMER NUMBER FOR 1883,

will be published

EARLY IN DECEMBER, 1881.

Immediate application is absolutely necessary in order to secure Copies.

THE SOLDIER'S BLACK BOOK.

(Not by Sir Garnet Wolseley.)

January.—As matters was a getting warm down Limehouse way though it was a fair stand-up fight and if a man stands on the edge of a wharf with his back to the water and gets knocked in and is smothered in the mud no one has a call to be astonished least of all himself and those who said as how he was looking at the water and I shoved him suddenly from behind are liars and know where to find me I determined to come up to the West End and join the Army the Guards for choice as they are the crackedest corpse HER MAJESTY possesses Which I did.

February.—I have found a real good lot of old pals in the Guards more especially TOMMY SKELTON who used to be described in the daily papers as "the Terror of the Neighbourhood" till he took to soldiering and a dirty little scrub of a newspaper man who sat in a box in the court all by himself and reported my cases villainously and with much malice took upon himself to apply the egregious term to me till I met him outside one day and he was in the hospital for three months and we are having great larks together There was a Irishwoman with a basket of oranges and because one night she wouldn't give us any for nothing we upset the whole lot and her too and she like the senseless nation to which she belongs must go and fall on a curb and break her ribs and Lord didn't we step it!

March.—How the Aristocracy pay their servants is a disgrace to the order and should be treated of severely by the Press. There was MARY JANE a nice little girl who lived in Eaton Square and I only borrowed a half-crown off her on the Monday and eighteen-pence on the Wednesday and ninepence on the Friday hadn't enough to pay for a pot of cooper on Saturday. I never meant to hurt the girl and she ought to have dodged the pewter and then the Sergeant says I have a bad character in the regiment instead of yelping up for me like one soldier for another. Fancy a Sergeant of Police saying that one of his men in trouble had got a bad character!

April.—Plank beds is a disgrace to a civilised country.

May.—Such a lark! MARY JANE had apologised and having two sovereigns about her I accepted her apologies magnificently and me

and TOMMY SKELTON and two more as proper good fellows as ever I met and would as soon think of breaking a plate-glass window in a house when the landlord was uncivil as of looking through it went to the theatre and added to the enjoyment of the audience by our remarks on the piece and we made one girl who had never been on the stage before so they said cry so natural that it was like life. And as we were being skimmed across the street a covey, an old man with white hairs remarked "soldiers again" as was his last remark till the toothmonger has replaced the seven or eight teeth which TOMMY SKELTON knocked down his throat where he could keep them more safe and out of the way of draughts as TOMMY said and so all laughed. Except the old gentleman.

June.—A truncheon is a handy weapon when you can get at it but give me the buckle end of a belt and to see those two Policemen being carried away on two stretchers was as good as free beer for a month.

July.—Those who said we was drunk tell lies for we were four of us and we had had two pots at the George and two pots at the Rose and Crown and a quatern of gin at the Pig and Thistle and another quatern at the Match-Box and a cove at the Cheddar Cheese had stood us two glasses of rum each and then we tossed three times for quarters at the Spotted Cow and then they wouldn't let us into a music hall They was as near losing their licence for that insult to the Queen's uniform as be blowed for we knocked over the check taker in his box and we bashed three waiters and a door keeper and the proprietor looked on life with one eye for a fortnight and two policemen went lame through running their shins against boots and the shoddy stuff of which the force's helmets is made was shown by there being no less than seven of them broken.

August, September, and October.—What I have said before about plank beds I now repeats though with three times the emphasis.

November.—It has done my heart good to read how the proprietors of music halls was pitched into by the Middlesex Magistrates for not hallowing soldiers in uniforms into their halls for if I had been admitted I shouldn't have been away for three months The Chaplain said that if we carried on like winking or words to that effect the Queen's uniform would never be respected He be blowed.



BEHIND THE SCENES.

Head Barnmaid. "THESE TARTS ARE QUITE STALE, MISS HUNT—BEEN ON THE COUNTER FOR A FORTNIGHT! WOULD YOU MIND TAKING THEM INTO THE SECOND-CLASS REFRESHMENT-ROOM?"

VERY LIKE A WAIL.

[The *Leeds Mercury* believes that the Government have decided not to attempt this year to deal with the water-supply of the Metropolis.]

I'm very fond of water, but it's really sad to know,
The harmful stuff that's now supplied is likely still to flow;
In vain I seek the liquid that contains no evil thing,
If not polluted in the pipes, 'tis poisoned at the spring;
'Twill drive me to take alcohol, for what's a man to do
Without a good and pure supply of limpid OH_2 ?

I've borne the London water long and known, when'er I quaffed
The tumbler, that Gennaro-like I drank a Borgia draught;
I knew, no matter though it shone with effervescence fair,
That all the strange organic germs of fell disease were there;
And still I risked my precious life and drank it morn and night,
And hoped to live to see the day when 'twould be pure and bright.

What matter though the potion reeked of deadly sewer gas,
Though mycozymes and annelids were swarming in the glass;
The *Daphnia quadrangula*, or festive water-flea,
With *Cyclops quadricornis* came, and all were dear to me;
For I had hopes of cheerful draughts on some fine future days,
When London Water Companies would mend their sinful ways.

But now the future all is dark, and typhoid fever seems
A visitor we must expect—I see it in my dreams.
The cholera can not be long, 'twill come with all the rest,
And each zymotic dread disease will be a welcome guest;
For London Water Companies are unmolested still,
To let their fearsome fluid run and poison us at will.

HELEN OF WALDECK.

A Song for the Royal Betrothal.

HELEN of Waldeck! Say what rhyme
Best may hymn the betrothal time.
Once a Prince, in fortunate hour,
Came to woo at Arolsen tower;
Wooded and won, and then rode away,
Leaving his love behind, men say.
Princess HELENA, fast you hold
All the heart of our LEOPOLD!

HELEN of Waldeck! Thou hast won
England's cultured and student son;
His the part that his father took,
Earnest ever at desk and book;
His to rule with an eager heart
Over the wide domain of Art;
Thine to aid like a loyal wife,
All that's best in a husband's life.

HELEN of Waldeck! When our strand
Welcomes thee from the Fatherland,
When all the last farewells have rung
On thine ears in the Teuton tongue,
Trust us, thou wilt never repine
Leaving the land of haunted Rhine.
Here is a greeting, frank and free,
Waiting thee, Princess, over sea!

Medical Carlyle.

EVERYBODY will rejoice to hear that the decease of Sir GEORGE SARTORIUS, Admiral of the Fleet, aged ninety-one, lately reported, is a *canard*. By the latest account, the venerable Admiral, though he had not quite recovered from an attack of illness, was improving daily. Health speedily restored to Admiral SARTORIUS, may his recovery reflect credit on his medical attendants in constituting a splendid case of *Sartorius Resartus*.

What! Jamais?

THERE is something in a name sometimes. The Commander of the garrison at Sfax is, it appears, one Colonel JAMAIS. Think of the saving of time and notepaper that might be effected at the critical moment when the garrison is called upon to surrender. All the Colonel has to do is write his name on a slip of paper and hand it to messenger. If the request was likely to be repeated more than once, he might have his signature Sfax-similied.

PHILANTHROPIC MUSIC-HALLS.

WHEN the old "Vic." was turned into a Music-Hall under the management of a Company who endeavoured to combine benevolence, amusement, temperance, and dividends, the great mistake was made of not recognising the fact that to supplant existing institutions, you must compete with existing institutions. Within a stone's throw of the place is an old-established Temperance Music-Hall, which they will find it very difficult to beat either in coffee or amusement; at all events, they have not done it as yet. Even the well-wishers of the new Victorian Era of Music-Halls were disappointed by the results, though they could not have anticipated any great success. The Hall was more or less closed for a time, but it is now re-opened with an entertainment which covers every night in the week and Saturday afternoon, and in which too much appears to be sacrificed for Thursday-night concerts that were started "under the patronage" of Royalty.

We are honestly interested in the real improvement of this class of entertainment; and with a stage and building such as the New "Vic." possesses, it ought, with judicious management, to be at the head of the London Music-Halls. At present it most decidedly is not. The programme before us states that there are "a thousand seats at threepence," and "a thousand at sixpence," the other prices ranging from a shilling to a guinea. On Thursdays sixpence extra is charged for the eighteenpenny Stalls, and on Saturdays the stage-door opens at 6'30, when threepence extra is charged for the privilege, we suppose, of passing through it to the interior. This scale of prices does not appear to us to be regulated by any peculiarly philanthropic spirit, or by any great trading wisdom; and the "Committee," as we said once before, seem at present to be only paying the New Cut with good intentions.

OUR COURT OF APPEAL.



THE NOT-QUITE-AT-HOME SECRETARY WISHES TO HAVE THE WHOLE QUESTION SUBMITTED TO AN "IMPORTANT AND INDEPENDENT AUTHORITY." HERE WE ARE.

A JUST COMPLAINT.

MY DEAR PUNCH,

WILL you allow me to call the attention of the medical men who read you, to a case which was decided last Saturday in a Court of Law? To begin with I must tell you, that a week ago I was decidedly chippy. Newmarket Houghton takes a great deal of liquid nourishment to get it through, and in addition to my backing *Valour* for the Cup, my hotel during the Liverpool week was full of Irishmen, who, when they were not drinking whiskey punch, were brewing it. They recommended it as an admirable substitute for solid food at breakfast and dinner, we lunched on the course off brandy-and-soda, and I believed their recommendation. When I got back to town, I had to go to the fossil who is called our Family Doctor. He told me to keep quiet, and to take exercise, and said he would come round and see me in the morning. I didn't want *him* to "come round," I wanted to be brought round myself, and made all square. However, he said he would.

Can you believe that when he "came round" and found me in bed, having a brandy-and-soda, and tossing for sovereigns with a man

whom I was at school with, he lost his temper, and said I was killing myself? Where could I keep quieter than in bed? As for the exercise—look here. It was decided last Saturday in the Court for the Consideration of Crown Cases Reserved—whatever that may be—by the Lord Chief Justice—whose lamentable ignorance of the existence of CONNIE GILCHRIST and CORNEY GRAIN is now historical,—Justice HAWKINS, a real good man—he goes to Newmarket,—FIELD, who always takes your tradesman's side against you in Chambers,—and CAVE, who, I believe, is a fair average Johnnie, that tossing was "a game, sport, pastime, or exercise within the meaning of the statute." Therefore, if lying in bed and tossing for sovereigns is not keeping quiet and taking exercise, what is?

Yours ever,

Hatchett's Hotel, Dover Street.

PETER DE BROKE.

THERE was an amusing book called *People I have Met*, by WILLIS, N.P. After the recent "Theatrical Libel" trial, we may expect to see another book, entitled *People I haven't Met*—as yet, by WILLIS, Q.C.

FROM YOUTH TO AGE.

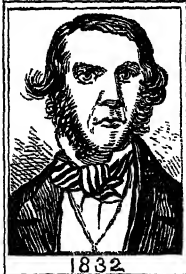
(A Confidential Correspondence between Eminent Personages.)

"Immortal Age beside immortal Youth,
And all I was in ashes."—TITHONUS.

No. I.—From *W. E. Gladstone, M.P. for Newark (1832), to the First Lord of the Treasury (1881).*

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

I HOPE you have not forgotten me. I have little chance of omitting to think of you. You are always doing something start-



1832

ling—felling a tree or knocking down a Ministry, bringing in a Land Bill or trotting out ASHMEAD-BARTLETT. That last is the most astonishing thing I have seen in a career watched with pardonable interest. To think of you coming out as a Humorist! It is too startling, and is one of the severest blows dealt to me, and you know they have been many. There



1881

was nothing like that when we were young. "The rising hope of the stern, unbending Tories" didn't smile much.

You think of me, WILLIAM, sometimes, I trust, with kindly feelings. You have got on in life, whilst Newark is disfranchised, and I am remembered only by a phrase in an Essay. But wouldn't you give all your honours, all your power, to be me once more, and Member for Newark? Wouldn't you give your Majority for my Minority? There's where I have the pull on you, and I mean to take advantage of my superiority, and talk frankly to you.

It's no use arguing with you on Politics. Brother THOMAS has tried that, and failed. But in other ways, you know, there is a great deal that is foolish and reprehensible about you. What do you mean at your age by going skylarking about the country, Leeding a reckless life, as I may say, in recognition of your new humour. Midlothian was all very well. You'd a great work to do then, and, really, although, like Brother THOMAS, I abhor your politics, I must say you did it well. But let well alone. Stop at home, and let young men like HARCOURT and CHAMBERLAIN do the commercial travelling. Also, don't you go sitting up till all hours of the night next Session. Take watch about with HARTINGTON—as good a fellow as ever lived, and wasn't a Church-and-State man. Turn in at midnight, and, for goodness' sake, have a little more common sense about those lads on the benches opposite. Now you're a humorist don't be so dreadfully and perpetually serious, treating RANDOLPH as if he were a responsible person, GORST as if he were in earnest, and the Land-Leaguers as if it wasn't their business to kick up a rumpus. Eagles, as you will have read in the original tongue, don't catch flies.

Keep your arguments for reasonable men, your eloquence for suitable occasions, and your indignation for worthy objects. In brief, to quote a phrase from the modern drama, simmer down. The disinterestedness of this advice should serve to enforce it. You have gone very far wrong since you and I were boys together. A little more added to the heap won't matter. Take my advice. Simmer down, and so avoid the winter of old age.

Yours, in sad disappointment, W. E. G.

P.S.—Simmer and Winter—do you Spring at the joke? Thought I'd better point it out, as you're still young in the humorous line.

No. II.—From *Lord Robert Cecil, M.P. for Stamford, to the Marquis of Salisbury.*

DEAR SALISBURY,—I have observed in you a certain air and demeanour indicative of complete indifference to the opinion of



1854

other people. Nevertheless, I flatter myself that you will be glad to hear from me—your earliest, closest, and at one time perhaps only friend—an expression of absolute approval of your conduct and career. There was a time when you and I, thinking it over, did not see the prospect of the brilliant position you now fill. We would have made our way, and indeed



1881

we did. Whatever may be said by prejudiced persons to the detriment of vitriol, it cannot be denied that it *does* make its way. We were lively in the House of Commons, and stinging in the Press.

Do you remember the digs we used to give to DIZZY? How we hated and despised him in those days, and what perfect freedom from indebtedness he left on his side! He was a tough fellow to meet, and between you and me, there is no practical use—and practical use is everything—in shirking the fact that he won in the end. Marquis mine, you know we are not given to boisterous mirth, yet I've been nearly killed with laughing to see you tied to his glittering gingerbread car of triumph. No one can describe the temptation I have undergone to go back to my old avocation, and send in an article to the *Quarterly*, dealing with this little episode. Or I had a notion of turning up in the House of Commons, and from my old place below the gangway offering a few remarks on the situation. "Lord ROBERT CECIL on the Marquis of SALISBURY!" Wouldn't that have looked well in the Parliamentary Reports the next day? You know how I would have done it, and I believe that, regarding it of course purely as a work of art, and putting someone else in your place, you would have enjoyed the execution. But honour among CECILS. I wouldn't for whatever fierce joy, hurt a hair of your head. We are still one, though a quarter of a century and an unexpected Marquisate separate us.

You are all that I promised to be, and all my heart desires,—older, of course, with an added stoop to the shoulders. Your style is, as befits your years and position, graver. But there is the same neatness of thrust, and the same twist of the sword when in the wound, which I taught myself and you. I do not remember that I had that profound etymological knowledge that you display, and might not on an emergency have found quite so many shades of meaning in the word "Authentic." That is a new accomplishment of your own, and I am not quite sure that I grudge it you. For the rest I am proud of you, and subscribe myself

Your devoted friend and admirer,

ROBERT CECIL.

No. III.—From *John Bright, M.P. for Durham, to the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Duchy.*

FRIEND JOHN,

GLANCING occasionally over the newspapers, I come upon little scraps of correspondence which pleasantly remind me of your



1843

continued existence and undiminished vigour. Always a straightthitter myself, I like to see that your arm is not weakened nor your aim disturbed. Do you remember what BENTINCK said of us about the time when we were parting company, I halting in the green glades of perennial youth, and you mounting the ever-steepening hill of age? "If BRIGHT had not been a



1881

Quaker, he would have been a prizefighter." Of course that is not quite true. Nothing said about us by Noble Lords is quite true, any more than there is absolute exactitude in what we say of Noble Lords. Still, there is something in this. Do you mind, JOHN, our first campaign in this old city? How I harried DUNGANNON till his Lordship grew purple and speechless, and how I rasped the Clergy—"a body of men especially appointed to take charge of the flocks, who, instead of being the shepherds, appear to all men's eyes as the shearers of the flock?"

You're changed since then, my jo, JOHN, but marvellously little. Most men who started as Radicals as they get older turn, I am told, Tory-wards. You are mellowed a little, but uncommonly little, considering you have been to Court, know several Dukes, and are "Right Honourable." When you write some of those charming little notes in which you show so clearly that any one differing from you on a matter of opinion is a fool, if not a knave: and, even more, when you stand face to face with an actual or an imaginary Tory cohort, then you are back in Durham days, and my youth revives in you, inspiring your minatory forefinger, giving an extra tingle to your voice, and marking your speech with that personal directness which was one of my most effective habits. Scratch the Privy Counsellor, and they find the Freetrader. Try a fall with the Chancellor of the Duchy, and they become immediately conscious of a leftlander from the young Member for Durham.

This is as it should be, JOHN; but if I may hint at a fault in one so good and great, you are a little too conscious of your own surpassing wisdom. Even I have been a trifle wearied of hearing how right you were at the time of the Crimean War. You have been right ever since, of course, and everyone differing from you has been wrong. That is so clear, that if I were you (which I am glad I am not, being nearly forty years younger) I would leave it for the discovery of other people's eyes. Saving this little weakness, you do very well, and are a great credit to

Your early friend and constant backer,

JOHN BRIGHT.

HUNTING.

Illustrated by Dumb Crambo Junior.

Huntsman and Two Whips.



A Good Scent.



Giving Tongue.



For'ard!

MR. IRVING ON DRAMATIC ART.

(At Puffinburgh, N.B.)

MR. IRVING said:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—I feel I should be wanting in the respect due to the British Drama, and to myself in particular, were I not to testify to the sincere and unfeigned pleasure I feel in concluding the most brilliantly remunerative engagement ever achieved within the walls of this or any other Theatre, and to place on record my appreciation and approval of the high intellectual development of this City, to which I attribute this result. It is in no mercenary spirit that I have come before you to-night to announce the fact that a sum of upwards of £4346 has been realised—(cheers)—whereas in Crummelstown, the same number of performances only reached the sum of £4,200,—thus showing the intellectual standard of this City to be £146 above that registered by any other town in the United Kingdom. (Loud and prolonged cheering.) This interesting record stands to your credit. I hope I shall not be accused of egotism, when I say that, in a sense, it stands to my credit also." (Great applause. At this point Mr. IRVING became visibly affected, and his usual clear and ringing tones grew indistinct, and his articulation at times almost inaudible, so that some interesting figures which Mr. IRVING desired to frankly communicate in detail to the audience, failed to reach the ears of our reporter.)

Mr. IRVING continued:—

"Ladies and Gentlemen,—To a community of Puffinburghians these figures will speak more eloquently than I can, and I think I shall not be accused of egotism, when I say that the British Drama—I may say the North British Drama—(enthusiastic cheering)—as represented here by me, is satisfactory—the certified receipts prove it to be most satisfactory. (Cheers.) The Town of Puffinburgh is endeared to me by many early associations, and the longer I live, the older—the more time-honoured—those associations become! It was in the University town of Puffinburgh that I passed my student (theatrical) life. (Cheers.) It was from the rugged heights of ARTHUR'S Seat (which will henceforth be ever memorable from these associations) that I drank in those inspirations which have since enabled me to restore the Tragedy of *Macbeth* to the place to which it is undoubtedly entitled among the English-speaking races—as is proved by the fact, that the average nightly receipts, recorded in the archives of the Lyceum Box-office, amounted to no less than £198. (Loud applause.)

"At the risk of being thought egotistical—(a Voice, 'No! no!')—I may mention that I was at that time in receipt of a salary barely equal to the then value of three orchestra-stalls (the price of which I have been reluctantly compelled to double during the present engagement, owing to a general and pressing demand). It was in the intervals of those weekly vicissitudes—I say, it was in the intervals of those vicissitudes—(hear! hear!)—that I devoted my student-life

to the study of my first important rôle in the annual Christmas production which, thanks to the many psychological touches with which I was enabled to invest it, and the patient and martyrlike mien with which I received the blows and kicks invariably inflicted on the representative of the civil executive—(hear! hear!)—by the leading comedian, I succeeded in alienating from him the sympathy of the audience. (Immense cheering, during which Mr. IRVING was visibly affected.) I little thought that this creation was destined to lay the foundation of my conception of the character of *Shylock*, to the correctness of which the London critics, who are specially adapted to the appreciation of my impersonations, have testified in a manner which will reflect lasting credit upon the keenness of their artistic perception. This view of *Shylock* has, moreover, the merit of being the one which SHAKESPEARE himself would have adopted, had he been enabled to see the character by the lights of the present day. (Enthusiastic applause.) The superiority of my reading of this character over that of all others—if I may say so without being considered egotistical—('No! no!' and deafening cheers)—has been abundantly established by the fact that a sum of £20,030—(cheers)—or thereabouts—(renewed cheering, which continued for several minutes)—was realised by my latest SHAKESPEARIAN revival at the Lyceum Theatre, Wellington Street, Strand, London. (Prolonged burst of applause, during which Mr. IRVING retired, waving his handkerchief, and kissing his hand to the audience.)

Mr. Irving at Crummelstown.

After referring, in a few well-chosen and touching words, to the fact that over £4200 had been taken during his engagement here, Mr. IRVING (who was much affected) observed:—

"From my heart I thank you—not only on my own behalf, but on behalf of Miss TERRY, whom I have engaged for a period of several years. I have, from my earliest youth, always regarded Puffinburgh—I beg pardon—Crummelstown—as the cradle of my artistic career, endeared to me as it is by the recollection of my early struggles in the interests of that Art for which I shall continue to live, so long as I continue to live by it! (Loud cheers.) My thoughts will often turn again to dear old Crummelstown, which has in so interesting and substantial a manner set an example to other towns in the encouragement of Art. So long as you continue to show your appreciation of my artistic efforts in so handsome and unmistakable a manner, I shall always be happy to return to the scenes of my former triumphs, when I venture to hope that I shall receive at least an equal, if not even a greater share, of that public support which it is my constant endeavour to earn. (Cheers from the Manager of the Box-Office, in which the Orchestra joined.)

"I can imagine no better proof of your appreciation of the Drama as represented by—by—in fact by Myself—(cheers)—and my company—(hear! hear!)—than this brilliant result to which the aforesaid figures bear witness. I thank you for your hospitality, and I can only say in return, that when you come, to London you will find an equal welcome at the Lyceum Theatre. (Great cheering.) Let us know you are coming—secure your seats in advance, to prevent disappointment. Should you not be visiting the Metropolis, you will always find accounts of my sayings and doings in the columns of most of the daily papers, which will keep you fully informed as to the past, present, and future of the theatre of which I am proud to be head. Ladies and Gentlemen, I thank you for the £4000—I mean I thank you four thousand times." (Loud cheering, amidst which Mr. IRVING retired.)

Mr. Irving at Trumpington.

In his address to the Young Men's Self-Cultural Association, in reference to the social status of the Actor, Mr. IRVING said:—

"The Stage is undoubtedly the cheapest form of educating everybody—from the highest to the lowest prices—especially those unable to read and write. How refreshed in mind will be the Costermonger, gifted with poetic aspirations, and the fortunate possessor of a shilling, after witnessing any one of the performances at the Lyceum Theatre! (Cheers.) But I shall not rest satisfied until I can induce the Bishops of the Established Church, Cabinet Ministers, and the Ministers of religion of all grades, to give their earnest and loyal support to the drama as represented—if I may say so without being considered egotistical—by—er—Myself—(loud and prolonged applause, in which Mr. IRVING unconsciously joined)—and come, or send by telephone or telegraph, for we do not neglect one single modern scientific invention—('hear! hear!')—and book their seats at least a month in advance at the Box-office of the Lyceum Theatre. Gentlemen, this, and this only, is the way to make the Stage the one popular educator of the people." (Immense applause, waving of hats and handkerchiefs, during which Mr. IRVING bowed several times, and then retired.)

HOOR GLASSES.—Old Father Time's spectacles. Yet they're his not our glasses.



A PAIR OF ANTI-VIVISECTIONISTS.

Sir Slangsy Juntier, "SEE THAT OLD FELLOW, MISS DIANA? THAT'S DOCTOR KATOHETT, WHO SWEARS HE'S GOING TO FIND A CURE FOR LUNATICS! JUST GOT INTO TROUBLE. BEEN TRYING THE EFFECTS OF EXTREME TERROR AND BODILY FATIGUE ON A RABBIT, AND WITHOUT CHLOROFORM, TOO, THE OLD RUFFIAN! AND THEN HE KILLED IT, AND DISSECTED ITS BRAIN. GOING TO BE HAD UP BEFORE THE BEAK FOR IT! BOW STREET, YOU KNOW!"

Miss Diana, "SERVE HIM RIGHT, HORRID MAN! DON'T WANT TO KNOW ABOUT SUCH PEOPLE. BUT TALKING OF RABBITS, WHAT A SPLENDID RUN THAT SECOND HARE GAVE US TO-DAY! 'THIRTY MINUTES' GALLOP WITHOUT A CHECK!—WASN'T IT LOVELY!!—AND I WAS IN AT THE DEATH!!!"

POLITICAL PARROTS.

Euelpides (speaking to his Jackdaw). Right on, do ye say? to the tree there in the distance?

Peisthetairus (speaking to his Raven). Plague take ye! Why, this creature calls us back!—ARISTOPHANES: "The Birds."

CRAW! CRAW! Schreck! schreck! O Counsellors cacophonous,
(Who'd pull down law or raise our quartern loaf on us)
Your rival charivaris plague and wear us;
And poor JOHN BULL's worse off than *Peisthetairus*.
Cross counsels from the Jackdaw and the Raven,
The Crested Hoopoe, or the Vulture shaven,
In Cuckoo-Cloudland, seem mere plain simplicity
Compared with those which pester JOHN in his City
Of Parrot-Fogdom. Little *Tharrehides*
(A Jackdaw, not a Woodcock he. *Quid rides?*)
Was but an innocent and artless chatterer,
Contrasted with the modern parrot-patterer
A perch here—there—on every stump around us,
Ready with shrill *falsetto* to confound us.
Croaking from "Choral Quiristers of the Marsh," is
Not half so hoarse, the fog-horn's blast less harsh is.
As rival railway whistles shrilled in chorus
So are these Parrot-shrieks that daily bore us.
But seldom have we silence, and not often ease
Till we'd invoke the flail of ARISTOPHANES
To flap the creatures dumb. Their fierce crawl-crawlings,
Opposing shrieks, and mutual clapperclawings,
Unlike Amphion's lyre, build nothing, even
A Nephelococceugia, nor, e'en given
The walls of that fantastic bird-built town again,
Could they, like Joshua's trumpets, blow them down again.

MORE WORK FOR THE SCHOOL BOARD.

THE attention of this august body has been drawn to the lamentable ignorance of Literature and Art exhibited by certain legal functionaries in a recent libel case, and the question of starting Evening Classes for Barristers is under the consideration of the Board. It is proposed that the Classes should be open to Judges as well as Barristers. They will be taught that "Pro," in theatrical slang, is short for "Professional;" and they can also study the "Pros" and the "Cons" of any special theatrical case by seeing Miss CONNIE GILCHRIST at the Gaiety, who is herself both a "Pro" and a "Con."

Our Climate.

"Summer birds, butterflies, and flowers are being heard of all over the South of England."—*Globe*.

WHY go to Southern climes, to Naples, Nice,
Why seek for sunshine in the Isles of Greece;
When here are butterflies and birds and flow'rs
Belonging to the Summer's brightest hours?
The reason's plain—before these lines are read
We may perchance have frost and snow instead.

By a Kyrle'd Darling.

OUT of compliment to Princess HELEN of Waldeck and Prince Leopold, every Bachelor of the Albany, if he doesn't immediately get married, will at once go in aesthetically for Wall-dec-orations. Of course there will be plenty of Waldeck-orations at the Royal Wedding Festivities.



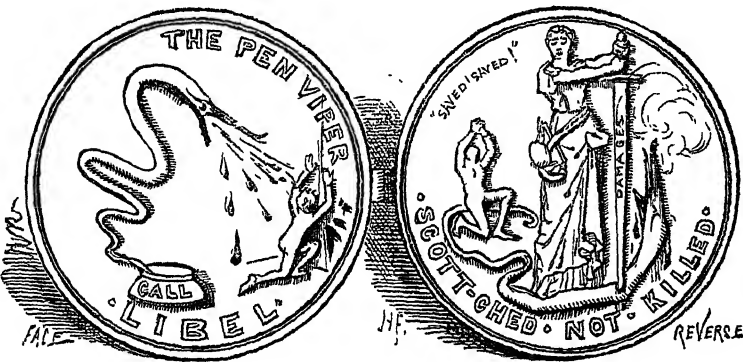
POLITICAL PARROTS.

MR. B. "OH! THIS DREADFUL SCREECHING!!"

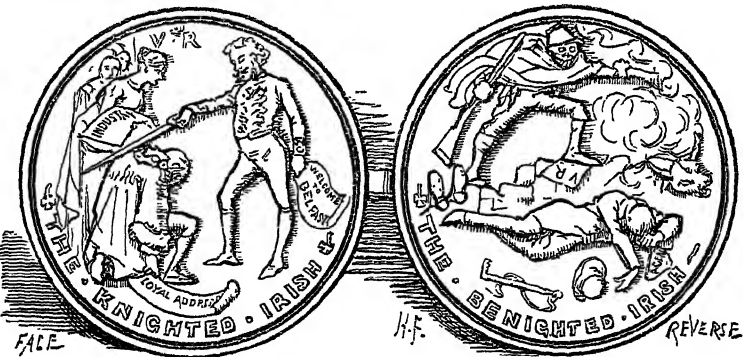
PUNCH'S PRIZE MEDALS.



Medal to commemorate the latest Stafford Election. Pepper for Howell. Salt for Stafford (Northcote).



Medal to commemorate the Verdict in a recent Libel Case.



Medal struck in commemoration of Lord Cowper's visit to Belfast.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

BRYAN and Katie. By ANNETTE LYSTER. Illustrated by HARRY FURNISS. This ought to be light reading,—in fact, at first we thought it was BRYANT AND MAY, who strike only on their own box,—and so it is. The illustrations, which are capital, should have been one grand illumination by the Fiery Furniss. **Indian Summer**—this sounds “about as hot as they make ‘em”—is issued by the same firm (GRIFFITH AND FARRAN)—but the books are thoroughly English, and there’s nothing Farran about ‘em. The same may be said for **Our Little Ones**, an Illustrated Magazine full of short poems and stories most suitable for “our” and everyone’s little ones.

Little Loving Hearts—for much loving hearts. Children fond of “boetry and baintin” will like this.

A Gem of an Aunt. A nicey book to read. Title will make it popular. Miss MARY E. GELLIE should follow it with *Nephew too Late to Mend*.

We Four. By Mrs. REGINALD BRAY. Illustrations by Miss ERICHSEN. This ought to be æsthetic. “Four” being quite “two-two”—but four-tunately it isn’t. Very interesting story for children from ten to four—no, we mean from ten to fifteen.

Holly Berries. Of course for Christmas Holly-days. Good.

Punchinello’s Picture-Book. By GEORGE ROUTLEDGE AND SONS. Pictures to right of ‘em, pictures to left of ‘em, nearly Five Hundred! Very amusing for Uncle REMUS’s friends “the Chillums.”

Sea Birds. By Mrs. SURR. Author of *Good Out of Evil*. This Philanthropic and energetic Lady could give us “Gaol Birds,” also “Industrial School Larks.” Published by NELSON AND SONS. NELSON and Victory! Mrs. SURR’s *Stories About Dogs* is another excellent book for children. The title should have been *Dogs’ Tales*. HARRISON WEIR (no relation to Teddington Weir, of this we’re sure) illustrates it,—and such jolly dogs!

Good Things. We kept this for Sunday reading, under the impression that it had something to do with *Good Words*. Having collected the family round and about our arm-chair, and hushed everyone of them into silence, we opened this little book at haphazard, and the first thing that caught our eye was “Soups.” Still under the impression that we had got hold of a highly spiritual work in which the most elevated teaching was brought straight home to the hearts of old and young under the most commonplace everyday forms, so that what appeared to be merely sustenance for the body should actually be food for the soul and the mind, we repeated severely—for we had noticed an inclination to giggle—the word “Soups,” and then went on to read how “in winter time there is nothing better for lunch than a brimming basin of good soup—nothing better for a family dinner where there are children”—“Hear! hear!” and other exclamations, which were with difficulty repressed—and then we paused.

Was *Good Things* only a cookery book? No—at the bottom of the page we saw in large type “Golden Rule.” Now here evidently was the moral. “Read the Golden Rule,” said Materfamilias, much interested. We complied: “Golden Rule”—(we expected “Do unto others &c.,” or some such invaluable doctrine.) Not a bit. This was the Golden Rule—“Meat for soups should be put on the fire in cold soft water”—then we closed the work, dismissed the assembly, and confided it to the house-keeper, who tells us that the good things are *bonnes bouches*, and ought to be in everybody’s mouth. At the close of each subject there is a sort of Cook’s Catechism, which is very well done; the only mistake in what is really a useful little book being, that apparently no dish in cookery of any sort is perfect without the particular sauce and relish which is the invention of this Firm, and for which the publication of *Good Things* is an ingenious form of advertisement.

Get *Under the Sunset* (awkward position), by Mr. BRAM STOKER, M.A. It’s very pretty to look at as to binding, pictures, and general get-up. Our Special Child-Critic says, “Oh yes, I like it, but it’s rather too goody-goody. One of the stories reminds me of David and Goliath.” (“Tell it not in Gath,” Mr. STOKER)—“and there’s not very much to laugh at.” A charming book for all that, though, perhaps, somewhat above the heads of those who are only three feet and a half high.

A propos of Christmas, we received a box containing a picture of a skull on a black background—it nearly gave us fits—with two small pamphlets, from one of which we quote the following advertisement:—“*Ghosts! Ghosts! Ghosts! The Mysterious Skull. No doubt the most wonderful Ghost ever produced. Startling effects. Endless fun for Young and Old.*” A nice idea of “endless fun” the inventor of this delightful Christmas amusement must have! We can imagine a brutal old bachelor, like *Scrooge*, taking a quantity with a considerable reduction, and revenging himself on his dear godchildren for having been compelled to knife-spoon-and-fork-out at their christening. Ugh!

Musical Note.

A PROPOS of novelties at the Birmingham Festival, the *Athenæum* says, “Overtures were made to Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN, and Mr. JOSEPH BARNEY,” but “without success.” Overtures to these Composers! Coals to Newcastle! Dr. SULLIVAN prefers the game of *Patience*, and Mr. BARNEY sings, “*Not for Joe.*”

WHAT FORCE?—When Mr. BRIGHT said that Force was no remedy, he probably meant the Police Force.

POET'S CORNER.

Or Nonsense Rhymes on well-known Names.

(Music-Publishy.)

SAYS CRAMER to WOOD,
"The music is good."
Says WOOD to CRAMER,
"But not for a drama."

(Medical.)

Says JENNER to QUAIN,
"I feel a slight pain."
Says QUAIN to JENNER,
"My fee is a 'tenner.'"

(A Trade Union.)

Says HOWELL to JAMES,
"Now don't call me names."
Says JAMES to HOWELL,
"Then you drop that towel."

(At the Gallery of Illustration.)

Says REED to GRAIN,
"I've such a pain!"
Says GRAIN to REED,
"Then smoke a weed."

(Huberdashery.)

Says THRESHER to GLENNIE,
"Do lend me a penny."
Says GLENNIE to THRESHER,
"I will, Sir, with pleasure."

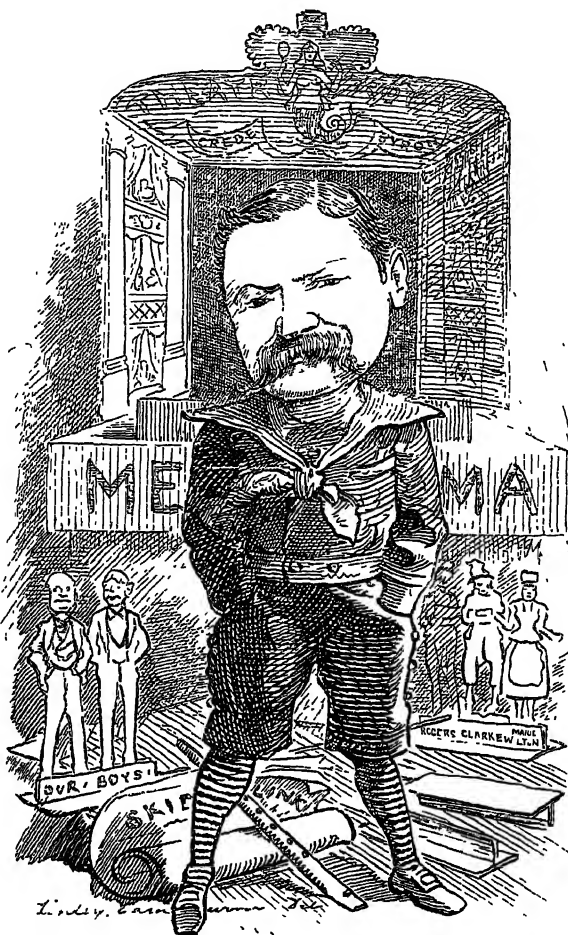
From Durham.

"AH!" exclaimed the Bishop,
speaking of Mr. JOHN PEASE, the
Quaker, "he is a Friend indeed."
"In the Newcastle Cathedral,"
said another Friend to the Bishop
of DURHAM, "there should be an
aisle dedicated to PEASE."

"As it will be only a temporary
affair," replied the Bishop, "it
had better be called a 'Pease
alley.' But we want some more
PEASE to shell out. *Pax vobis-
cum!* PEASE be with you!" added
his Lordship, as he drove away
in the episcopal carriage.

[The above is communicated by
our old friend, BEN TROYATO.]

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 60.



MR. H. J. BYRON.

THE PRE-EMINENTLY SUCCESSFUL DRAMATIST, JUNIOR MEMBER OF
THE INTERNATIONAL LITERARY ASSOCIATION, WHOSE PIECES,
WHICH HAVE HELPED MANY MANAGERS TO GET ON SWIMMINGLY,
SHOULD ALWAYS BE ALLUDED TO BY THEM AS "OUR BUOYS."

MORE MUD FOR MUDFORD.

HIS Grace the Duke of MUD-
FORD appears to be growing
very unpopular in the neighbour-
hood of Mud-Salad Market. At
a meeting of parishioners, held
to organise an opposition to a
"Rector's Rate," it was stated
that he appeals against his rating
assessment for the "Market";
that he tries to save a huge po-
tato-cellar from being assessed at
all; that he throws a large por-
tion of the expense of clearing up
the daily muck from which he
derives a profit, on parishioners
who are already too heavily
taxed; and that he appoints the
Rector of St. Paul's, Covent Gar-
den, but skulks behind an Act
of Parliament of the beautiful
GEORGES, and refuses to pay any
share of the obnoxious Rector's
Rate, which is only a Church-rate
under another name. These and
other alleged offences have at last
aroused the inhabitants of the
district, who seem bent upon or-
ganised mischief. It is probable
that a deputation will wait upon
Mr. PARNELL in Armagh Gaol,
Mr. LITTLE, Q.C., and Mrs. SURE,
to ask them if they will kindly
grant the Seldom-at-Home-
Secretary time to look into the
whole question of Mud-Salad
Market.

MONS. MARIUS is to be the
proprietor of the new Avenue
Theatre. Shakspearian chorus:—

Ban, Ban Ca—Caliban!
'Ave-a-new Theatre,
'Ave a new man!

We wish him every possible
success, and may we never hear
that history has repeated itself
by showing us MARIUS weeping
among the ruins.

THE Pistol that was discovered
on the Brighton line was *not*
found by the Police. But an
Inspector took it up—to town.

HOW IT HAS TO BE DONE!

Telegram from Philanthropic Tourist, Constantinople, to Foreign
Secretary, London.

HAVE rescued thirteen English boys. They have no clothes and
no home. Will you kindly order them to receive wearing apparel
and to be sent to England. Letter on its way to the Daily Papers,
describing my adventures.

Telegram from Foreign Secretary, London, to Philanthropic
Tourist, Constantinople.

CONGRATULATE you heartily upon your rescue. Rather difficulty
about clothing and passage money. Will see what can be done. In
meantime, do what you can yourself. Shall look out for your letters
in papers with interest.

Note from Foreign Secretary to Home Secretary.

DEAR HARKY,
THERE are thirteen boys waiting at Constantinople for a
passage to England and some trousers. Surely this is *your* matter?
Yours sincerely,
(Signed) GRANNY.

Answer to the Above.

DEAR GRANNY,
BOSH! It's yours!

Yours sincerely,
(Signed) HARKY.

Note from Foreign Secretary to Home Secretary.

DEAR HARKY,
DON'T play the fool. I say you *must* do something.
Yours sincerely,
(Signed) GRANNY.

Answer to the Above.

DEAR GRANNY,
I AM not playing the fool. I *won't* do anything.
Yours sincerely,
(Signed) HARKY.

Telegram from Philanthropic Tourist to Foreign Secretary.

My thirteen boys are still waiting for their clothes and passage
money. Kindly remit both.

Answer to the Above.

I MUST refer you to the Home Secretary.

Reply of Home Secretary to Similar Telegram.

PLEASE apply to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Identical Telegram addressed to Home and Foreign Secretaries by
Philanthropic Tourist.

WILL you kindly grant me an interview?

Identical Reply to the Above from both Secretaries.

No thank you. Write a despatch.



“NEM. CON.!”

Chatty Passenger (on G. W. Railway). “HOW PLAINLY YOU CAN SEE THE LIGHTS OF HANWELL FROM THE RAILWAY!”

Silent Man (in the corner). “NOT HALF SO PLAIN AS THE LIGHTS OF THE TRAIN LOOK FROM HANWELL!”

[All change at the next Station.]

Communication from Philanthropic Tourist to both Secretaries.

I do not think the Public will be pleased at the treatment my thirteen boys have received.

Communication to Philanthropic Tourist from Home Secretary.

I SAY, can't you get some Private Individual to pay for the clothes?

Ditto from Foreign Secretary.

Look here, surely some one won't mind defraying the passage money?

Angry Hint of Philanthropic Tourist to both Secretaries.

I WON'T stand any more nonsense! The boys can be provided for if they are brought over, and unless they are I shall at once place the whole affair before the British public.

Immediate Rejoinder.

OUR dear Sir, our *very* dear Sir! You are not in earnest, we are! Everything has been ordered to your complete satisfaction, so pray don't say anything more about an exposure! We cannot sufficiently thank you for your kindness in this matter! Bless you! Bless you!

P.S. by Home Secretary.

So much to do just now about Industrial Schools, or should have attended to your Arabs at once. Quite appreciate your efforts. Bless you!

FENIAN PROSECUTION AT BRADFORD.—TOBIN or not TOBIN, that's the question.

WIRE FROM NATAL TO LORD KIMBERLEY.—“Send one better than SEND—ALL.”

SIGN FOR A TAVERN IN CORAM STREET.—*Coram Publico.*

THE CITY ARAB'S CHOICE.

LONDON Arab? Yus, that's me. But I don't perciseely see, When they gives us rummy names, where the mighty *use* may be. Poetry chaps and parson coves,—them as preach to us so fine, And wot sings us luvly hymns, which they gives out line by line— Talks a patter o' their own, like a gipsy or a prig, But I don't quite understand their pertikler little rig. Lambs and fountings, and all that, sounds astremely nice, oh, yus! But I can't azackly see wot they've got to do with *hus*. Similar, why they calls us chaps London Arabs flummoxed me Till my chummy Scholard MIKE, who's a mark at A. B. C., Read me LITTLE's little tale; now I'm fly to it, in course, Which a Arab's life all round seems a game o' pitch and torse. Wot's we made for? That licks me. There don't seem to be no room

For such odd uns out as me, ev'n with lieghts or a broom, 'Cept we're game to take our kicks quiet and 'umble, like a dog, 'Long o' wails upon our backs and black beades in our prog. Wot's the odds, I want to know, if it's Arab blokes abroad, Or them other leatherin' lot wot they keeps at the Skool Board? Kicks is kicks, a starve's a starve, nor it don't improve the fun. When yer aven't got dog's luck and can't even out and run. Nekked feet and string-tied rags ain't so lummy, s'elp me, No! N'yet a snooze upon a step when them reglar North 'uns blow. Then to live upon the scout, no right nowheres day or night, Not no snacks and not no sleep, whilst a 'elmet is in sight: To be down upon yer luck with the fever or the cramp, And to 'uddle in a 'ole where it's always cold or damp! No, a London Arab's life isn't Evvin, by a lot; But then wot's a cove to do? Nothin' better's to be got. Far's I see. That LITTLE party shows it ain't no use abroad, And they only serves yer wus if yer copped by the Skool Board. So yer don't ketch me, not willin, goin' in for *eeether* fate, Arab brutes nor 'Dustrial blokes,—I prefers the gutter—straight!

FARINI'S FOREIGNERS.

INVITED to see "the Wonder of Wonders," and "the Miracle of Mortal Marvels," I went to the Westminster Aquarium. I found that "Captain GEORGES COSTENTENUS, a noble Greek tattooed from head to foot by the Chinese Tartars for engaging in Rebellion against the King," was to be exhibited in the apartment in which I had seen a mild amateur bull-fight, and a yet milder and more amateurish war-dance by Zulu princes. The Captain was to be accompanied by "an interesting variety of mankind" called a "Leopard Boy," who (so a circular informed me) "was brought from the interior of Africa to the Western Coast by a Trader, who had purchased him from one of the native chiefs." Altogether a very pleasant programme.



Really Too Good.

My appetite had been whetted by two placards outside the building, in the first, "the noble Greek" had been shown undergoing, so to speak, the finishing touches of tattooing at the fair hands of an exceptionally beautiful Indian maiden, in the second, "the Leopard Boy" was depicted in a savage mood about to spring upon an unseen intruder with all the wild fury of a wounded tiger. But this was not all. I was furnished with a pamphlet, purporting to be "the Life and Adventures of Captain COSTENTENUS, the tattooed Greek Prince, written by himself, and translated from the original by Professor DEMETRI, of Athens."

"It contains all the information," observed a Gentleman in morning dress, tastefully relieved by a large diamond solitaire shirt-stud—"it contains all the information, but is *slightly exaggerated*."

I was sorry to learn this, as the Captain's adventures were certainly deeply interesting. I will merely quote the passage in which the Captain sums up his career:—

"I am the only living man of a civilised stock that saw NANA SAHIR die, and it was my bare hands, nerved by the desperate fury of a bereaved husband and father, that rid the earth of that villain. Almost alone of civilised men, I traversed the plains of Turkistan long before the Russians took Khiva. I alone stole the SHAH's daughter from Teheran, and married a princess in spite of all the power of an empire. I alone of all men have survived the torture of tattooing, and I am the only human being of my kind in all the wide world. But I am alone, and the last of my race. In me the blood of CONSTANTINE THE GREAT, the first Christian Emperor of the Roman world, flows its last drops ere it dries up for ever."

Under these circumstances I can only repeat that it is a thousand pities that the Captain's adventures should be admittedly a little "exaggerated."

I was gratified to hear that there was "no indelicacy in the Exhibition, as the Chief had been shown to all the European crowned heads, princesses, and that sort of thing!" My satisfaction was however slightly decreased when I learned, that I "must not pull him about, as he had rather a short temper." This was attributed to the indigo, which had not harmed him in any other way, if I except "a slight trembling in the right hand and a little weakness in the eyesight."

In the centre of the room was a scaffold draped with green cloth. Upon this scaffold a gentlemanly-looking person, wearing an Eastern shawl, gracefully mounted. He was very fat. He smiled and bowed. He then threw off his shawl, and revealed himself in a costume consisting of a few medals, three or four ribbons, a couple of bath-slippers, several rings, and last, but certainly not least, a pair of velvet bathing-drawers. He was purple from head to foot. I took him at first to be an obese acrobat, who had discarded "The Variety Entertainment" upon making the discovery that "the lofty tumbling business" was a little too much for his weight. The corpulent but gentlemanly-looking person glanced at the wearer of the diamond solitaire, who immediately commenced to describe him. The purple covering turned out to be tattoo-marks. He had received 7,000,000 punctures. He had lost a great deal of blood, but, on the whole, so I was given to understand, the tattooing had rather agreed with him. "What is his height?" asked a spectator.

The Exhibitor addressed the "tattooed Noble" in one of the thirteen languages with which his Lordship was said to be conversant. There was a great deal of gesticulation, and then the spectators were told abruptly that he was "about six feet in his boots."

Then the Prince descended, and gracefully shook hands with those present. Naturally, I felt rather nervous about "pulling him about," after the caution I had received, but some ladies were more courageous. He was very gracious, and seemed rather jocular about his tattoo-marks. A curious representation, apparently of a Dutch doll, inscribed on the back of the upper part of one of his legs, was said to be "a portrait of his sweetheart."

"It is imagined that there is writing round every object," said the Exhibitor, "but no one has been able to decipher it."

This was strange as the Prince in his adventures had asserted that the executioner was the brother of one "Captain PERIKLES," an Italian pirate who had fallen under his hand shot through the heart at a marriage feast! However, this little detail might have been "slightly exaggerated." Then the presents that had been given to the Noble by the Emperors NAPOLEON and WILLIAM and the late CZAR OF RUSSIA were pointed out, and the second part of the performance commenced.

The Prince returned to his scaffold and smiled. I imagine a little disdainfully. Then "the Leopard Boy," whose terrible portrait had frightened me outside the Aquarium, was introduced. A lad of about ten or twelve, seemingly half nigger, half white, joined his noble colleague. He was received with applause, and grinned so broadly that it became necessary to request him "not to play the fool." After this he subsided until he was ordered severely "not to tread upon the visitors' toes." There was nothing savage about him. He looked more like an infant clown than a human tiger—and "behaved as such!"

After a while, the company of these two curiosities having become slightly monotonous, I left them. In spite of the strange adventures of the first, and the startling portrait of the last, I do not think I shall go to see them again!

PISCATOR'S PÆAN.

"PUBLIC RIGHTS OF FISHING IN THE THAMES.—At Maidenhead on Tuesday, the adjourned summons taken out by Sir ROGER PALMER against a man named GILL, a water-bailiff, for fishing in the Thames, came on again for hearing before a full bench of Magistrates at the Police Court. Mr. WILDEY WRIGHT, instructed by Mr. JONES, of Maidenhead, prosecuted; and Mr. CRUMP, solicitor to the Thames Rights Defence Association, appeared for the defence. After hearing the case for the prosecution, and seeing Sir ROGER PALMER's title-deed to private rights of fishing in the Thames, the Magistrates dismissed the summons, and gave £8 8s. costs. The case excited great interest in the neighbourhood, and the Court was crowded."

HOORAY! Victorious!
It's grand, it's glorious!
Sir ROGER PALMER
Has got it warmer
Than he expected;
And, though protected
By musty parchment,
Found out what "march!" meant.
Spite of the might
Of WILDEY WRIGHT,
Or the law-laden head
Of JONES of Maidenhead,
He could not win his
Bad case. Eight Guineas!!!
It's really scrumptious!
Beshrew such bumptious
And bloated codgers,
Such swol'n Sir ROGERS!
He stop our angling
By legal wrangling?
Oh, dash, drat, blow him!
Our CRUMP will show him.
Done like a dumpling!
A regular Crump-ling!
Oh, worms and gentles,
It warms one's "mentals"
More than much whiskey,
I feel quite frisky!
Oh, perch and barbel!
My lips must warble

Triumphant ditties,
To think he bit his
Great greedy fingers,
And fancy lingers
On the sweet notion
Of PALMER's potion.
"You think you're great, Sir?
Costs—Eight pounds eight,
Sir!!!"
Such joy brings dizziness.
I—save in business—
Would never harm a worm;
But this—this Palmer-worm!—
Well, may he fail, if
A water-bailiff,
Or other hearty
Old angling party,
He ever stops again.
I'm broom-and-mops again
With joy. Good omen,
GILL—splendid nomen
For friend of fishing!—
Your health! Here's wishing
You sport, old codger!
And may Sir ROGER
His gruel hot get,
Who yet could not get—
The grasping willin'—
His hook *this* GILL in!
Yah!

NOVEMBER GOOSEBERRIES.

SIR,—Here at Eastbourne, where I let eligible furnished apartments at an exceptionally moderate rate, we are enjoying an exceedingly mild autumnal season. To show the *salubrity* of the atmosphere, exactly suitable for bronchial patients (who would receive every attention in my house), I may mention that I have at present in my garden several beds of *ripe strawberries*, as well as raspberries, nectarines, peaches, pineapples, cocoanuts, tea-plants, tobacco-plants (the latter yielding excellent cigarettes), besides a number of other delightful natural products, such as cloves, curry-powder, and nutmegs. I have also a vacancy for a few lodgers or boarders, at two and a half guineas per week, and remain,

Your obedient servant,
Eastbourne. MAGNOLIA FIBKINS.

"THE LAZY MINSTREL" writes to say—but we haven't room for him in this Number.—ED.



BITTERS AT THE CLUB.

MacStodge (*Pictor ignotus*). "WHO'S THAT GOING OUT?"

O'Duffer (*Pictor ignotissimus*). "ONE ERNEST RAPHAEL SORELY, WHO PAINTED LADY MIDAS!"

MacStodge. "OH, THE ARTIST!"

O'Duffer. "NO. THE ROYAL ACADEMICIAN!"

UNDER THE CLOAK.

"Charity covereth a multitude of sins."—*Old Proverb with a new Point.*

SCENE—An Audience-Chamber. Present—CHARITY, JOHN BULL, and MR. PUNCH.

John Bull (*effusively to Charity*). Yes, Madam, my little island, I am proud to say, is your chosen home. Here Institutions—Temples I may say—are dedicated to your service in number and variety unmatched elsewhere. The treasure annually laid voluntarily upon your shrine is the marvel of other nations. If there is one thing upon which I congratulate myself—

Mr. Punch (*drily*). My dear JOHN, there are many—too many, perhaps.

John Bull (*staggered*). Why, what do you mean?

Mr. Punch. I mean that indiscriminate self-eulogy is one of your little weaknesses. *Indiscriminate*, I say. You are apt to pat your own head, with your eyes shut, and without considering with sufficient care the grounds of your self-complacency.

John Bull. But surely the service of Charity—

Mr. Punch. Is a holy one. But how about its Ministers?

John Bull. Oh, I suppose they are all right.

Mr. Punch. Of course you do. Charity and I are not quite so comfortably satisfied on that point. Suppose we have a few of them in, and question them.

Enter sundry Doctors, Matrons, Nurses, and other Dignitaries and Servitors from Hospitals, Infirmarys, and Workhouses.

John Bull (*surveying them as the leader of a Salvation Army might be supposed to review his mustered troops*). Ah! a brave, benevolent, and highly respectable lot. Madam, you may be proud of your Ministrants.

Charity. Humph!

Mr. Punch. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, you are all Almoners in the holy cause of Charity.

All (*Chorus after a popular song*). We are! We are! We are! Hooray!

Mr. Punch. Your duty is to minister to the sick, the suffering, and the destitute.

All. It is! It is!

Mr. Punch. In consideration of adequate salaries? All (*with less effusion and unanimity*). Ye-es—no-o—ah-h—that is to say—ah!—

Mr. Punch. Well, at least you are all paid for your services. The charity which you administer is no more your own than the dog's food is the gift of the man who looks after the kennels. You need not trouble to assent, with or without qualification, because it is indisputable matter of fact, though, perhaps, put plainly, it strikes you in a new light. Well now, do you consider your patients and paupers duly grateful—

Dr. Drivem. To us, for all our care and kindness? I'm sorry to be compelled to answer in the negative. They seem frequently to be inspired with a very imperfect sense of the favours they receive at our hands.

Mrs. Matron Hoitytoity. Their lack of deference and docility is sometimes lamentable.

Mrs. Nurse Naggem. Want as much waiting on as if they was Ladies and Gentlemen, and paid for it.

Entry Porter. Orful job to make 'em stand in their proper places and wait their turn. 'Ave to be down on 'em sharp; worry 'em like sheep a'most, I can tell you.

Mr. Bumble. 'Ear! 'Ear! A nasty wexing, worritting, ilconvenient, bragian lot, as arskes for wot's give to 'em free gratis for nothin', as bold and howdaious as if they paid us to wait on 'em. If I'd my way I'd—

Mr. Punch. That will do, Mr. BUMBLE. You are paid to wait on them, recollect, though not by them. That is precisely the little fact that you all seem to overlook. The spirit in which you have all responded—the same spirit, whether expressed in the elegant periods of Dr. DRIVEM, or the less refined idiom of Mr. BUMBLE—is evidence, I fear, of the spirit in which you are apt too often to administer—administer *only* remember—the bounties of Charity to [the objects of her care. I've heard unpleasant stories of needless harshness and very uncalled-for haughtiness, of free indulgence in insolent suggestion and supercilious snubbing, of honest, and often gently born sick folk, kept waiting during weary hours in seatless rooms, exposed to the rudeness of churlish Jacks-in-Office, and the none too delicate dealing of bumptious Doctors.

Dr. Drivem. These stories, Sir,—

Mr. Punch. Are true, many of them, I know. There are many things in the inner life of Hospitals and Infirmarys, which need the Public eye upon them. Mine is,—and you know what that means.

Charity (*sternly*). My gifts must not be marred in the manner of giving. Charity churlishly administered is Charity degraded and half defeated of her aims. The sick poor, like the opulent, need kindness and consideration, often quite as much as they need drugs and diet. The paid Almoners of my bounty—the National bounty—are not to lesson or frustrate my purposes of help and healing, by any manifestations of their personal arrogance.

Mr. Punch. Precisely so. Realise the fact, Dr. DRIVEM, that neither you nor any of your fellow-servants of the Public here, has more right to be rude or harsh to a public patient on a hospital pallet than to a private patient in a Belgravian bedchamber—at any rate, until you give your services gratuitously, or support the public Charity out of your own private purse. *Dixi!* And now you can go—for the present.

John Bull. Well, really, Mr. PUNCH, I don't feel quite so proud as I did of my multitudinous Charities.

Mr. Punch. They are fine things, all the same, Mr. BULL, and to a large extent fairly administered. But Officialism, high or low, professional or proletarian, cultured or illiterate, *always* grows callous and cruel in its dealings with the helplessness of poverty, of sickness, or of youth, unless continually acting under the Public eye. There are black sheep even in Charity's flock; or, rather, there are wolfish hirelings amongst her shepherds.

John Bull. You must keep your eye on them, Mr. PUNCH.

Mr. Punch (*emphatically*). I mean to!

THE best way to afford instant relief to anyone suffering from water on the brain is to give him a good tap on the head.



Volunteer Captain (Acting Major first time). "NOW THEN! WHAT ARE YOU BOYS STARING AT? DID YOU NEVER SEE A WAR-HORSE BEFORE?"

Boys (who had followed expecting a "spill.") "AYE—WE'VE WHILES SEEN A WAUR HORSE, BUT NEVER A WAUR RIDER!"

THE CRIMINAL OF THE FUTURE.

(A Chapter from a forthcoming Romance.)

SLIPPERY DICK hurried away from the scene of his crime. His knowledge of the law told him that his only chance of safety depended upon immediate flight. "It is no time for idle remorse," he murmured, as he rapidly disguised himself, by assuming a false nose, a pair of blue spectacles, and the smock-frock of an agricultural labourer. "The deed is done, and if I am caught I must pay the penalty. Oh, would I were once again an innocent child!"

And this strong man burst into a very agony of grief, and wept long and bitterly. Though his career was stained with the deepest guilt, yet he had a heart. Nay—more—he had a mother! He remembered her at this supreme hour of his misery.

"Take a drink of water, mate," said a workman kindly. "You look pale, and I think it will do you good."

DICK drained the goblet, to the dregs. Then he hurried on.

"Had that honest artizan known who and what I am," he thought with a shudder, "would he have offered me a friendly drink?"

Then he blushed all over with shame. For this guilty creature had once been a churchwarden. He had been loved and respected in the days gone by. His name had figured in subscription lists, and he had a wife, children, and a happy home!

"All gone!" he murmured with a sob, "All gone! I am a wretched outcast. I dare not take a man's hand, for did he recognise me, he would spurn me for the miserable wretch I am!"

By this time he had reached the railway station. He assumed the dialect of the country, and asked for a third-class ticket to London. It was given to him. As he hastily entered a compartment, he fancied he heard the porters talking about him.

"If they catch him," said one of these officials, "he won't get much mercy."

"And he don't deserve it," cried another, indignantly, "The brute should be punished—"

SLIPPERY DICK heard no more. He rushed into a smoking carriage and muffled up his face in an old shawl, slunk into a dark corner. They were discussing his crime even there!

"They say that he's escaped," observed a youth, who had evidently been educated by the School Board, lighting his pipe. "It will be disgraceful if he gets away. Such a miscreant should not be at large for a single hour."

"Nay, you are too hard upon him," remonstrated a venerable Clergyman, who was travelling third-class, apparently that he might be able to give more to the deserving poor. "He may yet repent."

"Repent!" echoed the youth, puffing away at his pipe. "How can such as he repent? His wickedness is too great, Sir!"

"It is never too late to mend!" replied the benevolent and aged ecclesiastic, looking at SLIPPERY DICK, and raising his eyes to the ceiling. "Believe me, even the most hardened ruffian may be won over by gentleness and mercy."

SLIPPERY DICK felt inclined to fall upon the good parson's neck, and kiss him. With a superhuman effort he restrained his emotion. And then they began to talk of his awful crime once again. Oh, how they denounced him! He could bear it no longer. He had to open the window, to put his head out and shriek. At the very first Station he quitted the train.

"This mental strain is too much for me," he cried. "I must confess to somebody. My horrible secret is killing me!"

As he said this he turned round, and found the aged Clergyman standing beside him.

"Ah! you, Reverend Sir, shall know all my wickedness!" he cried.

"Stop!" shouted the other, suddenly throwing off a white wig and a clerical wideawake; "it is my duty to caution you that anything you say will be taken down and used against you at your trial. Wretched man, know that I am HAWKSHAW the Detective!"

The instinct of self-preservation is implanted in every breast. SLIPPERY DICK made a desperate effort to escape.

"No, you don't!" cried HAWKSHAW, seizing his prisoner by the throat. "Your time is come. I have a warrant for your apprehension."

"On what charge?"

Then came the awful answer—

"On the charge of bribery and corruption at the last contested Election!" And loading his captive with gigantic chains, the Detective dragged off the miserable culprit to prison!



THE BOY AT RUGBY JUNCTION.

Ticket-Collector Punch. "NOW, YOUNG GENTLEMAN, GOING TO STAFFORD?"

Master Georgey Joey Goschen. "OH DEAR, NO!—RATHER THE OTHER WAY. BUT I DO LIKE STOPPING ON THIS PLATFORM. IT'S A NICE REST, AND ONE CAN SEE SUCH A LOT THAT'S GOING ON, YOU KNOW!"

A Shock to Glenelg.

THE strange shock of an earthquake, although very slight, was, we read, at Glenelg felt one Saturday night; And what's more, as we read further on, it appears 'Tis the third time an earthquake has come in three years. If the place upside down had been turned, just the same 'Twould have been, as you'll see if you read o'er the name.

IF MRS. LANGTRY can sing, she should come out in Opera instead of Drama. Mrs. LANGTRY, and one song—the hit of the piece, of course—would be a great attraction.

"And Beauty draws us with a single air."

A "DAMPER" is a pretty heavy muffinish cake. Does an Australian ever think of whetting his appetite with a damper?

FROM YOUTH TO AGE.

(A Confidential Correspondence between Eminent Personages.)

"Immortal Age beside immortal Youth,
And all I was in ashes."—ITRIONUS.No. IV.—From Mr. Robert Lowe, M.P. for Sydney, N. S. W. (1849),
to Viscount Sherbrooke.

MY DEAR SHERBROOKE,

LITTLE did I dream when, thirty years ago, I sat in the Colonial Council of Sydney and rasped men older than myself, that I should ever come to address you seated in the House of Lords at Westminster. It is a far cry from New South Wales to the Peers' Robing Room, from the Colonies to a Coronet; but I don't suppose that any will grudge you the advance. It is very remarkable, my dear BOB, (excuse this lapse into familiarity, but when we're among ourselves, we're glad enough to throw aside the trammels of our state)—a curious thing that, considering all the hard knocks you have given in your time, there are no people lurking round corners with the intent to fetch you one for your nob.

I like to think of this, and so do you, dear BOB, cynic as you are, caring, as you say, for no one's opinion. It all comes of the general conviction, that whatever you've done, whether right or wrong, has been honestly done. You've never crawled on your hands and knees for any man's favour, whether Peer or, that still more important

personage, the Working Man. You'd face an angry mob in Palace Yard with as little fear as you have, in times past, confronted an angry crowd in the House of Commons; or, what has been harder to bear, the reproaches of men whose opinion and good-will you value. You've always been straightforward and plucky, standing to your guns even at moments



1849



1881

when there was some danger that they might burst and make an end of you, with all your quips and cranks and classical oddities.

In political life you never had but one strong passion, and that was animosity, not untinctured with contempt, for DIZZY. He paid you back in your own coin, and next to snubbing a deputation, there were few things that raised your spirits to the pitch of exhilaration reached in prospect of a tussle with DIZZY. It was, I know, a little sad for you to leave your old companions and the scene of many battles, for the gilded quietude of the Upper House. You're a man of the people, BOB, with all your aristocratic tendencies, which have always been rather scholarly than snobbish. But, of course, you couldn't join a Government pledged further to extend the suffrage, and it would not do to have you, old war-horse though you be, stalled on a back bench below the Gangway. You took a Peerage, not because you particularly wanted it, but because it was, on the whole, the best thing possible for your friends. And now you sit mute, if not muzzled, on the back benches, amid a score of elderly mediocrities whose pretensions to be born legislators you secretly despise.

I'm sorry for you, BOB, but not ashamed, which is something to be said by so old and intimate a friend. You have fought your fight and have sheathed your sword. But as you sit in the dimly lighted chamber, you have many memories of bright forays, and of a life well and honourably spent in the service of yourself and your country. That you may live long to enjoy the rest which you've earned if you don't enjoy, is the wish of your early and still devoted friend,

ROBERT LOWE.

No. V.—From Vernon Harcourt, Q.C. (Home Circuit, 1866), to the
Home Secretary.

MY DEAR SIR WILLIAM,

It is a little odd to me to address you thus, not so much in respect of the title as of the name. We began life as "VERNON," and did very well except at the Bar. But we always were fond of an *alias*, and I dare say your new connection with the Police has strengthened the tendency. Whether as "VERNON HARCOURT," "HISTORICUS," or "SIR WILLIAM," there's no mistaking our identity wherever it presents itself. The only time I am in a little doubt about myself is when I find under your signature, or uttered in your voice, some personal panegyric on GLADSTONE. Is it true what I hear, that, on being knighted, you elected to be known as "SIR WILLIAM," out of compliment to your great leader? If so, all I can say is that you are surprisingly changed. Why, my dear VERNON—I mean SIR WILLIAM—do you forget some passages, alike in private

speech and in public address, bearing on the same subject? At least you can't forget, for it is written down in *Hansard*, how, when just after the General Election of 1874, GLADSTONE appearing hopelessly

under the water, we turned upon him, as he sat in dejected retirement at the end of the front Opposition bench, and belaboured him as in later days you have belaboured PARNELL. Don't you remember how delighted the Conservatives were, how they cheered and laughed, and how DIZZY sat looking across the table to see how GLADSTONE stood it?



1866



1881

Of course, we made a mistake then, generalising a little too quickly, after our fashion. We thought GLADSTONE was played out, that he was down, and might safely be kicked, which in truth seemed to be the case. He had a few months earlier taken us into his Government, and made us a Knight. If he had won at the General Election, naturally things would have been different. We acted then for the best, and I'm bound to say you've now boldly grasped the nettle. No one listening to you as, with tears in your voice, you protest the humblest devotion to our great and glorious leader, will think that you're the same man who performed that little scene in the House of Commons, now seven years old. Some men with such memories would be silent on this particular point, but that would be at best a commonplace way of meeting the difficulty. Yours is characteristically bolder, and likely to be successful.

What are you going to do next, VERNON? Is it the Woolsack or GLADSTONE's place when it's empty? I'm much younger than you, and it's only because I've passed off so far as one exceptionally wise, that I venture to offer you my advice, which is to go for the Woolsack. I don't think you would do for the House of Commons. You're smart and clever, and amuse the House with sometimes admirable imitations of DIZZY's style. The House wants to be amused above all things, next to being guided. But that is an imperative distinction, and our volatile temperament and tendency to overestimate ourselves, sometimes lead us to guide parties into the ditch.

I cannot conceive you Premier, or even Leader of the House of Commons; but to see you Lord Chancellor would be exquisite, far away the best and completest joke you ever made. How well you would look in the robes! How touching to see you repressing the youthful ardour of Lord DENMAN, or hinting that STRATHEDEN AND CAMPBELL was getting a little wide of the mark! And then to think of you presiding in the Appellate Court, nominally and actually the Chief Legal Luminary! Do go for the Woolsack, VERNON. The House of Lords rises early, has long recesses, and in time you would be able, with your great quickness, to pick up a little law.

Always yours admiringly,

VERNON HARCOURT.

"ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING."

DIRECTLY we saw the following notice—

ROUND THE WORLD YACHTING.—Notice.—The latest opportunity for JOINING the steam yacht *CEYLON* at Port Said is by Overland Mail, Dec. 9.—Apply, &c.

—we despatched our man with a billet—it sounds murderous, but it isn't. He shan't embark on the *Ceylon*, and mix with the other illustrators and the pressgang on board. No. We have bought him a yacht all to himself: a twenty-tonner—

A winner
Twenty-tonner—

and provided him with a Captain and Crew. A twenty-tonner only requires two men, so one is the Captain, and the other the Crew. If any dispute arises, our Correspondent must settle it; but we have suggested that they should take it turn and turn about, and so play fair. One man can be Captain on Monday, Wednesday and Friday, and the other on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Sunday, as a *dies non*—both can be Captains. One can be a Post-Captain, the other a Pillar-Captain, or any other term they like to

select. The Crew won't be admitted to the Captain's mess: the Captain will mess alone: so will the Crew: so will our Correspondent. On Sunday they can unite, and make one jolly mess of it between them.

The vessel is completely "found"—we found her—in every respect. Not having had time to christen her, she has gone off without a name, but this can be rectified at the first port our Correspondent puts in at. The yacht is filled up with the very latest improvements, false keel (for disguise), sliding panels and jury masts (as required by law), implements for raking fore and aft, with a model of Plymouth Hoe, only to be used by the Hoe-ner; the deck is fitted with colney-hatches, hot and cold baths below, porter up all night, telephones for every part of the world to our office, so that only authentic news can be published in this paper, *as we shall recognise his voice*. The yacht is furnished with screws, auxiliary steam, boxes of compressed force, and passports to enable her to pass any port anywhere.

Our Correspondent just looked in at the office to say he had started half an hour ago, and to ask for further orders—Post-Office Orders; but we hadn't any by us, and so he is now off and away. He says he doesn't know what to call the yacht, except rather small—but as he acknowledges he has not yet been all over her, his opinion is not worth much. We hope he'll agree with the Captain and the Crew, and we have half a mind to send a Policeman with him. We await news with some anxiety.

N.B.—Submarine Telephone just fitted up in our private room.

More (we hope) in our next.

BETTOR AND VERSE.

In the case of *Galloway v. Maries*, last week, Mr. Justice Lopes asked:—

"Suppose the person wore an enormous hat, with words 'Victoria Botting Club,' would that be a 'place'?"

Mr. BOSANQUET: "The hat being fixed to a moveable person would not in itself constitute a 'place.'"

ALL round my hat
I will wear a wide red brim, oh!
All round my hat,
When I'm going to a race.
And if a Peeler asks me
The reason why I wear it,
I'll say, it may look fishy, but
My hat is not a "place."

MORE APPROPRIATE.

On Wednesday last week, as per announcement, the Festival of the Patron of Scotland, St. Andrew, was celebrated at Eton College "with the annual foot-ball matches." It ought to have been Hop-Scotch.

AT THE SMOKE ABATEMENT MEETING, COLES, of Kensington, blazed away on the burning question. He was interrupted by applause, but as no cold water was thrown on his suggestions, he was not put out. *Vivat COLES! Live COLES!*

THEY say the pace of Foxhounds has vastly increased within the last quarter of a century. Do the Foxes go any quicker? They're sharp enough to move with the times.

SANDWICH.—One of the Stink Ports.

THE LODGER FRANCHISE.

"It is now laid down that a person who has the sole and separate use of a room, and who has no service performed for him is a householder. . . . In many instances it will be found impossible to show that persons who present themselves as householders have not the sole and separate use of a room." —*The Times on Justice Denman and Bowen's decision in Bradley and Baylis.*



Scene from the new Operetta of "*Cox and Box; or, The Happy Householders.*"

Cox and Box (singing together). Explain, Mrs. BOUNCER! Explain! Explain! (*Chord!*)
Mrs. Justice Bouncer (recitative). Oh, Gentlemen—(*chord*)—do not be violent—(*chord*)—listen, and be still! (*Chord.*)

Both. To you we'll listen, BOUNCER. Yes, we will! (*Two chords.*)

SOLO—*Mrs. Bouncer.*

Mr. Cox is away all the day,
And never comes in until night;
And at night I may say
Mr. Box is away,
And returns in the morning.

Box.

Cox.

All Three (ensemble). And returns in the morning quite right.

SOLO—*Mrs. Bouncer.*

Mr. Box has the room to himself all the day,
Mr. Box has it while Mr. Box is away,
And as, upon oath,
It belongs to you both,
I get from each gent
Equal money for rent;
And so I may say by the latest decision,
Of which there will not be, I think, a revision,
You're each of you—

Both (anxiously).

Cox (eagerly).

Box (violently).

Mrs. Bouncer (con spirito). You'll pay rates and taxes! You're each a House-holder!

TRIO.

Cox and Box (apart, with concentrated fury).

Oh rage, a fire in my bosom smoulders!

Mrs. B. (aside, with difficulty repressing her rapture).

Oh joy, a fire in their bosom smoulders!

Cox and Box (apart). We are! we are! We're both House-holders!

Mrs. B. (aside). They are! They are! They're both House-holders!

(*Grand finale. Curtain.*)

PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENT.—New issue of several volumes of *Smoke*, preceded by several strong puffs.



EFFECT OF EPISCOPAL INFLUENCE.

IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO BECOME A RADICAL AND AN ATHEIST, AND ALL THAT; BUT A BISHOP'S A BISHOP! SO AT LEAST POOR TODESON FINDS OUT, WHEN THE BISHOP OF CLAPHAM (WHOM HE ONCE MET AT A GARDEN PARTY, LONG AGO) TAKES HIM FOR SOMEBODY ELSE, AND FAVOURS HIM WITH A GRACIOUS WAVE OF THE HAND—THEREBY RECLAIMING HIM BACK TO THE BOSOM OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

THE COURT OF RHADAMANTHUS.

(A very long way after Virgil.)

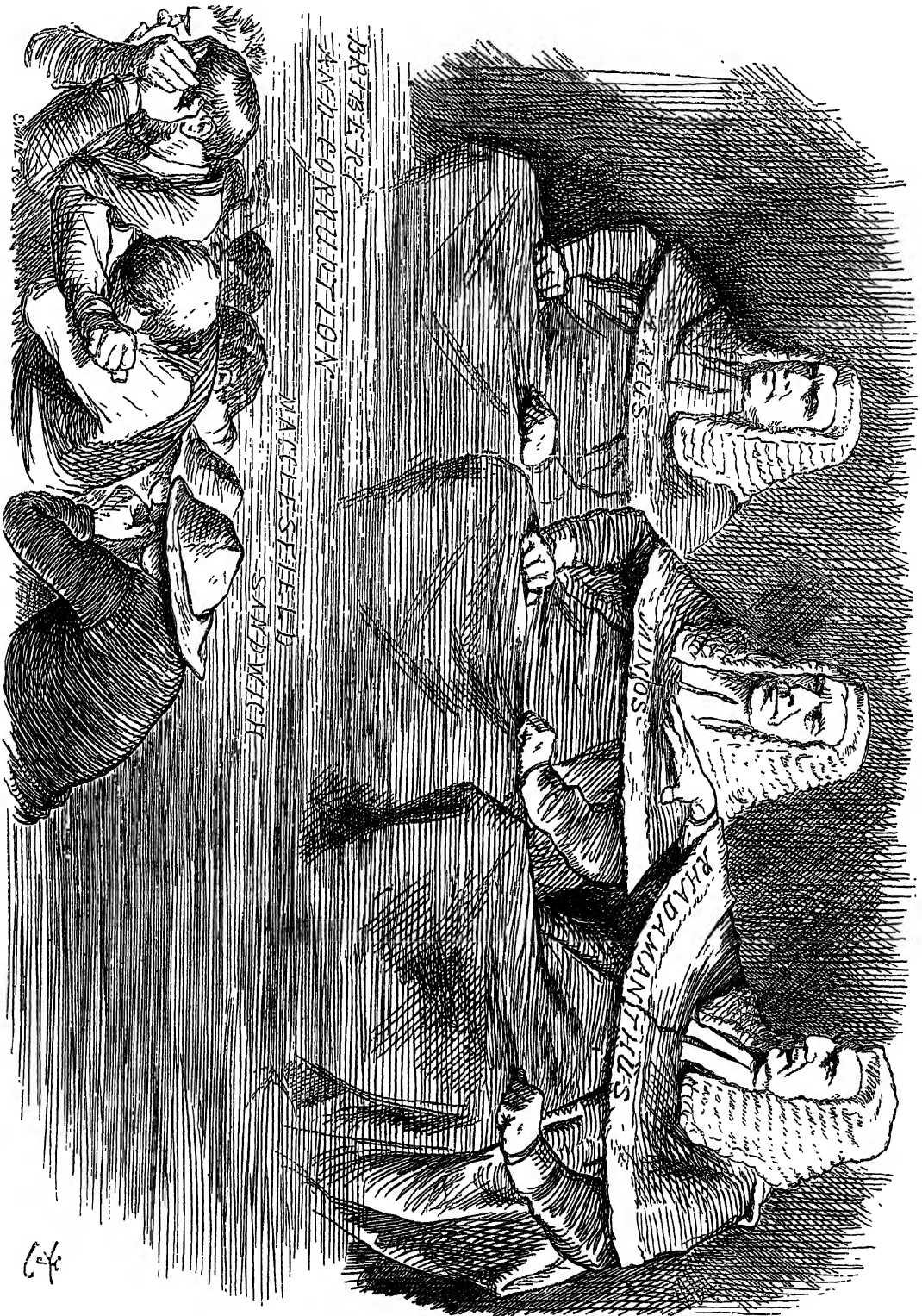
THESE are the realms of unrelenting Fate,
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the State,
Sitting *in banco*, firm as free of fuss,
With rigid Minos and stern Æacus.
Tremendous triad! Terror of all those,
How high soe'er each may have held his nose,
Who trifle with corruption, striking awe
Into all backstair breakers of the law.
They hear, they judge each hole-and-corner crime,
Inquire into the manner, place, and time:
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal,
Loth to confess, unable to conceal.
Nay, though by custom brazened and made blunt,
And bold long-blinking Justice to affront,
Is made to fear the bandaged One, and feel
There's more than menace in her lifted steel.
Long has the Briber bribed with placid glee,
Assured of silence or indemnity
For rank corruption, deemed a peccadillo;
But now, on many a soft and well-stuffed pillow,
Uneasy lies the head that e'er a crown
To bribe a beer-mused rough or cloddy clown
Has slipped or passed, upon some fair pretence
Of friendship or "legitimate expense."
Alas! what wonder Party-hacks look glum,
When even that divine Palladium,
Respectability, has lost its charm,
And denizens of Giggdom "get it warm"!
Shrink at the fateful Rhadamanthine nod,
And pass to hard, unmitigated "quod"!
Ask EDWARDS, deft Solicitor of Deal,
What Law's smart servitors, when Law-lashed, feel:

Ask OLDS, of Sandwich, how the prison-door
Looks, *from within*, to a Town-Councillor:
Question the Macclesfieldian MAY and MAIR,
How nine months' chokee suits that pleasant pair:
They bow their heads, we'll hope a blush to hide,
And ghostlike from that dread tribunal glide.
Thanks, Minos, thanks, grim Æacus, and thanks,
Stern Rhadamanthus; so the swelling ranks
Of cynical Corruption shall be thinned,
So smart delinquents, who securely sinned,
In chuckling confidence, shall know the State
Flagitious greed will soundly flagellate;
That when Respectability goes wrong,
Broadcloth and beaver will not stay the thong.
Stern lesson to the luckless culprit few,
And to the many a grim warning too.
Law down upon the dirtiest of frauds!
The Public's pleased and PUNCHUS applauds.

The Defective Police.

THE behaviour of Scotland Yard is getting more amusing every day—to the criminal classes. In the Hatton Garden robbery, because no one gave them a "clue" within eight-and-forty hours, they calmly announced their withdrawal from the case; and because they received no such clue, they assumed that the robbers must be Americans! What with a Post-Office which is secured against pecuniary liability, and a Defective Police System which discovers nothing but the office where Salaries are paid, the Government of London is nearly perfect.

IN Mediæval times, the great Ecclesiastical Doctor S. THOMAS AQUINAS was styled "The Angel of the Schools." Will later ages bestow the same title on Mr. MUNDELLA?



NEMESIS!



"Pat" Junior (in answer to inquiry by Saxon Tourist). "THERE'S FOIVE OF US, YER HONOUR, AN' THE BABY."

Saxon. "AND ARE YOU THE ELDEST?"

"Pat" Junior. "I AM, YER HONOUR—AT PRESENT!!"

LOVE-MAKING IN 1891.

(When Women shall have obtained their Rights.)

Edwin. Believe me, dearest—

Angelina. Pardon me, EDWIN, but is that the best adjective you can use? The word "dearest" implies that I have cost you a great deal—have been very expensive. Now when I prepared our settlements with my Solicitor I—

[Explains the Law of Real and Personal Property.]

Edwin. Thanks, darling, your lecture has been delightful. But see, the moonlight tinges the trees without—

Angelina. Moonlight? I am glad you have mentioned the moon. Do you know that our planetary system is—

[Exhaustively canvasses the whole system of modern astronomy.]

Edwin. Wonderful! But the nightingale has begun her sweet singing—

Angelina. Really! That reminds me, you told me the other day that you knew little or nothing of Natural History. I have an excellent memory, and will recite a few chapters of *White's Selborne* to you. [Does so.]

Edwin (awaking from his slumber). Ah, indeed! But, come, my own one—

Angelina. Beloved one, as accuracy is to be more esteemed than affection, do not call me thine. Until I am married I am a *femme sole*, and even when we are united the tendency of modern legislation is to separate the parties. It was not so in the past— [Gives a history of the world from the earliest ages.]

Edwin (yawning). Charming! Most interesting! Sweet ANGELINA, you speak so well, that I should like to hear your voice mocking that nightingale. Sing, Darling, sing!

Angelina. I would rather tell you what I know of Thorough Bass. But first let me correct you. I can scarcely rival the nightingale. The human frame differs materially from the frames of birds and animals.

[Lectures upon Anatomy in all its branches.]

Edwin (in his sleep). Grand! Very good! (Waking.) Ah! I must be off! Farewell, ANGELINA, the hours will seem years when I am away from you.

Angelina. Then they should not. There need be no confusion of time in your case, as you are not about to travel round the world. Certainly, if you were, you would find your watch losing as you moved southwards. In connection with the subject I may say a little about "time." You must know then that—

[Rapidly sketches the difference of the real and ecclesiastical equinox, the Gregorian reform, &c., &c.]

Edwin (tearing himself away). Farewell, dearest—I should say own one, or rather *femme sole*. Good-bye until I see thee again.

[Exit to attempt to escape to America, to avoid damages for a Breach of Promise of Marriage.]

Angelina. Fortunately I have taken my Medical Degree, and can read his mind like an open book!

[Exit to her Solicitor to restrain him!]

WANTED—ECCLESIASTICAL PATRONAGE.



SEE where his Grace stands 'tween two Clergymen,
Two props of Orders for Lyceum Stalls
To give a tone of Upper-Crust Society;

Famous Professional, loquacious Mime,
We do not ask to hear of your receipts—
So pardon us the interruption
Of self-devotion and artistic zeal.

Richard the Third. Church-and-Stage-Guild Edition.

MR. IRVING is not accustomed to "gag"—but a little gentle gagging would be useful now. Won't someone stop Mr. IRVING from making speeches? Why can't he leave parrot-screechifying to the pretty polly-ticians? Who cares to know what his receipts are or have been? Whom does it interest to be informed that whereas he "used to earn £75," he now makes seventy thousand, or whatever it may be, without calculating the "few odd half-crowns" which he thinks he may have borrowed in the earlier portion of his career, and which he now generously offers to repay? Mr. IRVING resembles one of those grotesque characters in Mr. W. S. GILBERT's *Bab-Ballad Operas*—an Admiral, or a Major-General, or a Judge, who, directly he comes on the stage, insists upon telling everyone—in a song, with music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN, thank goodness, not in an after-luncheon speech—how he has arrived at his present position. To compare small people with great, imagine Mr. GLADSTONE, or the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, or the Lord Chief Justice, in returning thanks, telling us how much his income is *per annum* now, and what it used to be, and how he was once impecunious, but would now be very happy to repay any trifling loan that might have been advanced to him in former days.

It seems to us that Mr. IRVING is frequently doing what he would be the last man to do were he only conscious of the fact, and alive to the absurdity of the situation; that is, apologising for the stage considered as a profession to which his tastes and talents have compelled him to belong, and of which, he begs to say, "without wishing to be thought egotistical," that he at the present moment is about the brightest ornament it possesses. We hope he'll mend his matter, or ever afterwards hold his tongue, to which course he may be induced by remembering that "Silence is Golden," which will add to the sum in the treasury of the Lyceum Theatre. If we cry out to him "Hold, enough!" he might retort upon us with the first part of the quotation from *Macbeth's* challenge—so we won't, but simply wish him safe back in Wellington Street once more.

IRISH LOCAL OPTION.—Home Rule.

THAT TRADING CHINEE!

(By Truthful John.)

[Chinese Merchants are coming over in the *Meifoo* to establish themselves in London.]

Oh, say what do I hear,
What was read out to me,
That a ship will appear,—
Has been sent over sea,
By those sad sharps the Merchants of China,—
Sent here by the trading Chinese!

All my large China trade,
In the goods that I send,
Will be lost, I'm afraid,
To such tricks there's no end;
Though with opium grown in my Indy
I ruin their brains like a friend.

Here's a steamer comes o'er
Which they call the *Meifoo*,
And it brings to my shore
Chinese merchants and crew,
And they'll presently come
in large numbers—
I'm hanged if I know what to do!

For these Chinese love tin,
And it's clear unto me
That CHIN LUNG and A-SIN
Will be dealing in tea;
Till I lose all my commerce
with China,
And all through that trading Chinese!

Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM says her nephew ought to put on top-boots for hunting, as he complains of hurting his legs with those Anti-Necropolises he now wears.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 61.



MR. JAMES PAYN.

THE PAYN, QUI VAUT LA CHANDELLE TO SIT UP AND READ HIM BY, REPRESENTED AS THE LOST SIR MISSINGBIRD PRESERVED BY HIS OWN "HIGH SPIRITS." WHEN HE WRITES A NOVEL, PAYN TAKES A LOT OF TROUBLE; AND WHEN NOVEL-READERS WANT SOME BOOKS, THEY TAKE A LOT OF PAYN'S.

POET'S CORNER.

Or Nonsense Rhymes on well-known Names.

(Tu quoque.)

SAYS JAMES to young CHURCHILL,
"You'll be from my birch ill."

SAYS CHURCHILL to JAMES,
"Well, you called me names."

(From the Black Country.)

SAYS SENDALL to KIMBERLEY,
"I'm up a chimberly!"
SAYS KIMBERLEY to SENDALL,
"Stop there and mend all."

(At the Cattle Show.)

SAYS GIBBS to SIDNEY,
"They're fat down to mid-knee."

SAYS SIDNEY to GIBBS,
"You can't see their ribs."

(Before the Pigeon Match.)

SAYS WORTLEY to CARVER,
"Come, no palaver!"
SAYS CARVER to WORTLEY,
"Don't speak so curtly."

JOHNNY TOOLE's theatre, The Folly, to be re-christened Toole's Theatre, is not to be opened till January, or Johnnywary. We hope this renaming notion will stop here, or we shall have Irving's Theatre, Terry's Theatre, Marius's Theatre, and St. John's Theatre as a balance to St. James's. There's Wallack's in New York, but that's in the family.

THE GRATE EXHIBITION OF 1881.—The Show of Stoves and Fireplaces at the Albert Hall.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH HIM?

"It is now definitely understood that CRETWAYO will visit England in the spring."—*Durban Correspondent of Daily Paper.*

How will he come to us? What will he say to us?
Who is to board him, and who is to pay?
Will he for Kingdom and Liberty pray to us,
And dine on raw dog in his primitive way?
Will he revel in parties, receptions, and gaieties,
Inspect a red "Impi" on Aldershot Downs?
Help at the Boat-race, and found a new hospital?
Call on Sir BARTLE, and then ride to hounds?

Shall we lodge him in Newgate? or feast him at CLARIDGE'S?
Guard him with "Bobbies," or let him walk free?
Shall we drive him in one of Her Majesty's carriages?
What, as a fact, is his status to be?
Will he go to the Tower, and "eat up" the Beefeaters,
Do the Aquarium, and lunch on the crowd?
Star as a lion in black inexpressibles,
Visit the Opera, and there yawn aloud?

Will he stand for a Borough? And what are his politics?
Does he belong to the "Radical Tail"?
Has he heard of our RANDOLPH? Prefers he our CHAMBERLAIN?
What are his views on the right of Free Sale?
Ah, but perhaps he is coming to talk to us
Of Zululand's troubles—of which he is one.
Cannot he write it? And why should His Majesty
Plague us again with a tale that is *Dunn*?

"IMPRESSIONS DU THÉÂTRE."

THE production of Mr. OSCAR WILDE's* play *Vera* is deferred. Naturally no one would expect a Veerer to be at all certain: it must be, like a pretendedly infallible forecast, so very weather-cocky. *Vera* is about Nihilism: this looks as if there were nothing in it. But why did Mr. O'WILDE select the Adelphi for his first appearance as a Dramatic Author, in which career we wish him cordially all the success he may deserve? Why did he not select the Savoy? Surely where there's a Donkey Cart†—we should say D'OYLY CARTE—there ought to be an opportunity for an 'Os-car?

* In answer to numerous inquiries, we beg to state, that, as far as we know, the Wilds of Scotland are no relation to the WILDES of Ireland.—ED.
† Forgive us this once, Mr. D'OYLY CARTE (Oh, why were you gifted with that fatally tempting name?)—and we will never, never, never, call you Donkey CARTE again. "What, never?"—Well—not often.—ED.

SEASONABLE ADVICE.

TREATMENT for an Enemy.—Punch his head!
Treatment for a Friend.—PUNCH'S ALMANACK!

"DEAR me!" said Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "there's the *Graphic* Christmas Number, and the *Illustrated Christmas Number*, and the *Smithfield Cattle Show* too! All the Christmas Animals coming out in the same week!"

RETIREMENT OF SIR GEORGE BRAMWELL.—*Otium cum Wig.*



PUNCH'S "MOTHER-HUBBARD"-GRINAWAY CHRISTMAS CARDS.

ROSCIUS HOUSE ACADEMY.

"A school, where the education and training will be exclusively devoted to the preparation of pupils for the Stage, will soon be an accomplished fact."—*Weekly Paper.*

(Holiday letter from a sixth-form Monitor.)

MY DEAR AND HONOURED PARENTS,

FOR not having taken the prize in "sudden apology" business, thus, rather than as "Lady and Gentleman," I am proud to address you. I say proud, for, as you know, my special training at this establishment has been, by your desire, not directed to the cultivation of that high-class Comedy which engenders a respectful filial bearing in the true Walking Gentleman. No, my dear Parents, instead of consigning me to the Royal Navy, the House of Commons, or the Bar, I am grateful to you for your determination that I shall bring what credit I can to the family in after-life as a Harlequin. And I do not think you will be disappointed. The way in which at last examination, I jumped through a publichouse window, and returned with a double roll instantly through a play-bill underneath has, I am glad to say, won me the approbation of the whole professional staff, and, in short, secured me the University Scholarship. But while having carried everything before me in my particular line, I have taken a good position in secondary subjects. Should the taste for pantomime decline, I think that my knowledge of a rally would enable me to do something with *Hamlet* that would mark an entirely new departure in Shakspearian business.

For the rest, I have enjoyed this my last term at school immensely. Our Cricket Match rehearsed to perfection, under our excellent Ballet-Master, has often been boisterously redemanded at Lord's; while wherever our Football Team has appeared, as it always does, with the full orchestra, enthusiastic encores, I need scarcely add, have been the order of the day. As to our "trap, bat, and ball," played, as we play it, *with a vampire trap*—well, as you know, that's a thing that when once seen is not easily forgotten. Indeed, from the first day—how well I remember it—that I arrived with my small private box and was relegated to one of the upper dormitories, as a sky-border—to the time when I was allowed a green-room all to myself, I may truly say that my life has been one of successive benefits.

But, my dear Parents, I will reserve what I have to say on the subject of my dear old *Alma Mater* till I am once more tickling the Butler on the back of his head with a make-shift for a wand in the shape of an umbrella, and smacking the iron-grand smilingly across its rosewood front expecting to see it transformed into a lighted kitchen-range. For the rest, as I said before, I hope, though my proficiency lies in another direction, that you will not find me wanting in the dutiful bearing proper to a son who has graduated in Light Comedy—or at least in Farce. You may count, believe me, on my assuming a gallant and sprightly bearing to the new Chambermaid (I trust she sings), and be quite sure that, in conformity with the best traditions, I shall be fully prepared to greet the sudden and unexpected approach at least of one of you with the proverbial—"My Father!—the devil!"

What can I say more, but that if you, whom I may truly always describe as my "kindest friends in front," are satisfied, no one will be happier than Your spangled, dutiful, and affectionate Son,

RICH SECUNDUS.

P.S.—By the desire of our worthy Principal, I enclose you one of the new Prospectuses, with his best compliments.

ROSCIUS HOUSE.

Established for the Education of Young Gentlemen destined for the Profession.

The Parents of Candidates seeking admission to the Academy are respectfully informed that the following is a list of Articles required in addition to the usual School outfit, to complete the equipment of each Pupil:—

1 pair of fleshings; 2 wigs (one trick); 1 large pasteboard head; 1 ditto with winking eye; 1 pantomime knife, fork, and spoon; 1 pair of ghost sheets; 6 pocket-handkerchiefs marked "Desdemona"; 1 hare's-foot, and rouge to match; 1 pound of bismuth; 2 pairs of false eyebrows; 1 Pantaloon's crutch; 1 cauldron.

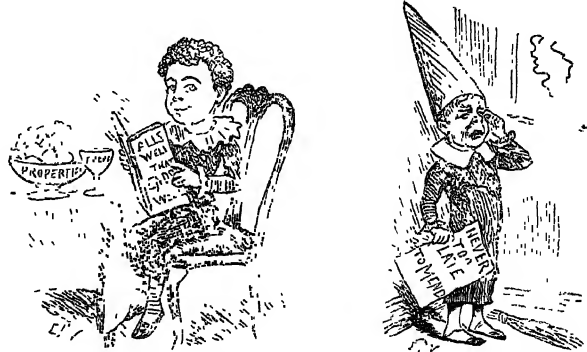
N.B.—The Committee of Management have determined that the Establishment shall be entirely unique of its kind. No expense or pains have been spared by them to render it a fitting preparation for the after-business of life of those who enjoy its advantages.

With a view to this, in addition to the ordinary curriculum, which will consist of declamation, clog-dancing, pantomime business, banner-carrying, and Shakspearian delineation, the Pupils will be instructed in the higher and more abstruse and refined branches of Dramatic Art. A special course of *practical* Lectures will be held, therefore, every Term, on one or more of the subjoined subjects:—

1. On how to Quit the Stage with Effect in a Shower of Cats and Dogs.
2. On the Best Method of getting through *Macbeth*, with *Macduff* removed early in Act II. by a Sheriff's Warrant.
3. The True Attitude of the Leading Man on Saturday, in the face of an Empty Treasury.
4. Allowable Liberties with the Text of *Othello* before a House of One Man in the Pit, supposed to have come in with an Order.

The above Theses will all be handled by Eminent Professors, possessing wide and large experience of their several subjects.

To stimulate efficient school-work, in conformity with sound dramatic traditions, proficiency in Class will be rewarded, not by the usual gift-books, but by participation in an imitation Stage Banquet.



GOOD LITTLE PLAYER—REWARD. THE BAD PLAYER—PUNISHMENT.

On the other hand, punishments and penalties for negligence will be meted out, as in the case of real melodramatic villains, by consignment to rattling chains, dungeons, and other appropriate contrivances of disgrace.

Places in the Classes must be taken in advance.

The Christmas Term will commence on Boxing Night.

Parents will receive a Monthly Report of the Pupils' progress, printed in two colours on eight-foot double-sheet posters.

A GLOSSARY OF INITIALS.

AN undesirable degree of looseness prevails in the public mind consequent upon the popular electric fashion of referring to public men by the initials of their Christian names. An ordinarily well-informed man suddenly asked for example, "What is the full name of the Rt. Hon. H. C. E. CHILDERS?"—would be staggered. To obviate this, we supply the full orthography of a few names the initials of which are in commonest use:—

W. E. G. & e. W.	(-onderfully) E. (-nergetic) GLADSTONE.
H. C. E.	H. (-ere) C. (-omes) E. (-verybody) CHILDERS.
W. V. H.	Sir W. (-aggish) V. (-agarious) HARCOURT.
W. E. F.	W. (-orthy) E. (-ffendi) FORSTER.
C. W. D.	Sir C. (-abinet) W. (-aiting) DILKE.
H. D. W.	Sir H. (-alf) D. (-one) WOLFF.
G. O. M.	G. (-et) O. (-ut) MORGAN.
A. M. S.	A. (-dmirable) M. (-an) SULLIVAN.
C. S. P.	C. (-calculating) S. (-urly) PARNELL.
F. H. O'D.	F. (-atuous) H. (-aggler) O'DONNELL.
J. G. B.	J. (-ocund) G. (-rotesque) BIGGAR.
T. P. O'C.	T. (-in) P. (-ot) O'CONNOR.

ONE OF THESE FINE DAYS.

[The following forecasts for to-day were prepared last night at the Meteorological Office, Colney Hatch.]

DISTRICTS.	
0. Scotland, N.	Wind northerly, becoming southerly
1. Scotland, E.	Thunder, lightning, hail, and rain.
	Fair to foul, and foul again to fair.
	Fog, and air very filthy.
2. England, N.E.	Wind southerly and northerly, moderate
	or fresh; fair and bright generally,
	but perhaps some local showers of
	meteoric stones.
3. England, E.	Northerly winds, strong to a gale; un-
4. Midland Counties . .	settled, then returning to the south-
5. England, S. (London	ward, and veering about. Red rain.
and Channel)	
6. Scotland, W.	Wind westerly, a hurricane; then calm.
	Scotch mist.
7. England, N.W. (and	South-easterly winds, changing to
North Wales)	zephyrs; bright and then dull, close,
8. England, S.W. (and	and sultry, becoming intensely cold in
South Wales)	the afternoon. Sleet or snow, and
	showers of fish and frogs.
9. Ireland, N.	Wind blowing from all points of the
10. Ireland, S.	compass; strong and gusty to violent.
	Whirlwinds. Waterspouts. Very
	unsettled. Momentarily fair; mean-
	while lightning and thunder from a
	clear sky; then overcast again, and
	raining cats and dogs.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope. Copies should be kept.



'CONDITION.'

Drill Sergeant (to Recruit). "THROW OUT YOUR CHEST AND KEEP IN YOUR STOMACH! A SOLDIER SHOULD ALWAYS HAVE A FULL CHEST AND AN EMPTY STOMACH!"

A CHRISTMAS STORY À LA MODE.

(Written up to the Pictures of any Illustrated Paper.)

MARY and ALGERNON stood under the mistletoe in the quaint old hall, with its burning logs and stained glass windows, mixing the Christmas pudding (*see Illustration*). They were supremely happy. As their faces almost met, each had a day-dream. MARY was thinking of the wedding at which she had recently assisted, with its pompous clergyman, aged bridegroom and lovely bride. She saw once again the ten bridesmaids in their blue and pink dresses, the beadle at the porch, and the carriages driving up to the entrance of St. George's, Hanover Square. It was a stirring scene (*see Illustration*).

ALGERNON's day-dream was very different. As he stood under the holly, he was irresistibly reminded by the red berries of the colour of the British Ensign, as it had floated over the deck of the *Nancy Lee* as that good ship, with its deck crowded with merry mummers, had passed over the line (*see Illustration*).

"Miss MARY—nay, let me call you MARY—you must have guessed my secret," he said earnestly.

She was about to answer him coquettishly, when suddenly she started. She turned quite pale and hurried to the window. Opening it, and holding a candle in one hand which flickered in the night wind, while with the other she pointed to a shadowy form, which seemingly was floating over the snow through the leafless trees, she exclaimed, "The Ghost!" (*see Illustration*).

He reassured her. He explained that he had frequently seen the spectre himself, and therefore was accustomed to its weird presence. He gently closed the casement, and to amuse her, gave her a description of the Meet held that morning at Squire HAZELTON'S. She laughed heartily at his account of the pack breaking into the cucumber-frames, the alarm of the Parson, the merriement of the red-coated sportsmen, and the pretty but pretended terror of JENNY HAZELTON, the daughter of the house (*see Illustration*).

When Mary was herself again, ALGERNON continued the conversation which the sudden appearance of the spectre had interrupted.

"MARY, you *will* be mine!" he cried passionately. "You know how I love you—surely my love is returned?"

"And so *this* is a declaration!" thought MARY. "Ah! it is very different to the mode adopted by dear Grand-papa! Grand-mamma has told me a score of times that he chose the Pump Room at Bath, during a ball at the commencement of the present century, for the scene of his appeal (*see Illustration*). Poor ALGY! What shall I say to him?"

Then he pleaded his cause. He briefly sketched his life. He told her how, as a boy, he had been to Eton. How he had engaged in many a game of football (*see Illustration*), and had often played at cricket. He laughed at the recollection of his many mishaps, but grew graver as he pictured the gathering of the scholars in the chapel on Sundays (*see Illustration*). Then he told her how he had entered at Oxford, how fond he had been of walking in Christ Church Meadows during Commemoration (*see Illustration*), and how he had managed each term to get a few days in town, by entering at an Inn of Court, and eating his dinners at Lincoln's Inn (*see Illustration*). When he left Oxford he told her he had taken a trip abroad. The passage between Dover and Calais had been rough (*see Illustration*). But he soon forgot the terrors of the vasty deep, when he found himself seated at an *al fresco* café chantant in the Champs Elysées (*see Illustration*). Then he told her of his trip to India. He explained to her how fond he had been of "big game." He had once, he said, been nearly killed by a tiger (*see Illustration*). Finally he declared that he had loved her from the moment he had first seen her standing apart from the giddy throng on Ramsgate Sands (*see Illustration*), and again asked her to become his wife, with an earnestness that caused him to tremble in every limb with emotion.

"Before I answer you," she replied blushing, "I think we should exchange confidences." Then she told him how she had, as a little girl, been to a juvenile party in fancy dress (*see Illustration*). This had perhaps given her a taste for dancing, which had lasted all her life. As she said this, she remembered the delightful valse she had enjoyed with Lieutenant VAVASSEUR, of the — Hussars, at the Court Ball (*see Illustration*). She told him how she had never gone to school, but had been educated at home by governesses, how fond she had been of Lawn Tennis in the summer (*see Illustration*), and how she had always decorated the village church with evergreens, with the assistance of the youngest of the Vicar's Curates before Christmas (*see Illustration*). Then she confessed that she had lived a very useless life, and burst out crying. At this moment the old squire, wearing top-boots and an old-fashioned costume, entered the room (*see Illustration*).

"ALGERNON, my boy," he exclaimed, "I was prepared for this. I am glad of it. I believe you will both be happy. But before I give my consent, come here."

He led the way into the picture-gallery, and pointed at the portraits of his ancestors (*see Illustration*).

"From Baron PERCY, who fought at Hastings (*see Illustration*), to Sir CHARLES, who was a constant habitué at Almack's (*see Illustration*), not one of these men has been dishonoured."

ALGERNON bowed his head respectfully.

"If I give you my daughter," continued the old Squire, "will you be as good a husband to *your* wife, as they were to *theirs*?"

ALGERNON seized the hand of the good old man, and promised he would.

"Then take her, my lad, take her! (*See Illustration*.) And now that matter's settled, let us enjoy ourselves."

And putting his arm affectionately on the shoulder of his future son-in-law, he entered the hall of Houghton House, and kept Christmas right merrily in the hearty English old-fashioned manner (*see series of Illustrations, and extra cut*).

The Crown Jewels. Paris.

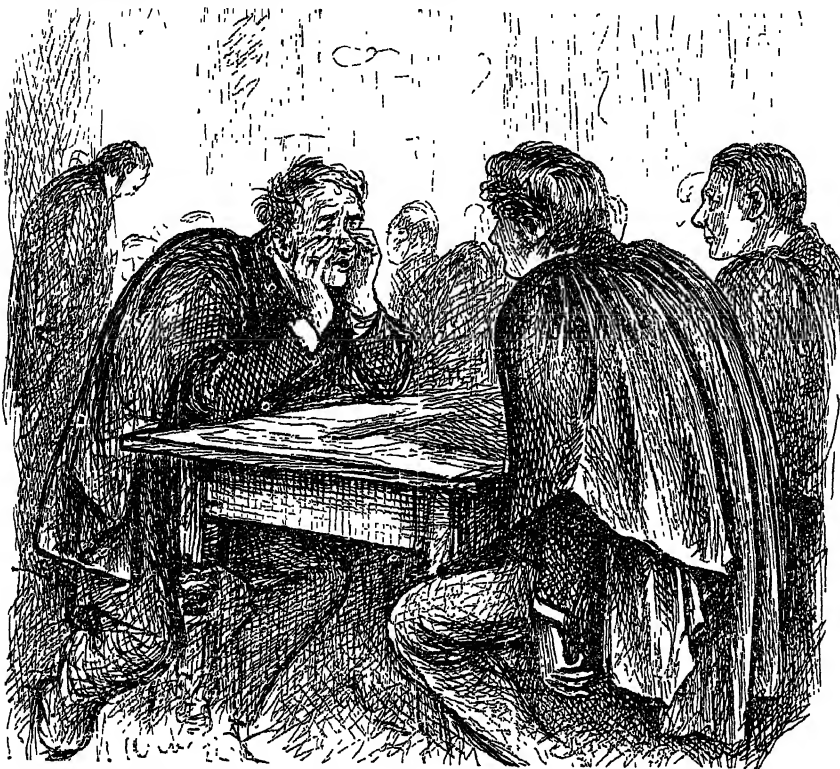
(Air from "Les Diamants de la Couronne.")

Gambetta (sings)—

To sell the jew'ls
We should be mules,
Or worse than fools
To part with them!
A few we'll pop,
The rest may stop
Until I want a diadem.

[Dances to quick movement, and—exit.]

"NONE of the county gentlemen speak to him now," said our Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, "because he's a Velocipede." "A what?" we asked. "A Velocipede," replied the Lady, "a person who goes about shooting Foxes, you know."



UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.—CAMBRIDGE.

(Whispers in the Senate House.)

"Hi! I SAY! I'M A MARRIED MAN, WITH SIX CHILDREN. FOR MERCY'S SAKE WHAT IS THE ENGLISH FOR ETIAM?"

ROBERT ON MUNICIPAL REFORM.

As many persons who nose no more about it than I do about the Irish Land Bill, seems to be torking and writing a lot of nonsense about the Reform of the Copperation, praps a few eyedears from one as nose a great deal, from being pretty often, if not behind the scenes, certainly behind their chairs, may be of sum service; and I hereby presents 'em with my complements free gratis for nothink, to Mr. GLADSTONE, who lectured us all so sewerly at Gildhall the other day, coz we didn't give him no dinner, to Sir W. ARCOVERT, who had the owdacious impanance to chaff even a Sherrif, and on Lord Mare's Day too, to Sir ARTHUR CHOPHOUSE, to Mr. BOTTOMLESS FROTH, and to Mr. HASHEM BILK, and all such people, be they who they may be, whether M. P.'s, or J. P.'s, or P. C.'s.

Well then in the fust place, I don't see, and none of my Paytrons don't seem to see, that we wants any Reform at all.

I quite agrees with the extinguished Common Councilman who made that truly grate speech the other day, in which he said, "I loves the grand old Corporation as I loves my own! Don't touch a brick of it! Don't change the name of the Firm! Some people talks about abuses, then why the deuce don't they pint 'em out?"

Ah, it taint every day we gits speeches like that, more 's the pity. It amost brort tears in my eyes as I red it.

But if there is to be a change, let us see what 's best to be done.

Well then the 1st. thing the Copperation wants is more money. More money means more Horspitality, more Horspitality means more Poppylarity, and more Poppylarity means more Power.

I'm afraid the Copperation's a gitting poor. I offen sees 'em dining without no Turtill, and that I calls one of the saddest sights I ever sees. It don't seem natural, and if they're a going to be what some folks calls egocomeical, but which I calls mean, I think they are beginning at the wrong end. Besides, who'd care for a Copperation that didn't spend its money freely. Money makes the Mare to go, and no Lord Mare could go far without it.

In the nex place they wants more Dignity. More splendid Sheriffs, more scarlet Aldermen, more gorgens Footmen, more Swordbearers and Macebearers, and such like usefule persons, and more brazen Men in Armour. These are what strikes the Mob with Haw! and raises the smile of pride in every true Citizen's manly busom.

In the nex place they wants more Currage. Let 'em laugh at

what 's called Public Opinion, and the ignerent Press, and the vulgar Rabbell, and do as they likes. Look how everybody abused the butifull Griffin, where are they now, and where is it now? They are nowheres, and he 's where he was, and where he will ever remain for the delite and admiration of Posteriority.

I don't see myself that there would be much objection to 'em taking in Westminster. Its a werry respectable place is Westminster, and got plenty of money, but, as I herd one of our oldest Deputyts say, I sets my face against having anything to do with such a poor lot as Bethnal Green and Ackney; no, not at any price. We ain't got many poor of our own, and they are gitting thinner and thinner, so we don't mean to be bothered with other people's, not if we can help it.

So they wants to make all the Streets of London alike, do they? All like Cheapside I suppose! P'raps they'd like to make all the houses alike too, one's about as likely as the other. Why when I was having a drink the other day with one of the Inspectors, he told me it costs about £700 a year to keep the Ashfelt pavement of Cheap-side nice and smooth. I wonder how they'd like that sort of thing, say in Whitechapel Road, if they had to pay for it?

What a deal of fuss too they make about the Water. I can always git quite as much as I wants for washing, it doesn't take much, and I don't suppose it can be wanted for any other puppus, except of course for Prisoners and Workusses, poor fellows!

The whole question seems to me to be somethink like this.

Here 's the old City, with its grand old Copperation, and its grand old Gildhall, and its Lord Mare and Sheriffs, and its old Charters, whatever they may be, and its own Police, each weighing about 14 Stun, and its lots of money; well and good. And outside and all round it there 's a lot of poor devils of Westrys, all as hungry as hunters, who ain't got no Copperation to speak of, and no Lord Mare and no Sherryrifs, and no Police of their own, and no gorgeous Footmen, and, wust of all, no money.

And the one haim and hobject of Muncicipal Reform is to enable these outsiders, without paying one shilling for 'em, to get a share of all these good things that the City has had for Sentries, and paid twenty shillings in the pound for, and has as much right to, as the House of Lords has to its Wheat!

If sitch things as these is to be aloud, then I says with the hindignant Cabman when he was told as how as Penny Savelows was raised to tuppence, "It's quite time then as we had a sanguinary Revolution!"

ROBERT.

POET'S CORNER.

*Or Nonsense Rhymes on well-known Names.**(Sunderland Library Sale.)*

SAYS TECHENER to QUARITCH,
"I yield as you're more rich."
Says QUARITCH to TECHENER,
"You're not a good reck'ner."

(From the Irish Bench.)

Says BARRY to MORRIS,
"The Land League a bore is,"
Says MORRIS to BARRY,
"It's playing Old Harry."

(A recent Election. By a Sup-porter.)

Says Derry to PORTER,
"We've done what we oughter."
Says PORTER to Derry,
"Yes, let us be merry!"

At the Pavilion.

"FOUR liqueurs of Kimmel" was the order. Great crowd, and consequent delay. "Waiter!" The Waiter was of a musical turn, and taking advantage of an interval between the clever conjuring entertainment and ARTHUR ROBERTS'S "Merry Family," sang out, appropriately, "The Kimmels are coming!" But he didn't add, "Oh dear, oh dear!" as the price was as usual.

A NUTSHELL NOTICE.

THE Author of that very funny article in the *Temple Bar Magazine* for October, called "A Capital Farce for Snoole," has scarcely succeeded in producing a capital Comedy for JEPHSON at the Imperial.

THE ROYAL BIRTHDAY-BOOK.



THE CHRISTMAS VOLUMES WELL DESERVE THEIR GAINS,
OF CALDECOTT'S, KATE GREENAWAY'S, AND CRANE'S.
"FAIR BEATRICE, WE THANK YOU FOR YOUR PAINS."

Much Ado About Something, Act II, Sc. 3.—(Mr. Punch's Version.)

THE SUNDERLAND LIBRARY.

IN ancient halls of Blenheim, where the CHURCHILL's palace stands,
There was a wondrous Library, that's famous in all lands;
JOHN SPENCER, Earl of Sunderland, sent out o'er all the earth,
Through England and the Continent, to gather books of worth;
And there he stored them in the halls of national renown,
Within the palace that uprears its head near Oxford town.

But now the books he gathered there must all afar be spread,
By many an eager bibliophile be purchased and be read;
The mediæval missals whereon ancient monks would paint,
With loving care, the countenance of martyr and of saint,
The wonderful editions of the Classics, and each tome
Of ALDUS and of ELZEVIR, must seek another home.

Yet one can scarce regret the deed, for every book will make
Its fortunate possessor gather others for its sake;
The volume the Collector buys and adds unto his store,
A cherished prize, will surely make the owner long for more:
And so the books of SUNDERLAND will in the years give birth
To other noble Libraries, the treasures of the earth.

Shakspeare on "Griffiths's Valuation."

YES, the Immortal Bard knew all about even this. The first instance of GRIFFITHS's Valuation, was when he gave his estimate of Cardinal WOLSEY's character, and how highly Queen KATHERINE prized this GRIFFITHS's Valuation is known to every Shakspearian student. She could only wish for such an honest chronicler as GRIFFITHS.—*Henry VIII. Act IV. Sc. 2.*

IRELAND'S ADIEU TO THE EMPRESS.

[HUNTING in Meath being "Boycotted," the Empress of AUSTRIA will not come to Sunnyhill, as was arranged, but has just written, through her Chamberlain, to take Combermere Abbey, in Cheshire, again.]

Oh, sad is the news, and our hearts are full sore,
The "Kaiserinn" hunts in ould Ireland no more;
The Sunnyhill walls shall no more as a guest,
Receive the great lady who rides with the best;
The Meath Hunt is "Boycotted,"—where is our sense?
The Empress will come not to fly o'er the fence.

And England will win what we lose; 'tis with pain
We hear that at Combermere Abbey again
The Empress will hunt, and all Cheshire rejoice
At the light of her smile and the sound of her voice;
She'll ride as of old, well and straight as a man,
And we can but dream of her leading the van.

Oh, Irishmen, tell us, whate'er be your creed,
Or politics, do you not blush for the deed?
Is this the old chivalrous spirit that made
Historic renown for the Irish Brigade?
But still we shall hope to wipe out such a stain,
And welcome the Empress to Ireland again.

FROM YOUTH TO AGE.

(A Confidential Correspondence between Eminent Personages.)

"Immortal Age beside immortal Youth,
And all I was in ashes."—TITHONUS.

No. VI.—From Mr. Knatchbull-Hugessen, M. P. for Sandwich (1857–80),
to Lord Brabourne.

MY LORD,

It is with feelings of proper respect that I venture to address your Lordship. I know my place, or perhaps I should say my places, for I was always glad to get anything that turned up. I



1857

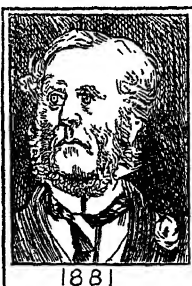
trust your Lordship knows me too well to think that in thus approaching you unsolicited I desire to impose upon earlier acquaintance or former service. I at least know your Lordship well enough to be convinced that such an attempt, if it were made, would be quickly and properly rebuffed. But, as your Lordship knows, I have too deeply-rooted a reverence for rank to indulge in any such impertinence. There's a couplet from a pen which might have reached eminence greater even than my own if other pursuits had not interfered to distract attention. I allude to the rhymed remark—

"Let laws and commerce, arts and learning die,
But spare, O spare our old nobili-tie!"

I humbly apologise for mentioning JOHN MANNERS in a letter to your Lordship. He is, I know, merely a commoner; but his alliance with a ducal family may do me needed service in excusing me in your Lordship's mind for this passing vulgarity.

If one so humble as myself might express sympathy with your Lordship, I would like to revert to the pain I have felt at observing the reception which your Lordship's recent noble efforts in public life have met with. It appears to the vulgar eye as if by the course it has pleased your Lordship to adopt, you have earned the contempt of your old friends, without gaining the recognition of your new associates. Herein, however, your Lordship shares the common fate of great minds, some of whom are known, in common parlance, by titles of really respectable antiquity.

It is not for me to criticise, or even to characterise any steps it may have pleased your Lordship to take since you were elevated to a sphere for which you were born. But if I venture a remark, it would be to say that your Lordship has done exactly what might have been expected of you, and that you have taught a wholesome lesson to persons like Mr. GLADSTONE, whose father, I believe, was a Liverpool merchant, and who, for this and other reasons, cannot be expected to enter into the feelings of personages gifted like your Lordship. It is quite possible that the assiduous court paid to the coming Prime Minister at a time when your Lordship's career was yet unfulfilled, may have led to misapprehension; whilst the sturdy Liberalism which I always professed scarcely prepared people for the



1881

antique Toryism which your Lordship has assumed in common with the heads of some of our oldest Houses. It may suggest to some minds, as it is said to do to the genial one of Lord SHEERBROOKE, that simile of a bottle of thin claret, which on being decanted, declared it was fruity old port. These are the slights of envy, the stings of malice, the venom of vulgarity. Your Lordship has not only earned a peerage, but at the outset has endowed it with attributes rarely found in the House of Lords. A contemplation of your career as far as it has gone fills with sincerest admiration

Your humble and devoted Servant,

E. KNATCHBULL-HUGESSEN.

No. VII.—From the Marquis of Lorne, (1842), to the Duke of Argyll.

MY DEAR DUKE,

I TAKE advantage of your comparative leisure and surcease of care of the Universe, to write you a short letter. Writing letters, not always short, has, as you know, been a great solace to me through a well-spent life. It is close upon forty years since there appeared my famous *Letter to the Peers, from a Peer's Son*. There was, I remember, a little murmuring and groaning at the time. I believe the Duke of WELLINGTON offered a few heated remarks on what he ventured to call "the presumption of a priggish young man." Of course, the Duke was a privileged person, very well in war, but a nuisance in times of peace.

I felt it my duty then to lecture the Peers, as I have since, from time to time, felt it my duty as well as my privilege, to lecture other people. In fact, I think there's some truth in what SALISBURY says, that if I had not been born a Duke, I would have made a fair living as an itinerant lecturer on controversial topics; whether religious, social, or political, would, of course, not have mattered to a man of my attainments. SALISBURY didn't mean 'to be complimentary, but I take the remark as such. I think I may add, that if need had been I would have made a fair living with my pen; but Heaven made me a Duke, and I have done the best under the circumstances. When I say "I," my dear MACULUM MORE, of course, I mean you; but the



1842



1881

first person singular comes natural to me, and practically it's all the same. You would never have been what you are but for me.

You did quite right to leave the Ministry last year. It was a dreadful blow to them, and it remains a marvel how they have survived it. Time was, as SHAKESPEARE, I think, has observed before me, when the brains were out the man would die. When the prop of a house was removed, the premises came down. But everything is changed now; and though you've withdrawn, the Cabinet goes on just as if nothing particular had happened. Nevertheless, you had a good time during the debate on the Land Bill. It didn't last long, but it was worth anything in the way of salary or Ministerial position. If you had remained on the front Bench, and delivered an ordinary Ministerial speech, the House would have been moderately empty. As it was, I am told, there was scarcely sitting-room, and SALISBURY himself led off the cheers from the Opposition benches. It was a good speech, though I think I could have made a better one myself. Your phrases are nicely composed, though a little reminiscent of the lamp; and, besides, with your fine gestures and imposing appearance, a good deal is lost when you speak from a back bench. The floor of the House is the place for you; and I would advise you, till you join the next Ministry, to sit on the front Bench below the Gangway, where you won't find the companionship of DERBY too exciting.

As for style, let me recommend you to read again the *Letter to the Peers from a Peer's Son*, and that other interesting work, *On the Duty and Necessity of Immediate Legislative Interposition on behalf of the Church of Scotland, as determined by Considerations of Constitutional Law*. I have always thought, and have been supported in my view by eminent authorities, that the title alone stamps this work as a masterpiece. To parody a misapplied saying, let me conclude with the injunction that if you would become a master of Scottish-English, you must spend your days and nights with

Your good friend and patron,

LORNE.

NEW BOOK.

Sinners and their Drums. By the Author of *Saints and their Symbols*.

MORE IRISH MELODIES.

THE PAYIN' OF THE RENT.

OH, have you heard the shameful news that comes from Ireland's shore?
The noble sun of Erin's set—and set to rise no more.
The land is filled with skulking curs, on sneaking mischievous bent,
Who maim the harmless cattle if their owners pay their rent.
If honesty dares show itself, and struggles to do right,
These cowards shoot behind stone walls at feeble girls at night;
'Tis the most disgraceful country that e'er to ruin went,
For there's a cursed law against the payin' of the rent.

(More to follow—"The Harp that Once.")

THE harp that once through Tara's halls,
The soul of music sent,
Is buried 'neath the rotten walls,
Of farms that pay no rent.

WHO KILLED COCK PIGEON?

Those who journeyed to Little Chickenden yesterday, in anticipation of witnessing the long-expected match between Dr. CUTTER and Mr. DOOR HURTLEY, did so in miserable weather. This was much to be regretted, as the match between these magnificent pigeon-shots was looked forward to with immense interest by a number of pigeons. Those, however, who braved the elements were rewarded by one of the finest and manliest contests on record. We noticed among those present at this almost historic tournament, Cabinet Ministers, Bishops, Diplomats, all the leading members of the Society for Suppressing Cruelty, and most of our eminent philanthropists, who had been attracted by the placards promising "A Happy Day at Little Chickenden." Unfortunately, the damp atmosphere had the effect of making the birds fly sluggishly, so that they did not seem to leave the trap with that amount of "dash" which might reasonably have been expected from them.

The "sport"—for a contest involving such an amount of fatigue and actual danger amply justifies that title being applied to it—was happily free from all mercenary considerations. It was pure, manly, legitimate "sport," and "nothing but it," as Mr. Samuel Weller once remarked on a different occasion. The mere fact that £500 a-side was thrown in, does not in any way alter the real character of the proceedings, or assimilate them in the slightest degree to a trial of skill for a wager. All we are glad to say, went merry as a Passing Bell, and gave universal satisfaction, especially to the pigeons. Mr. C-T-R and the Archbishop of C-N-T-B-B-R-Y kindly consented to act as referees in case of any dispute arising, but, fortunately, their services were not required.

Exactly at 12'45 a commencement was made to an accompaniment of a flourish of trumpets and a salvo of artillery. Mr. DOOR HURTLEY led off with a very satisfactory kill from the left-hand corner trap. Dr. CUTTER at his first missed a good bird with a bad shot. At the 15th shot Mr. DOOR HURTLEY was five birds to the good, but, unfortunately, he failed to score his next bird, though hard hit with both barrels. Dr. CUTTER grassed his 16th. Then the great American marksman made nine splendid kills amid immense enthusiasm. He was unfortunate with his 27th bird; he brought it down apparently settled, but recovering itself, it got over the hoarding. What happened to it there is, of course, of no interest whatever. Poor Mr. DOOR HURTLEY then had a bit of bad luck with his 33rd pigeon. It was hit very hard, but managed to get over the fence. "Who saw it die?" "I," said the Fly, "with my little eye." All then adjourned to luncheon, which was immensely enjoyed.

After the interval, both marksmen, though naturally much fatigued by the terrible exertions of the morning, continued to exhibit the heroic endurance which makes English sport so deservedly famous. At his 60th shot Dr. CUTTER was fairly beat by a low-flying rock, and Mr. DOOR HURTLEY missed his 65th, a straight-away clinker. The latter sportsman only just touched his 89th bird, while Dr. CUTTER considerably touched up his 93rd, which, however, had the bad taste to fall, in a dying

PUNCH'S PRIZE MEDALS.



Medal struck in honour of the Noble Sport of Pigeon Match Shooting generally.



Medal struck in commemoration of modern Murderous Lunacy Theories. Dedicated to Humane Hanwillian Protection Society.

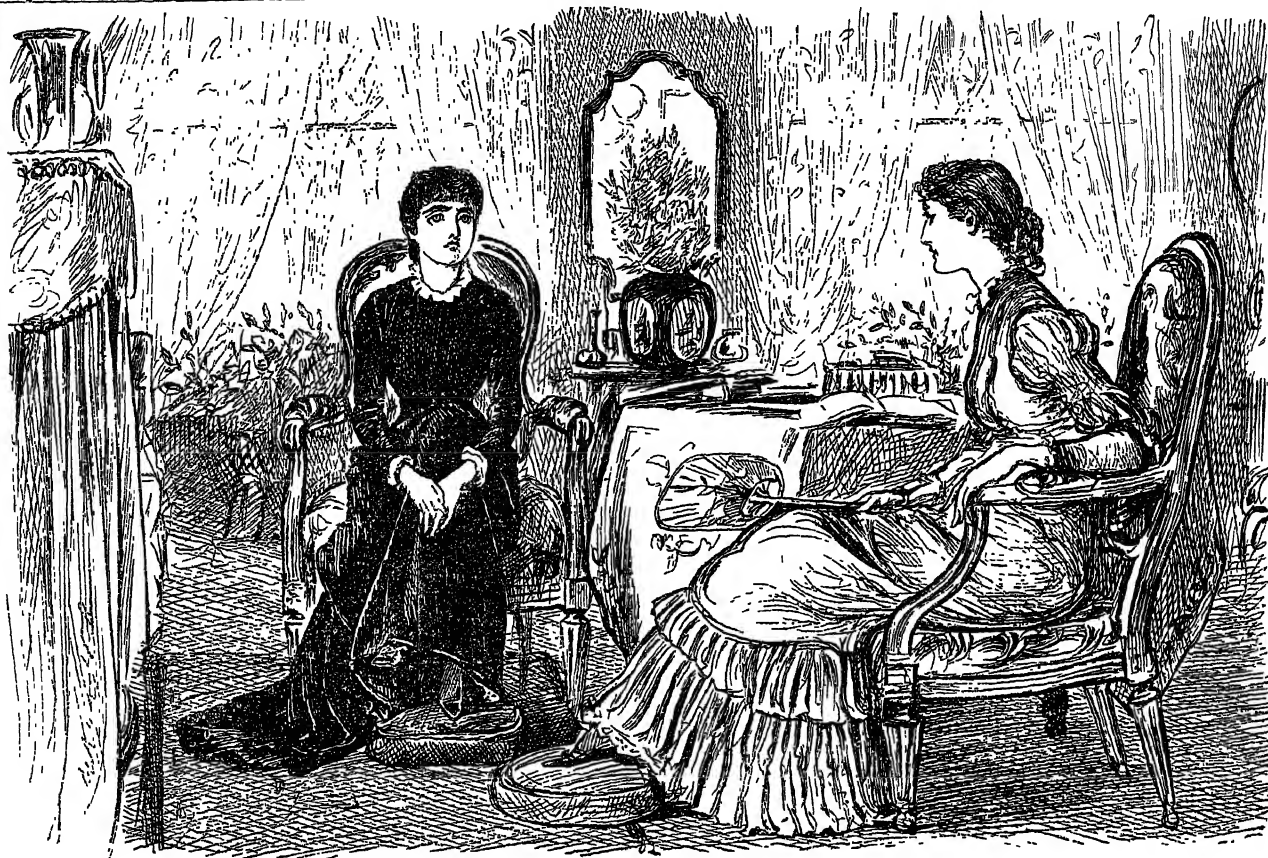


Medal to commemorate the Smoke Abatement Exhibition. Dedicated to the Grate Coles (without smoke), of Kensington.

condition, just outside the enclosure. Ninety-three each was now the score, and the excitement became intense. We noticed one Eminent Philanthropist standing on the shoulders of a Still More Eminent Diplomatist, to catch a sight of the shooting. Dr. CUTTER's 99th bird fell outside the boundary, amid much hooting; and as both killed their 100th bird, this memorable contest ended in a tie. All concerned may be congratulated on so splendid a vindication of the noble and chivalrous nature of English Sport.

Explanation of Phenomenon.

"'LATE BIRDS!' All my eye and Betty Marten!" exclaimed our Young Man about Town when somebody read to him the recent newspaper article on the subject. "But," he added, after a moment's unusual reflection, "if two late birds were seen at Windsor on the 7th of December, they must have been a couple of 'Windsor Strollers' who didn't leave after the performance."



QUALIFYING A SWEEPING ASSERTION.

Sophie (after hearing about Frank). "I DECLARE I SHALL NOT BELIEVE A WORD A MAN SAYS TO ME. THEY'RE ALL LIARS!"
Beatrice. "FOR SHAME, SOPHIE!" *Sophie (regretfully).* "AT LEAST ALL THE NICE ONES ARE!"

THE IRISH "INFERNO."

Dream of a Perplexed Premier, after long pondering over the pages of the grim Florentine.

IN the mid-hours of Night, when visions throng,
 I found me in a Mournful Isle, astray
 Where no path lightwards led: and e'en to tell
 It were unwelcome task, how savage wild
 That region, how distressed and desolate,
 Which only to remember doth renew
 In waking thought the bitterness of sleep.

There had been little respite to the care
 That in my heart's recesses deep had dwelt
 All that long Session perilously pass'd;
 And as a man with difficult short breath,
 Forespent with struggle, 'scaped from sea to shore,
 Upon the unknown land before him stands
 At gaze; e'en so my spirit, that failed not
 When conflict called it, turned to view the straits
 Whereto long toil had brought me.

On my way
 My pale Guide led me, far from air serene,
 Into a climate ever vexed with storms.
 "All hope abandon ye who enter here,"
 Seemed its fit welcoming. Conflicting tongues,
 Outcries of injury, and wails of woe,
 Accents of anger, voices harsh and hoarse,
 Made up a tumult that for ever whirls
 In that wild region.

Then I question made
 Of my grave Guide: "What doth aggrieve them thus,
 That they complain so loud?" He straight replied:
 "Wild hopes long entertained, and their blind life
 So poorly passing, that all other lots
 They envy."

The loud anguish of that race
 With pity paled my cheek. What here avails,
 Our utmost wisdom,—we so alien,
 So execrated e'en by those whose debt
 To us but moves fresh hate, who wrongfully
 With blame requite us, and with evil word?

My leader stay'd, and something wanly smiled,
 A smile of many meanings, which, to me,
 Though wordless he the while, seemed eloquent
 Of mingled memories: Of historic hate
 Unwisely fostered, and of secular wrong
 Blindly inflicted, borne impatiently,
 And vengefully remembered: Of the tongues
 Of poisoned strife-engenderers' stirring wrath,
 In souls dark moving 'neath the dual curse
 Of ignorance and suffering. And I gazed
 With will-dividing thought on the wild rout
 Of wicked strife and fierce contention, sprung
 From error's dragon-teeth, by long dead hands
 Assiduously sown.—A woeful sight
 To darken Hope's clear eyes in anger stern,
 And urge mild Patience to the penal stroke.
 Mad hate and skulking malice; murder armed
 Against the helpless, Cruelty a-grin
 With unchecked triumph and impunity;
 Law mocked, evaded, spurned; Justice quite thrust
 From the fray's forefront, gaoled Sedition lord
 And throned Authority helpless!

O blind lust!
 O foolish wrath! that so does goad them on,
 In spite of reason's ban and in despite
 Of pity's bounty and remedial aid.
 What though old wrong yet rankles, what though greed
 Of dead despoilers leaves bad legacy
 Of bitterness? Should living love be spurned,
 And instant justice flouted, the long toil
 Of the past-hampered present set at nought,



THE IRISH "INFERNO."

"DEATH, VIOLENT DEATH, AND PAINFUL WOUNDS
UPON HIS NEIGHBOUR HE INFLECTS; AND WASTES,
BY DEVASTATION, PILLAGE, AND THE FLAMES,
HIS SUBSTANCE."—DANTE, Canto XI.

Balked of its healing, baffled of its balm,
By blindest enmity and the fierce tongues
Of murder-fostering ministers of hate?
Not curriish spite, not viperous virulence,
Inveterate vindictiveness, the blow
Thrust like a bravo's dagger in the dark
Through helpless innocence or dumb brute life,
Against long patient Law, shall right old wrong
Or serve in aught save hideously to brand?
The secret stabbers with the assassin's shame,
And urge stern Justice to a sharper stroke
Of her avenging steel.

Alas! what hope,
What help in this Inferno of mad wrath
When patient right hath toiled its uttermost?

I, letting fall my gaze, remained as one
Assailed by mute despair. My guide replied:
"If thou, O thwarted helper, couldst not hope
Aught better or beyond what here we see,
Thou ne'er again in aid mightst lift thine hand:
But I, because such bodings pass belief,
Prompt thee to further labours, which e'en now
Thy thought projecteth; yet, e'en yet, perchance
Thou may'st for all this wrong make full amends.
In the upper world whereto thou dost return;
Win love of these, long vainly laboured for,
And in their hearts thy failing fame revive!"
Then flushed my cheek with fresh resolve. I cried,—
"So shall I strive, so hope, so may it be!
Some happier omens greet us. Order wakes,
And Civic Spirit stirs itself in aid
Of sorely shaken Law,—unwelcome need,
Auxiliary most welcome, gladly hailed,
If with some touch of shame. It shall not be
That hate and anarchy at last shall triumph
O'er love and firm legality."

I awoke,
And seemed to hear, loud-swellings through the land,
The sound of many voices, calling me
To shape in act the urgings of my dream.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

Tales from Shakespeare. Illustrated by Sir JOHN GILBERT, R. A. The pet Lambs' tales, of course. Good for daily reading, with knightly illustrations.

Little Wide Awake. This is edited by Mrs. S. BARKER, with illustrations by quite a merry family of Artists. Don't be misled by the title: it is not intended to teach the young beginner how to turn up the King at écarté, or do the three-card trick, or to name the thimble where the little pea is, or to spot the sovereign in the garter, all of which "Little Wide Awake" may come to know in time, if he or she is very good. Apply at ROUTLEDGE'S for further information.

Three Wise Old Couples. By Mrs. CORBETT, illustrations by G. HOPKINS. Pictures are funny. And worth all the money. Inquire at CASSELL'S.

What Shall We Act? (2nd Edition.) A hundred plays. "You pays your money and you takes your choice." BELL & SONS. The publishers leave the question unanswered.

Gertie's Sunflower, Old Arm Chair, Sugar Plums, &c., &c. All good for nursery presents. Published by WARNE—and who said they warne't? So, if you warne't anything in this line, here are several novelties. Covers fresh, though labelled Warne.

The May Blossom. By the same Firm. Evidently an appropriate Christmas book.

Comic Insects. As a rule we detest comic insects. What more comic than a Daddy Longlegs? Yet we own to being nervous when he is in the room. But Mr. REDD'S insects are drawn by G. and F. BERRY—they very often are drawn by the berries—and describe themselves berry amusingly.

Ivy: a Tale of Cottage Life. Very pretty story. No ghosts, though Ivy is suggestive of the creeps.

Alps and Sanctuaries. By SAMUEL BUTLER. Published by A. DAVID BOGUE. Rather dry—but then this is a good thing when you've far to go. No umbrella required.

Then here's a lot by CALDECOTT; and everybody who hasn't already got them should be Caldecotted. We're exhausted, and can't look at any more. O Christmas, Christmas!—well, you do come but once a year, and so let us enjoy these books while we may, before the appearance of the Butcher's Book, the Baker's Book, &c., come in, and may we obtain more pleasure than we expect from a calm and careful perusal of the great work of the year—our Banker's Book. *Plaudite et Valet!* Curtain.

HUNTING.

Illustrated by Dumb-Crambo Junior.



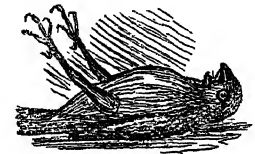
"Drafts do not add much to the appearance of a park"—*Vide Correspondence in "Punch."*



Our Artist has got some beautiful Tops, and taken a house near a Spinney.



Hunting Fixtures.



A Stiffish Bullfinch.

THE BURGLAR'S HOME.

Ratepayers' Little Light Comedy—adapted from certain current reports.

ARGUMENT.

"The value of the property stolen is estimated at upwards of £80,000. At present the Police have obtained no clue."—*Daily Paper.*

"£60,000 of jewels were abstracted. The Police have investigated the affair, but without any result."—*Daily Paper.*

"The outrage has been effectively carried out with an audacity that is little short of surprising. The Police confess themselves utterly at a loss to understand how it can have been perpetrated."—*Daily Paper.*

Interior of a Belgravian mansion during the progress of an ordinary dinner. Enter a Duke, in evening dress, agitated, followed by Butler, Servants, Guests, Policemen, and others.

Duke. So the whole of the family jewels, together with the clocks, plate, forty dozen of a superior brand of champagne, and the drawing-room piano, have been again carried off while we have been sitting heedlessly over our pudding? Is this so?

Butler. It is, your Grace.

Duke. Then send for the Detectives. (A couple of skilled Detectives enter.) Ha! here they are! Well, my acute and carefully-trained friends, what say you?

First Detective. Wot do we say? Well, that we ought to have had a good month's notice of a job like this. Took away the jewels and the drawin'-room grand, have they? Then they must have got out by the attic chimney. There ain't much chance. They must be a couple of 'ouses off by this time if they're a inch.

Duke. Then, my acute and carefully-trained friends, can you do nothing to assist me?

Second Detective. Oh yes, we'll 'elp you. All you've got to do is to lock up your servants, have a Division or two of Police in the area, offer a reward of £10,000, give all your guests into custody, chalk the people as passes the house, and have a watch set over yourself—and then we shall begin to know something more about it.

Duke. Thanks! Thanks! A thousand thanks! All shall be done promptly and at once. (Gives the requisite orders.) Ha! what was that?

[The gas is suddenly turned out, as a couple of Burglars, hitherto concealed under the dining-room table, seize their opportunity and darting between the legs of the Duke, upset him, as they make their escape by the front door.

First Burglar (lighting a pipe outside). Come along, JIM, we can leave the pianer in the cistern to-night, and fetch 'im to-morrow. And now we'll just tool off to some quiet sort of a place where we can divide this 'ere shining swag without fireworks.

Second Burglar (leisurely). Right you are, BOB: and the quietest and safest place I knows of for a job of the kind, is—

First Burglar. Scotland Yard, you was a-going to say—that's about the size of it. I'm your man. No place like 'Ome. Call a 'ansom.

[They do so, and drive off, while Detectives rush out and seize a passing Archbishop, whom they carry off to Bow Street, kicking, as the Curtain falls.



George (to his Friend, who had been fishing this year in the Highlands). "THE SUN HAS BURN'T YOUR FACE, MY BOY, BUT IT DOESN'T SEEM TO HAVE TOUCHED YOUR HANDS; THEY'RE AS——"

Alec. "BY JOVE, IT HADN'T A CHANCE, OLD MAN. THEY WERE ALWAYS IN MY POCKETS! SCOTLAND'S BECOME AN AWFUL EXPENSIVE PLACE! I'M REGULARLY CLEANED OUT!"

A WORD OF WARNING.

NEWMARKET Races. The attendance during the Houghton Week was enormous; and the East-End of London, the Seven Dials, and the purlieus of Westminster must have been completely deserted. Robberies were rife. With the increased facilities afforded to ready-money betters, ticket-snatching and welshing were largely indulged in. Fights were, of course, plentiful; but, as far as we can ascertain, only four have proved fatal. Fortunately, however, very few respectable people were present, the higher class of sporting men having long given over the practice to Newmarket. It will be remembered that in 1881 the Surrey Magistrates granted the lessees of Croydon Racecourse their licence solely on the understanding that they kept their racecourse in order. And some of our readers may remember that at the Croydon Meeting held that year in the month of November, welshers were vigorously excluded, and that visitors were as safe as they were in Regent Street at that period. The example of the Surrey Magistrates was followed throughout the country, and all the meetings became safe to attend in 1882 with the exception of Newmarket. We hear that the Jockey Club have some scheme of reforming their own property, the head-quarters of

the Turf; but inasmuch as the Bill to be introduced in Parliament next Session, taking the powers of the Jockey Club away from them, and entrusting them into Government hands, is certain to be carried, we are afraid that even the promise of reform comes a little too late in the day.—*Extract from all the Sporting Papers of 1892.*

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL.*

AN ANTI-CRINOLINE CANZONET.

Air—"The Wearing of the Green."

"We are now about to start an Anti-Crinolines Society, in order to impart to the feebleness of individual resolution the strength which lies in unity."—*Extract from Letter signed "Sylvia," Daily News, Dec. 5.*

O ENGLISH Ladies, list to me,
And give me all your votes
Against the hopeless lunacy
Of puffed-out petticoats!
I trust that we shall all agree
When meetings I convene;
To scout the wild absurdity
Of wearing Crinoline!

With hoops of steel don't swell your
size;

I earnestly beg you,
Don't emulate the fearful guys
Girls were in 'Sixty-Two!
For, damsels with a figure good,
Who like it to be seen,
Disguise it now they never should
By wearing Crinoline!

Then, Maidens dear, I pray you pause,
And don no Crinolette;
For, yield an inch to Fashion's laws,
She'll take an ell, I bet!
Wear each a neat, close-fitting frock,
Of unaggressive mien,
And do not Art and Nature shock
By wearing Crinoline.

Speak up at once for ease and truth,
For elegance be bold!
And never be by silly youth
Or milliners cajoled:
Though all assure you 'tis "the rage,"
Put down each small bottine,
As proof that you a war will wage,
'Gainst wearing Crinoline!

* Delighted at hearing from him—no we mean at receiving material for publication from him—once again. We can hear from him by telephone, but we can't stand for an hour or two at one end of it, while he is inventing and dictating his verses: besides, we don't like being dictated to. What a thing it is to be Lazy!!—Ed.

À PROPOS OF THE WESTMINSTER PLAY.

DRAMATIC History repeats itself. From an ANCIENT ROMAN PLAYBILL:—"Tonight, First Representation of a New Comedy entitled ADELPHI (founded upon M. MENANDER'S 'Ἀδελφοί'), written by Mr. TERENCE, Author of 'Eunuchus,' &c. Incidental Music composed specially for the occasion by ETACUS."

LADY HARBERTON'S CRY ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF THE FASHIONABLE CROWD.—"Divide! Divide!!"

NEW PROVERB FOR THE RECENT MILI WEATHER.—"One swallow does not make a Christmas!"

REAL POLICE INTELLIGENCE.

SCENE—*Criminal Investigation Office. Various disguises hanging about—false noses, spectacles, wigs, moustaches, &c. Detectives discovered seated in solemn consultation over the latest "Mystery." Enter to them Somebody. All start.*

Somebody. Criminal Investigation Department, I believe?

Detectives (ambiguously). Well, if it is, what then?

Somebody. Then—I have come to offer you all assistance in my power in this matter. Here's my card.

Detectives (recognising the name—to one another, aside). It's him! It's the man we were going to arrest, and then didn't. *(They sing, softly)*—

"First we would, and then we wouldn't,
Then we thought we could, but couldn't."

Somebody. Well, Gentlemen, what do you say?

Chief Detective. Well—really—um—ah—we—in fact don't quite know—such a very unexpected—in short, you've taken us so by surprise—but if you'll kindly wait while we telephone to the Treasury to know whether we're to arrest you or not, we shall indeed be very much obliged. Will you have the goodness? Thanks. Very kind of you, I'm sure.

(Scene closes.)

LADIES complain of the difficulty of walking gracefully in the Divided Skirt. Can there be more stability as a lasting fashion for a divided skirt than for a divided house? But let that pass. Give it a *locus standi*. We have had the "Alexandra Limp," the "Grecian Bend," and the "Tie-back Totter"—why not have the "Harberton Hobble"?

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 62.



MR. PETER GRAHAM, R.A.

(Elected Dec. 8.)

"'Tis true, 'tis PETER, 'tis PETER,
And PETER 'tis, 'tis true."—*Hamlet.*

SEE THE ELECT! THE NEW R.A.
PROVISION THIS FOR "A RAINY DAY;"
KNOWN AS "WEE PETER" HE WAS BEFORE,
"LAUGH PETER" NOW, "WEE(P) PETER" NO MORE!

Chorus.

GO ON, PETER! GO ON, PETER GRAHAM,
NOW YOU CAN SAY, "YES, I P. G. 'R. A.' AM!"

PORTENTS AT WESTMINSTER.

Canon Prothero quotes after dinner—

"To stupid schoolboy
Yield the site!—'Tis plain
Ashburnham House
Will come to duncing inane!"

THE King of HOLLAND has conferred on the Duke of ALBANY the Grand Cross of the Order of the Dutch Lion. It doesn't sound complimentary, if Dutch Lion be associated with what is proverbially known as Dutch Courage. Of what material is the decoration made? Dutch metal? It was well intentioned, as probably His Majesty thought nothing could be so appropriate for a Duke as an ornament, which in itself was a little Dutchy.

Racy Mutton.

VISITORS to the Cattle Show perhaps noticed certain sheep described as the "Suffolk black-faced breed," animals with "black legs and faces." These black-legs do credit to the Suffolk turf, instead of disgracing it.

FROM LLANDUDNO.

He may make a mull,
He may be all right,
But he never is dull,
'Cos he's always bright.

MRS. RAMSBOTHAM is under the impression that the Westminster boys are going to play on the Adelphi Terrace, and she hopes they will not make too much noise, and disturb the inhabitants.

AUCTION-ROOM NYMPHS.—Hammer-dryads.

LE PREMIER PAS.—ADAM.

OUR BIBLIOMANIACS.

(Or what they'll come to. A glance ahead.)

THIS was the thirty-fifth day of the great sale, and the marked excitement with which the proceedings were watched showed no signs of abatement. The main attractions in yesterday's catalogue were the celebrated copy of *Whitaker's Almanack*: an almost perfect specimen of this rare and choice work, printed in fairly legible type, with handsome crimson back, and green cloth sides (clasps of silver, supposed to have worn off with age, wanting); and the world-renowned Railway Guide, known from the circumstance that a salad-bowl must have once been inadvertently set down on it on some refreshment counter, as the "*Oil and Vinegar Bradshaw*." For this it was anticipated that a very great struggle would be made, though it is not too much to say that no one before the sale had anticipated that it would go for such a remarkable sum as £14,700.

The competition, however, for this rare and beautiful example of perfectly illegible nineteenth-century-work was keen and well sustained, a first bid of threepence-halfpenny, made by some outsider, being instantly capped by Mr. QUARTICH, amidst waving handkerchiefs, floods of tears, and deafening hurrahs, with a sudden leap to £7,000. This was soon followed by a spirited increase of 10s. 6d.,

offered, amidst almost insufferable and breathless excitement, by the representative of the Colney Hatch Library Trustees; and at this point the serious work of competition may have been said to have commenced in good earnest. Mr. QUARTICH, nothing daunted, instantly tacked on another £5,000; and his opponent, again cautiously advancing another 10s. 6d., this time in the face of an angry shower of loaded catalogues and inkstands, the great Collector suddenly took the room completely by storm, by a succession of £500 springs, bringing up the price, unasked, to the final high figure at which, in a scene of boundless and frantic enthusiasm, the hammer ultimately fell. Indeed, so spontaneous was the excitement that arose over this thrilling contest, that by common consent the auctioneer was pitched out of window as Mr. QUARTICH was borne home on the shoulders of the crowd, and a bonfire, to celebrate the event, was hurriedly heaped up on the spot from the remaining lots that should have been taken in the day's sale. This unexpected incident bringing the proceedings to a cheerful though abrupt conclusion, this great and remarkable sale terminated.

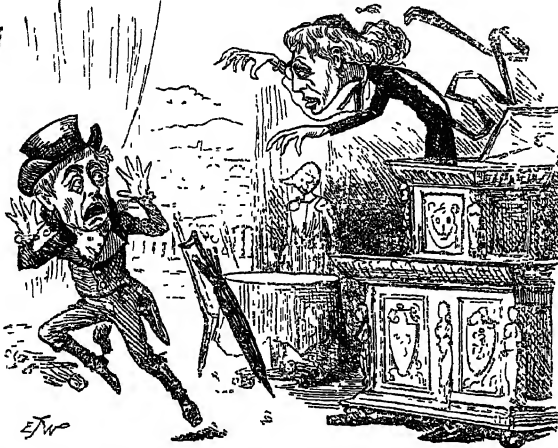
HUMANE SOCIETY'S ORDER.—In future pigeon-matches, in order to prevent all suffering to the winged and wounded, let only wood pigeons be used. Mechanical of course.

MUCH PLOT AND LITTLE PASSION.

Plot and Passion was written by TOM TAYLOR to suit the peculiarities of a certain company—present company at the Haymarket excepted, of course—and to afford scope for the display of ROBSON'S eccentric genius which shone on the border-land 'twixt tragedy and comedy, and which, being neither the one nor the other, was, in reality, the very quintessence of unconscious burlesque. He was perpetually taking his audience by surprise, always startling but never disappointing their expectation, for the simple reason that they never knew what next to expect.

The character of *Mazimilian*—we had very nearly written *MACMILLAN*, and confused him with the publisher—of *Maximilian Desmarests* (pronounced *De Murry* or *De Murry*, so that had Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM been describing him she might easily have fallen into the mistake of supposing him to have been connected with the publishing interest, "because his name was *MACMILLAN DE MURRAY*"), was doubtless written expressly for ROBSON, and, therefore, as one of that actor's "creations" carries with it a Robsonian tradition by which it is almost impossible for an Actor not to feel himself fettered. By the way, the expression "created" in such a case as this of *Desmarests* can only be truly applied to the combined efforts of both Author and Actor; for the practical dramatist's work is incomplete without the Actor who animates the portrait, and who, by transferring it from the manuscript to the stage, places it a living, breathing, speaking person before a mixed audience, many of whom may be unable to read, but all capable of hearing, seeing, and judging for themselves.

A modern-comedy-company, such as exists now at the Haymarket, taking up a play like *Plot and Passion*, must necessarily use all their intelligence to re-create,—as their public go to them for intel-



How Act II. ought to end; or, sudden apparition of Fouché Fou chez Lui!

lectual re-creation. But the Haymarket company is hampered by the Robertsonian tradition, which includes everything that is neat and nice in acting, strict attention to detail, and a disposition to underdo rather than to overdo every impersonation. The Art is perfect of its kind, but it mainly contributed to the failure of the *Merchant of Venice*, weakened *Diplomacy*, and did not tend to add to "the strength of the Company" in other skilful English adaptations of French plays, which however achieved great success in spite of this "tradition."

That Mr. ARTHUR CECIL, if freed alike from Robsonian and Robertsonian fetters could have created a *Desmarests* for himself as remarkable for its finish, as the original was for its broad and powerful effects, we have not the smallest doubt; but that he has not done so we can conscientiously affirm, as he has only succeeded in producing a *Desmarests* who is, in appearance and ordinary manner, something between Penn the Quaker, and a chastened *Paul Pry*. When the plot of the piece calls upon him for passion, he only shows us what *Paul Pry* might possibly have done, had he been called upon at short notice to give an imitation of some distinguished stagey tragedian in a popular melodrama.

Mr. BANCROFT as *Fouché* in the disguise of an abbé—"Yet he is not abbé!"—reminds us forcibly of LEECH'S picture of a very tall Oratorian in full costume—one of the Brompton Brothers—being received by the frightened Buttons at the door with, "Oh, please 'm, here's Bogie!" Bogie *Fouché* is always supposed to be hiding somewhere or other; and as the secret door which he mostly affects in this piece is only about four feet high, *Fouché* has to stoop considerably every time he condescends to secrete himself,—a bit of stage-business evidently intended to point a moral while Mr. BAN-

CROFT adorns the tale, or rather the tail (a black one of considerable length) adorns him.

When in that charming scene of the Second Act, painted by either Mr. JOHNSTONE, Mr. HARFORD, or MARY HANN—no, WALTER HANN—we saw a gigantic sarcophagus on the left hand, we made up our



Flop and Passion.

minds that that sly dog *Fouché* was hidden away in it somehow, was overhearing all their plots, and would at the end appear when least expected, and frighten Paul-Penn-Pry-Macmillan de Murray into fits.

However, the end of the Act arrived, the Sarcophagus lid wasn't opened, and the Long-expected Bogie did not appear. A great mistake: the piece should have been re-constructed for this effect, and the Lime-light turned on.

Mr. PINERO is capital as the niminy-piminy fool, though perhaps a trifle exaggerated; Mr. CONWAY looks perfect as the impulsive young Keyhole,—no, no, Creole, which rhymes to Key'ole, and on constant repetition sounds remarkably like it—through whom everyone sees; but he is hard and unsympathetic, though not more so than the lady with whom he is in love, *Marie de Fontanges*, as represented by Miss ADA CAVENDISH, who is as irritatingly disappointing as a horse that rushes and then refuses, for she works up to a point within measurable distance of an effect, stops short, and—does nothing. Whether it is from her American experience, or not, we cannot say; but the "*Mems*" by which Miss CAVENDISH seems to regulate her dramatic actions seem to be—*First*, Position is nine points of the play; *Secondly*, When in doubt, flop.

A Lesson is not *Lolotte*, any more than Mrs. BANCROFT'S "Miss KATE REEVE" is the "Low Lot" as represented by Mme. CELINE CHAUMONT, a character perfectly impossible on the English stage, with an English public which brings its young daughters to the theatre, as the Parisian public do not and cannot do to most theatres in Paris. Young Parisian ladies are not taken to see such pieces as *Lolotte*, *Divorçons*, and so forth; but our English young ladies can take no harm, and will probably derive much amusement, from seeing Mrs. BANCROFT giving *Lady Duncan* a lesson in acting. By the way, will Mrs. BANCROFT be a Lady Professor at the New Dramatic School which is to be started—as soon as it is ready? Mr. C. BROOKFIELD, as *Sir Thomas*, is admirable.



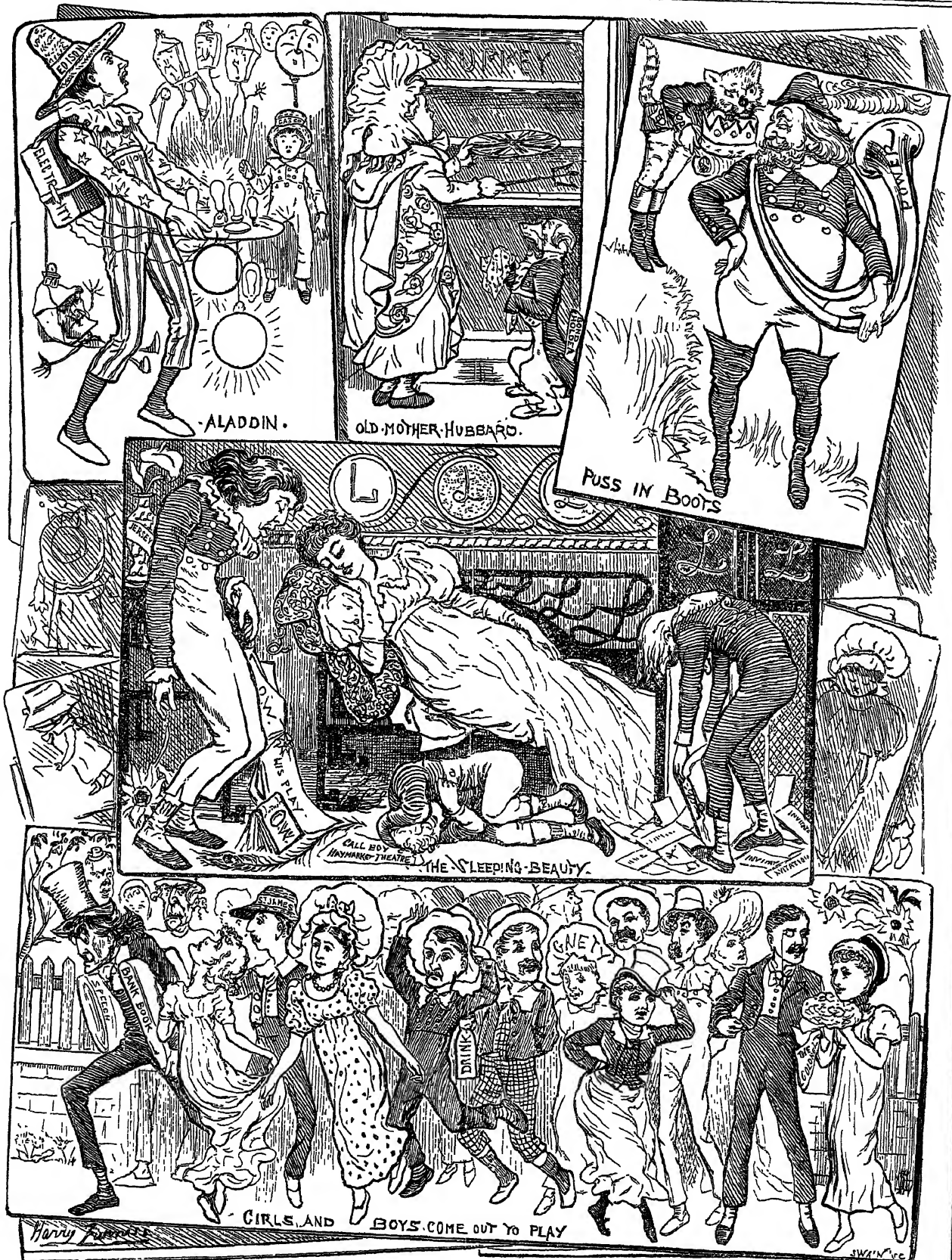
A Little 'un giving a Lesson.

THE TWO AESTHETIC POETS.

WHEN MORRIS thought his OSCAR looking glum,
He wept and mourned, and was Dado dumb.

HOW HE SETTLED IT.

"LADIES complain"—began an elderly match-making Mother to an unconfirmed Bachelor. "They've no right to come plain," interrupted one Mister WAGSTAFFE; "they should come pretty." So he gave a Bachelor's Ball and a Lass-hopper's feast, and there was no further complaining.



MR. PUNCH'S "MOTHER HUBBARD" FAIRY TALE GRINAWAY CHRISTMAS CARDS.—(Second Series.)

THE OLD AND THE NEW.



Christmas (New Style). "WE ARE THE MODERN CHRISTMAS CARDS—WE ARE! WE ARE! WE ARE!"

Christmas (Old Style). "YOU REPRESENT CHRISTMAS! POOH! WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY COMING OUT LIKE THAT AT THIS TIME OF YEAR?"

Says the Old-fashioned Christmas to the New-fangled Christmas,
"Pon my word, my boy, I don't think much of you."

Says the New-fangled Christmas to the Old-fashioned Christmas,
"Well, with tastes like yours, I don't suppose you do."

For, to celebrate a season, very fortunately brief,
At your age too,—with an orgie of plum-pudding and roast beef,
Crowned with holly, in a dressing-gown! The thing's past all belief!"

Says Old Christmas, with a nod, "My boy, that's true."

Says the New-fangled Christmas to the Old-fashioned Christmas,
"For tomfoolery like yours we have no zest."

Says the Old-fashioned Christmas to the New-fangled Christmas,
"What now! You to talk like that! Well, I am blest!"

"Tomfoolery"? Why, what do you call all this here modern fad,—
Sending gimcrack cards by dozens, dauby, glaring, good, and bad,
Nymphs—and what not? Why, between you, you drive friends
and Postmen mad."

Says Young Christmas, "When it's over, they can rest."

Says the Old-fashioned Christmas to the New-fangled Christmas,
"Where's the jollity of twenty years ago?"

Says the New-fangled Christmas to the Old-fashioned Christmas,
"How on earth, now, do you think that I should know?"

For to-day, with Art and Culture's dainty trifles by the score,
We just manage to scrape through the time, confessing it's a bore;
But, by Jove, if you came back again, 'twould soon be something more!"

Says Old Christmas, "Well, I really call that low."

Says the New-fangled Christmas to the Old-fashioned Christmas,
 "I don't see the day a bit, you know, like you."
 Says the Old-fashioned Christmas to the New-fangled Christmas,
 "Never mind, my boy, there's something you can do.
 Have your fads; but copy me, my boy. Go on as I've begun.
 Remember, when your table's spread, the thousands that have none.
 So, get your cheque-book out, my boy. Show you're your father's son."
 Says Young Christmas, "Well, I don't mind if I do."

FUN FOR TOMMY'S HOLIDAYS.

The Remarkable Clock.—This is easily managed. A convenient opportunity being taken advantage of in the course of the afternoon, the dining-room clock is removed, washed in soap-and-water, and then replaced, care having been used to destroy entirely the spring-clip that controls and restrains the striking apparatus. Wound up fully at the last moment, and timed so as to commence on a half-hour stroke, it is now started in the middle of family prayers, when, to the surprise of everybody, it does not cease till it has given, in rapid succession, all the consecutive hours and half-hours for the next fortnight. This is great fun: especially for TOMMY—at the moment. There is also another and easier method.*

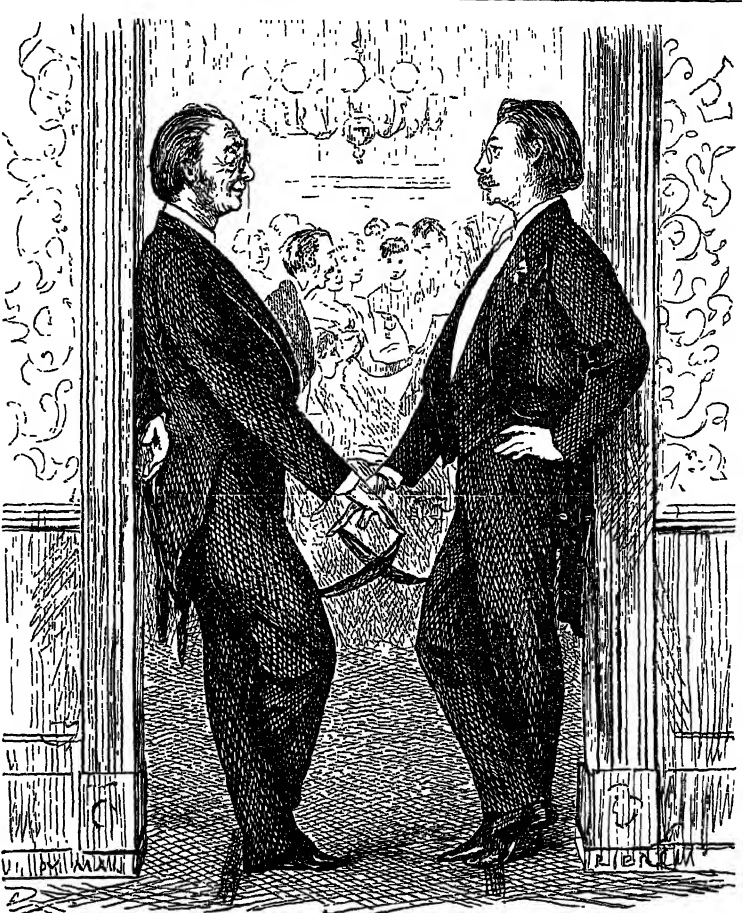
The Laughable Cistern.—The Cistern having been emptied, if possible, on to the stairs, some dozens of holes are quietly drilled with a good stout fifteen-inch gimlet, in the four sides and bottom. The instant the water comes in, the cistern immediately assumes a laughable appearance.

The Irrepressible Bolster.—This is a simple but most effective and mirth-provoking experiment, and is generally practised with best results at a country-house, on any nervous invalid who happens to be paying a short visit at the time. The operator having previously procured, from any zoological friend, a chimpanzee, a full-sized boa constrictor, and a couple of young hyenas, reduces them to a state of temporary coma by administering a dose of chloroform, and, seizing his opportunity, takes them up to the bed-room selected for the *jeu d'esprit*. He now rapidly unrips the bolster, and, emptying out the feathers, stuffs the case with the still comatose animals, taking care to refasten the end, and to put it back neatly in its place. The invalid retiring to his repose, and, by his restlessness, eventually disturbing his now wakeful bed-fellows, an amusing scene follows. The coiling, struggling, and yelling of his bolster in the dark, causes him the liveliest surprise; and, when finally lighting a candle, he discovers it rolling violently round the room, upsetting all the furniture, and rousing the startled household, he is obliged to confess to himself that it is quite "irrepressible." This pleasant little jest may be made more amusing still, by previously striking all the matches, and then carefully replacing them in their usual box.

The Peculiar Guests.—A house where an evening party is in progress is selected, and the operator, personating one of the waiters, having provided himself with a few clean towels and a basin of water (in which two ounces of nitrate of silver has previously been dissolved), takes up his position in the hat-and-cloak-room. His accomplice, now outside, throws down the arriving guests, being careful to splash their faces well with mud. Thus arranged, they readily fall into the trap laid for them in the chemically-prepared water; and being glad to cleanse their complexions, are ushered into the drawing-room, where, under the action of the heat and light, their faces become a bright blue-black. What makes this additionally amusing is that the colour is probably permanent.

The Dancing Dean.—Having hired, at Wapping, an Indian Chief who has eaten nothing for three days, make him put on his war-paint, and then select a quiet and social party at which it is known that a Rural Dean, of rather strict and sober proclivities, is to be present. Leaving the Chief locked up down-stairs, go round to

* See *A Hundred Ways of making Uncle jump*. New Edition. Post-free for 14 Stamps.



DISTINGUISHED AMATEURS.—THE PIANIST.

Grigsby. "I TRUST YOU WILL FAVOUR US THIS EVENING, MR. BELMAINS!"

Mr. Belmains. "WELL—ER—NO—HARDLY! THEY DON'T CARE FOR *SERIOUS* PIANOFORTE-PLAYING IN THIS HOUSE, YOU KNOW. I HOPE YOU WILL GIVE US 'HE'S GOT 'EM ON,' MR. GRIGSBY."

Mr. Grigsby. "WELL—I—ER—THINK NOT—SCARCELY! YOU SEE, IN THIS HOUSE THEY DON'T APPRECIATE *SERIOUS* COMIC SINGING!"

all the guests, and bet them, one by one, that before the evening is out the austere Church dignitary will dance. When they have all—as they will—in turn scouted the idea, make the poker red-hot in the fire. Now fetch up the Chief, having previously informed him that *the Dean is for supper*, and that the company expect a warrior to carve. As you say this, at the same time hand him the red-hot poker. In a very few seconds the Dean will dance.

PROGRAMME FOR A WILD WAGNERITE.

"A FESTIVAL Play for Four Nights." (See *Advs.*) Quite a little Holiday!! Of course, those who want to keep the entire argument in their heads—what a mental strain!—will not allow anything to distract their attention between the performances. "Not at home" to anyone: stop in bed till time for Theatre.

Das Rheingold, First Night. Speak to nobody. On leaving, make signs to linkman. Whisper address to cabman. If fine, walk (*Die Walküre*) in order to avoid distractions. If married, go alone, and if wife insists on hearing the *Cycle*, she must go alone, too. Return severally. Supper apart. Silent system. Next day: stop in bed to think over the story of the *Cycle*, and hum from memory. Dine in bed, and get up in time for *Die Walküre*. Night and day *da capo*. *Siegfried*, Third Night. Hair turning grey. Aged prematurely. Bent back; but still sticking to the *Cycle*. Fourth Night—*Götterdämmerung*. Sounds either like horrible swearing or first cousin to a Dutch Opera *Rotterdammerung*, but is neither one nor the other. Crawl from the front-door to fly. Exhausted. Assisted by stall-keepers to seat. Batteries in the lobby to galvanise the audience into attention. End of Fourth Night. Collapse. If instant restoratives, applied immediately after the last performance, fail in their effect, then patients to be at once conveyed to Colney Hatch or Hanwell, unless those establishments are already filled with the purchasers of Grand-Tier Boxes at £48, and Orchestra Stalls at £7 per *Cycle*. *Vivat Wagner!*



ANTICIPATORY.

Sociable Old Lady. "WHAT YOU SAYS, MRS. JINKINS, IS QUITE CORREC'. BUT WITH ALL THESE 'ERE TROUBLES, AIN'T IT A COMFORT TO REFLEC' THAT BOTH ON US IS IN A GOOSE CLUB AGAIN' CHRISTMAS? AND WITH ANY SORT O' LUCK, MU'M—(with a chuckle)—WE'LL HAVE A BOTTLE OF 'OH, THAT 'LL BE JOYFUL!' 'SAME TIME!!"

FROM THE BOULEVARDS.

I HAVE let myself to be told that the day of the Boulevardier is not to you known. You vaunt yourselves that you travel; you do but wander—which is the good word of a Vaudevillist who devoured in *buissons d'écrevisses* and punch *Grassot des droits d'auteur archi-Dumasiens*.

Myself I was one fat liver other times. They were your own times, which is money. I spent my times and my money *boulevardisant entre les plus boulevardiers*. Ah, I was only a *bon garçon* then. Now I am *garçon tout court*—to whom no *cour* is paid. They knew me at the Helder—when I was younger.

I am without the son. But I am frank. "Monsieur the patron," I explain with the sweetness of a man of whom a mellifluous Maraschino has just crowned the dinner, "You behold a *décavé*. *Tout est mangé, sauf l'honneur*. If I cannot you pay, I will you serve. I am your debtor, I will be your *garçon*." *Ainsi fut-il*.

Nothing is changed on the Boulevards: *il n'y a qu'un Boulevardier de moins*. I see my days repeated in the lives of the others; and I know that to boulevardise only is eternal; all the rest is mutable.

Lundi.—I rise myself of good hour, as all good boulevardiers must to do; and I take my *to* after my *thé*, after the true *habitude Britannique*. *Déjeuner chez Brébant*; BIGNON for breakfast is horribly out of the movement. GOUTRAN, of the "Bébés," and PAUL, of the "*Mirlitons*," at the same table. Interesting discussion *à propos* of the diamonds in the boots of THÉO last night. Six or eight: that is the question, *comme dit ce cher GUILLAUME*. To the *Champs Elysées*—but in morning tweeds, for the fashionable hour is not arrived—to look at the *poulie* of Sir JONATHAN POGRAM; *et puis les pogs-dogs* of Milord SMITH. To the Boulevard, to the Café Riche, or Napolitain, to look at the journals. Only "Le High Life," "Le Turf," and "La Coulisse," *par exemple!* *Tiens*, ARTHUR has had his little finger *écorché* in his duel with the Comte. To the Bourse, and ordain my *courtier* to sell Venezuelans. Hardly in time to hire *une avant-scène* for "Odette." The Bois; and *une heure délicieuse* à côté de théâtre: *tout le monde nous a remarqués*: NATHAN will renew that bill now. Dinner at PÉTER's. She is beautiful—we promenade ourselves in a *voiture*. Baccarat till three.

Mardi.—*Même chose*.

Mercredi.—*Peu de changement*. *Déjeuner* at PÉTER's, and dined *chez BIGNON*.

Opera this time, and *Lansquenet* till five. Venezuelans up; *Les Misérables!*

Jeudi.—*Changement terrible!* Went to the Chamber to see uncle invalidated. Missed Bois; absinthe at the Véron—*quel nid à ganaches!* and positively dined at the Madrid! *Quelle journée!*

Vendredi.—*Même chose que Lundi*. *Cirque le soir; et pas de Baccarat*.

Samedi.—*Toujours le même*.

Dimanche.—*Changement complet; La Famille*. *Ouf! deux tantes à dîner, et un whist!* *Au revoir!* J'attends le jour de l'an et mes *étrennes*. *Bonne poignée de main à votre "Robert."* "Robert, toi que j'aime!"

LE GARÇON DU MOULIN ROUGE.

"MERRY CHRISTMAS."

ROMANCE.

HAIL! season of peace and of plenty,
Plum-puddings, and pantomimes rare!
When my landlord forgets all the rent he
Has sworn he will sue for—the bear!
Gay orgies of beef and snap-dragon,
Of crackers, and mottoes, and cake,
When the Baron is roasted—the flagon
Is emptied for somebody's sake.

REALITY.

Out on this gorging time of beef and turkey,
Of silly customs, and of doctors' bills,
When all the world, without, is cold and murky,
And every home is full of pains and ills!

ROMANCE.

Fill high the Love-bowl with good wassail!
Let us drink to old customs, begat
When every man's home was his castle,
Be it town-house, or cottage, or flat.
Ring out the glad bells from each steeple!
Clasp hands and pledge hearts for a year!
Send a Christmas-card, sure, to "your people,"
With robins 'mid snow and good cheer!

REALITY.

Will you forgive each stricken sister-sinner?
If not, call not this time by empty names!
What will you give the poor for Christmas dinner?—
They have no smoking feasts nor yule-log's flames!

SCHOOL-BOARD PROGRESS.

BEFORE proceeding to the business of the day, a lady member, Mrs. BUSYBODY, said she wished to call attention to the New Education Code. Mrs. BLUEBODY said she was clearly out of order, and appealed to the Chairman.

Mrs. Busybody (warmly). I am quite aware, Mr. Chairman, that I am not strictly in order, but I think I am justified by the importance of the subject—

Mrs. Bluebody (interrupting). I must again appeal to the Chairman. I protest against this most irregular proceeding. There is enough business in to-day's paper to occupy us for a week, and I don't see much chance of any progress being made to-day, if Mrs. BUSYBODY is allowed to enter upon matters that are not before the Board.

An Hon. Member. I should wish to make one observation.—[*Cries of "Order! Order!"* *Uproar*.]

Mrs. Bluebody (violently). I say that Mrs. BUSYBODY is out of order, and it is not the first time. I again appeal to the Chair.

Chairman (loudly and angrily). If you appeal to me, I must say that you yourself are out of order. Any remark on the general conduct of a Member of the Board is irregular, and I must request you to withdraw it.

[*Cries of "Withdraw, withdraw!"*]
Mrs. Bluebody. Well, I will withdraw it, although it happens to be true.

An Hon. Member. This is not a withdrawal, but an aggravation.

Everybody (jumping up at once and shouting). Mr. Chairman—I protest—

[*At this point, thinking it might become an affair of ink-stands and umbrellas, our Reporter left quietly, with the best hat he could find. Debate still continuing.*]

FROM YOUTH TO AGE.

(A Confidential Correspondence between Eminent Personages.)

"Immortal Age beside immortal Youth,
And all I was in ashes."—TITHONUS.

No. VIII.—From Lord Randolph Churchill, M.P. (1881), to John, First Duke of Marlborough (1704).

I SAY, old Cockalorum, I've a crow to pluck with you. On mature consideration I have come to the conclusion that you are a nuisance in the family, overshadowing with your fame worthier members, whose chief failing is that they come after you. To



my mind you appear decidedly overrated. Blenheim was all very well in its way; but what is it compared with BRADLAUGH? In some respects the campaigns have points of resemblance. You commanded an allied army, and so do I. But whilst you found the tools ready to your hands, I have had to shape them. It is no slight work,



I can tell you, to keep in hand a frisky young fellow like GORST, a profound diplomatist like WOLFE, and a self-opinionated collegian like BALFOUR. I have done it, and in command of these allied forces, with occasional volunteered assistance from WARTON and Alderman FOWLER, I have kept BRADLAUGH at bay during a whole Session, and mean to do it again next year. Now you, with all your battles and pensions and palaces and intrigues, never did anything so altogether big as this. Yet, forsooth, you are the famous Duke of MARLBOROUGH, and I am simply RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, with, by courtesy, a prefix of nobility.

This withstanding of BRADLAUGH is, like Blenheim, "a famous victory," only we know what we fought each other for. But I have achieved triumphs in other directions not less glorious. Have you taken note of my absolute victory over the decencies of Parliamentary debate and political controversy? Everyone is agreed that modern public life furnishes no parallel to this. There, my Lord Duke, I decidedly have the pull over you. You don't shine in history as a very faithful man. Your notion of patriotism apparently was subserviency to the reigning power whilst you were in secret correspondence with the banished king. You got all that JAMES THE SECOND could give you, whilst you arranged for the glorious coming over of WILLIAM of Orange; and whilst WILLIAM and MARY were on the throne, you were coquetting with the STUARTS, whom you had already betrayed. You made a good thing out of it all round. But you were always courtly in your manner—not to say sneaking, for I hate to use strong language. You never dared to be abusive, lest, peradventure, the man you attacked might some day be in a position to refuse you a favour.

That is a slur on the family name which I have done something to remove. I go at them all round. GLADSTONE of course, but scarcely less STAFFORD NORTHCOTE. If a man is older than myself, and, in the estimation of a silly world, wiser, I discover the greater pleasure in abusing him. I don't find that it brings me personal popularity, or seems to raise me in the public esteem. There is a general impression abroad that my principal stock-in-trade for political advancement is impudence. I am not a graceful speaker; scarcely better read than yourself; have never done anything except get myself returned for Woodstock; and whilst I have attacked the Bills of everybody else, I have never brought in but one, and that, dealing with Small Debts, raised such a commotion among the tailors, bootmakers, and universal providers, that I had to drop it. Yet look at the place I fill in public estimation. A wasp in a crowded room would scarcely receive more attention. But for you and your pompous, overpowering fame, I might found a house myself. As it is, I can never be anything but a scion of the house you established, partly by back-stair influence and partly by a people's gratitude for victories which, as I have shown, are nothing compared with mine.

There is nothing vexes me more than to see men thus grasping at honours which would be better disposed elsewhere. They want taking down a peg or two, and I'm the man to do it. If you suppose that because you are an ancestor who won for us a title, a palace, and a pension you are exempt, you will find you are mistaken. You are not the first to discover that nothing is sacred to the political *sapeur* who signs himself

Your disgusted descendant,

RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

No. IX.—From Lord Stanley, M.P. for Lynn (1850), to the Earl of Derby.

DEAR DERBY,

WHAT's this I hear about the probability of you joining the Liberal Government? I don't know that there is anything in such a conclusion that I have any right to resent. I have myself always so strictly kept the middle path, and have so frequently in the violent conflict of parties found one or other side come up to me, that I have no right to be critical with any position in which you may find yourself. I know very well how you came to leave Dizzy's Government. You were the same when you left as when you entered: only they, swerving violently on one side, left you isolated. Then, of course, you had to "leave the Government," as it was put at the time, whereas the more exact rendering of the fact was, that the Government left you.

But, my dear DERBY, there is a vast difference between your being left in the middle of the road by the Tories, and your deliberately taking a step to the other side, officially to join the Liberals. It won't suit you either personally or politically. You are all very well as you are, which, as I before hinted, is equivalent to being "as you were." In the dashing to and fro of parties, you may again find yourself in a Conservative Cabinet. Whether that comes to pass or not, you must not think of joining a Liberal one. You were just the thing for DIZZY when he formed a Government. He knew exactly your value and your place. Our great name and influence were of value to him, and being a good fellow at heart, with strong personal affections, he never forgot the friendship our father had extended to him at a critical time, and was pleased to seem to lend his patronage to a STANLEY. Beyond that, he had a great deal of sympathy with your growing Liberal convictions. Till things got too hot to hold, he played you off against that fire-eater SALISBURY, and that drummer-boy, GATHORNE HARDY. He stuck to you as long as he could, and the tears he dropped in the House of Lords over your estrangement, were really genuine.

But all this would be different in a Liberal Government with its present prospects. You and GLADSTONE would get on very well together, and, of course,



HARTINGTON would suit you exactly. You know as well as I do that there are other forces in the Cabinet, which are backed by strong and growing powers in the provinces. You would get along swimmingly at first. Presently would come a time when you would find you could not go any further with CHAM-

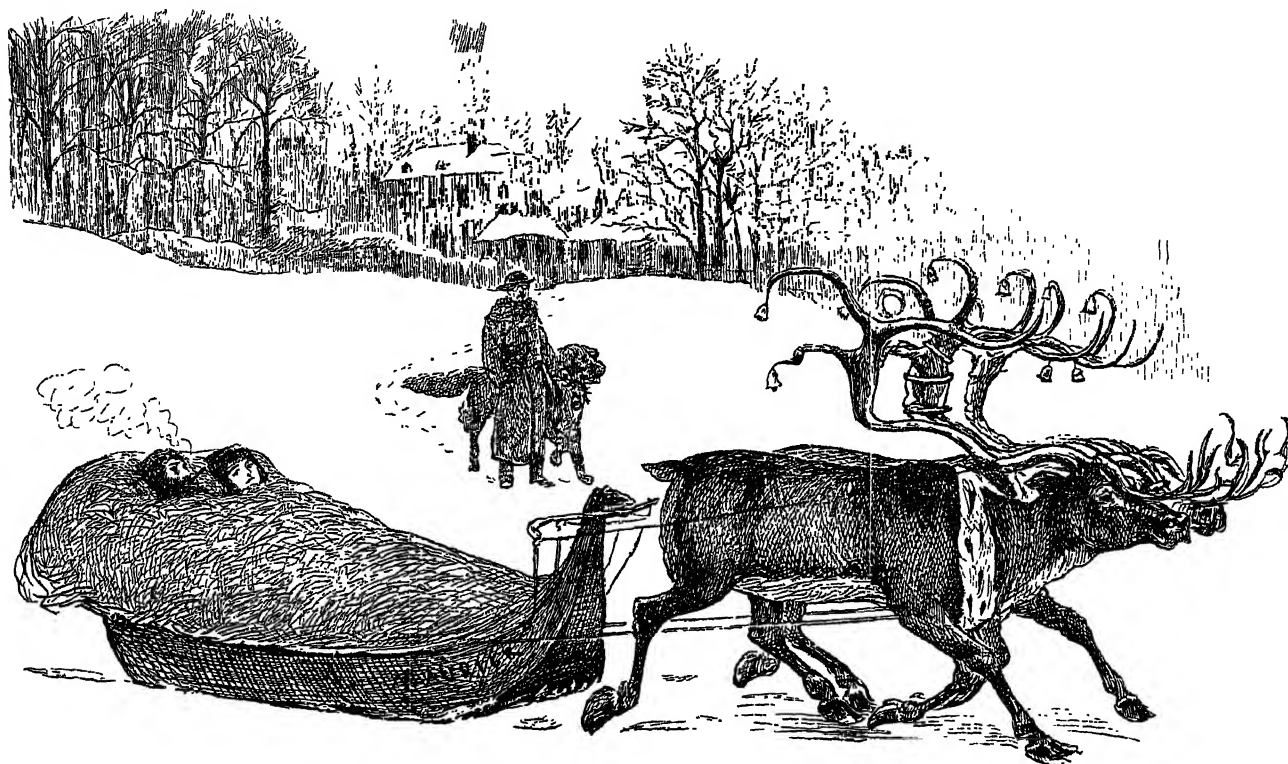


BERLAIN and DILKE—who, by-the-way, will not long be out of the Cabinet. It would not do for you, having deliberately taken the step of associating yourself with a Liberal Ministry, to retire. You have seemed to change about enough now, and, as you know, too long-continued a process of this kind of gymnastics is ruinous in English politics. We all get a chance once; but having recanted, we cannot go back again. Stop where you are, and as you are, and you will be both prosperous and strong. If there ever be,—as is by no means improbable—an attempt to form a Coalition Ministry, in which moderate Liberals, elderly Whigs and Conservatives of our kidney combine to resist the rush of Radicalism, then your turn for office will have come again. The fact that you have joined a Coalition Ministry won't count in the record of your career. Till then, sit below the Gangway in your favourite corner, and from time to time balance arguments for the House of Lords.

Of course it is known only between you and me that you are not such a wonderfully wise man as you look. But you are what is sometimes better, and may be more powerful. You are as nearly as possible the embodiment of the ordinary common sense and the somewhat phlegmatic intelligence of an Englishman. You are often, by reason of experience in public affairs, so far in advance of public opinion, that what you say to-day England will think to-morrow. But, as DIZZY dolefully admitted when SALISBURY was girding at you, you "have not much go in you." You shine more in summing up the results of a catastrophe than in preparing means for averting it. You have your place in English politics—an honourable, an honoured, and a safe one; and don't you go perilling this by tying yourself down as a member of a Liberal Ministry.

Yours, in sober wisdom,
STANLEY.

THE Schoolboy's Favourite for Christmas Cards is of course—TUCK. RAPHAEL TUCK's are "Art-full Cards" with a vengeance. First-rate.



NORTH LONDONERS

PREPARING FOR THE SEVERITIES OF THE COMING WINTER. (*After Du Chaillu.*)

BURNING QUESTIONS.

OLD FROISSART said the English were a people who took their amusements sadly. The recent catastrophe at Vienna, and the comments thereon, will make us take our amusements timidly. On the first appearance of fire in a theatre, shall we behave as they did at Nice, and stab each other in the back, or as they did at Vienna, and fly at each other's throat? The Managers have a responsibility to face in these burning questions, and so have the Public. A bewildered, undisciplined, and savage mob may come to grief even at a meeting in Trafalgar Square, where the whole place is one enormous exit.

Because gas has exploded, shall we abolish gas, and go back to oil and candles, with a double chance of fire? Because staircases have become crowded, shall we abolish staircases, and substitute external ladders, in obedience to several suggestions? Shall we weakly call upon the Legislature to assist us, as many have called, though we are secretly aware that the Legislature is in such a condition that it cannot even help itself? Shall we look to Bumbledom, which is silent, and has no real power over old buildings or "vested interests"? Shall we look to Officialism, and get a mild and gentlemanly, not to say a feeble circular from the LORD CHAMBERLAIN, who fails to tell the public that he has no authority over the two great Pantomime houses, Covent Garden and Drury Lane, which are just about to open with their Christmas entertainments?

Shall we ask some Government Department to indemnify the Managers who fly in the face of the 35 & 36 Vict., c. 94—(disrespectfully described by the Manager of the Gaiety Theatre as a piece of "Molly-Coddling Legislation") and knock down the walls which separate them from other "licensed" buildings? Shall we ask, more or less weakly, what Department would be the proper one to apply to, and what chance there is of such applicant, with such an application, being kicked into the street? Shall we echo the LORD CHAMBERLAIN's cry, and insist that every theatrical door shall "open outwards," and then ask why a Metropolitan Building Act exists, which forbids such a regulation as to outer doors under a heavy penalty? Shall we ask any more weak questions, or confess our helplessness, and sit down with the assurance that in England, at least, for nearly sixty years, although more than twenty theatres have been destroyed, there have only been, as the Manager of the Gaiety asserts, "two deaths from fire—a Dresser, and a Manager?"

IRELAND'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

(*A Wish and a Suggestion.*)

WOULD Ireland at her outer door
Just hang up her Christmas stocking, O!
JOHN BULL with goodwill that stocking would fill,
And he'd quietly leave without knocking, O!
For good he'd do that country, though
Its troubles so sadden and fret him, O!
His help he would give, saying "Live and let live!"
If only some "Parties" would let him, O!
"Defence of Property Fund!"—that name
To generous hearts is shocking, O!
But call it the "Mansion House Fund"—that same
JOHN BULL will drop into her stocking, O!

Thankful for Small Mercies.

THE following announcement appears in the fashionable intelligence of the week:—

"The MACKINTOSH has arrived at Claridge's Hotel from Netherby, Longtown, Cumberland."

We are very glad to hear it, and it's not a bit too soon, for the wet weather has evidently set in in earnest. Only, the allowance seems ludicrously inadequate for a population like that of the Metropolis. If one swallow does not make a summer, still less does one Mackintosh make suitable provision for a winter.

Punch's Christmas Prizes.

IN acknowledgment of his having produced the handsomest, most decorative, and most original Album for Photographs, we hereby decorate Mr. MARION (of MARION & Co.) with his own Patent Clasp, and create him Duke of St. ALBUMS. The Public will send him the Orders. *Re-Marks.*—For painted Cards on Satin and Silk,—the best "Marks,"—ALBERT MARKS.

"There's Rue for you,"—we mean DE LA RUE, whose Cards the Ladies say "are simply lovely."



IRELAND'S CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

(A WISH AND A SUGGESTION.)

PUNCH'S PRIZE MEDALS.



FACE

Medal struck in commemoration of the Signal Success of the Real Blockhead System.



FACE

Commemorating the decision in *re* Mud-Salad Market's Rates and Tolls. "Dooky pays for all!"

PATHETICS FOR THE PLATFORM.

THE day was far from cheery,
But gallantly they strode,
A batch of Country Cousins,
Along the London road.
The day was far from cheery,
As I've remarked before;
But they were far from dreary,
And well the journey bore.

They came to view the Lions of London (on the sly).
"Delightful—lightful London!" the Country Cousins cry.

The day was far from cheery,
(Excuse the same old rhyme,
I've used it till I'm weary,
But 'tis the last, last time.)
Now, on the road from London
Our Country Cousins jog,
And all they say, in chorus,
Is, "Oh, that nasty fog!"

Oh, dirty fogs of London! if lamps your mist could
drown,
We'd all become electric, oh, fogs of London Town!

The Amateur Government and Irresponsible Ministry Company (Limited).

THIS Company has been started for a purpose which, in homely language, is described as teaching Grand-mothers to suck eggs; and the first list of Directors (with power to add to their number) is a proof that the work will be conducted with praiseworthy vigour:—

Chairman—The Duke of BLUNDERLAND.

Directors—The Duke of BUCKATEM; the Marquis of HAMMERTONGS; the Marquis of HEADSTRONG; Lord STIFFORD; Lord GEORGE HAMMERTONGS; Lord ECHO; Lord CLAUD HAMMERTONGS; Sir ROBERT ARTFUL CARDEN.

The Company will commence its operations in Ireland.

THE IRISH DIES NON.—Rent-Day.

'SHE STOOPS'—&c.

(Performance in aid of the Royal General Theatrical Fund, at the Haymarket, Thursday, Dec. 15.—Something about "Odette.")



THE event of last week in the theatrical world was the appearance of Mrs. LANGTRY as Miss Hardcastle in GOLD-SMITH'S farcical comedy, *She Stoops to Conquer*. The debutante certainly stooped a good deal—'tis the fault of almost all amateurs—and she did not exactly conquer. A victory, much less a triumph, could scarcely have been expected from a raw recruit in a first engagement. Mrs. LANGTRY has nearly everything to learn, but she is evidently an attentive and intelligent pupil. She is far better in repose than in action, and at present the Sleeping Beauty would perhaps be her most effective impersonation. Neither of Miss Hardcastle's costumes became her, and her hat was a decided mistake.

Mrs. LANGTRY intended, we suppose, by this performance to put herself up for hire to the highest managerial bidder in the theatrical market, and therefore we are justified in strongly and honestly reminding her that, without positive genius, there is no royal road to eminence even in the histrionic art, which, as "holding the mirror up to Nature" is, at its best, only the perfection of mimicry, and that a novice must stoop to pick up the rudiments, and master them, before she can place herself at the head of any class, much less before she can conquer its difficulties and qualify as a professor.

"My face is my fortune, Sir," she said, "will not alone serve Mrs. LANGTRY as a passport to public favour, any more than it availed Mrs. ROUSBY or Miss NEILSON; the former of whom never could have been a great Actress—it was not in her—while the latter, by persistent hard work, overcame certain natural defects, and established herself as the leading Actress of her short day."

Mrs. LANGTRY is of too solid a physique for any light skittish movement; her laugh not yet being under control, appears forced and painful; and her action is as constrained and mechanical as that of an Eton sixth-form boy on "speech day." Her line seems to

be the impersonation of some character to which serious interest is attached, and which enlists the sympathies of the audience rather by its silent suffering than by its demonstration of grief. Such a character, which would make no great demand on the novice's powers, should be her first step. Then, in time, what a magnificent *Lady Macbeth* she would look! What a figure in a classic tragedy, for which Nature has singularly fitted her, if she will only give true Art a chance of perfecting what Nature has so evidently commenced. Here is a line in which she will probably be unrivalled; but let her beware of the advice of those gushing friends who would rush her into *Lady Teazle*, and ruin her future career for the sake of some present notoriety. An Actress must look not to a small biased clique, but to the general Public—the Public of stalls, pit, boxes and gallery—for her support. We most sincerely wish Mrs. LANGTRY success in her new profession, and if she be only thoroughly dissatisfied with herself as Miss Hardcastle, she will have already made the first great advance towards ultimate success.

In Paris, M. VICTORIEN SARDOU, who never loses an opportunity of loudly complaining when a foreign Author lays one of his own plays under such contribution as has been customary among dramatists from the very earliest times of the Drama down to the present day, has himself been collared by a M. MARIO UCHARD, Author of *Fiammina*, who writes at length in the *Figaro* to show that the plot of M. SARDOU's *Odette*, some of its scenes, and part of its dialogue are identical with those of the above-mentioned *Fiammina*. To this M. SARDOU has cavalierly replied, that, as *Odette* is being performed and *Fiammina* is published, the public can purchase a book of the latter and a seat for the former, and so "judge for themselves." M. UCHARD refuses the arbitration of the Dramatic Authors' Society, observing that this special case is a question of property which should be decided by a civil tribunal. At present there has not been much that is "civil" between them. M. SARDOU, however, is an old hand at the game, having skillfully taken his *Pommes du Voisin* from a story by CHARLES DE BERNARD, and his *Pattes de Mouche* from the work of two other Authors.

Le Figaro, summing up the case, and far from inclined to be unfavourable to M. SARDOU, pertinently asks—"Et pourtant, M. SARDOU eût-il écrit 'Odette' si la 'Fiammina' n'avait été préalablement écrite par M. UCHARD?" Probably not, would be our verdict according to the evidence. Let M. SARDOU adapt as much as he likes, if he always does it as cleverly as he has hitherto. "Mais de grâce, qu'il soit aussi permis aux autres d'adapter!" And English Managers eagerly take M. SARDOU at his own valuation! Bless 'em!

POET'S CORNER.

Or Nonsense Rhymes on Well-Known Names.

(Scientific.)

SAYS OWEN to HUXLEY,
"Oh, where does the *Crux*
lie?"

SAYS HUXLEY to OWEN,
"The Missing Link's
goin'."

(Confidential.)

SAYS LABBY to BRADLAUGH,
"You're kept out by bad
law."

SAYS BRADLAUGH to LABBY,
"Yes, isn't it shabby?"

(Aesthetic.)

SAYS WILDE unto SWIN-
BURNE,

"How sweetly does sin
burn!"

SAYS SWINBURNE to WILDE,
"Pooh! You're mawkish
and mild."

(Sporting.)

SAYS BASS to FRED GRET-
TON,

"Bad races you bet on;"

SAYS GRETTON to BASS,

"Oh, don't be an ass!"

(Seasonable Reciprocity)

SAYS DE LA RUE to Mr.
WARNE,

"I'll send you cards on
Christmas morn."

SAYS Mr. WARNE to DE LA
RUE,

"That's just what I shall
do to you."

(The Recent Tunisian Trial.)

SAYS ROCHEFORT to ROUS-
TAN,

"Your jacket I'll just
tan."

SAYS ROUSTAN to ROCHE-
FORT,

"Dis I pay de ma poche
for."

POLICE setting betting-
traps are guilty of "aiding
and a-betting." Beware of
the "Police Trap"—*Black*
Maria.—(Signed) E. H.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 63.



SIR JOHN HOLKER, Q.C., M.P.

"JACK WITH MY FAMILIARS, JOHN WITH MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS,
AND SIR JOHN WITH ALL EUROPE."

Second Part of King Henry the Fourth, Act II., Sc. 2.—(Our Version.)

"GOOD SIR JOHN, HOW LIKE YOU —!"

Merry Wives of Windsor, Act V., Sc. 5.

FROM MEATH.

(To Mr. Punch, M.F.H.)

IN your last Number you
space allotted
To describing our hounds
as *Boycotted*;
Which, as a fact,
Is not exact,
For our foxes are good 'uns,
Our sportsmen are true.
The pack's love to *Toby*;
And ditto to you
From all who consider *Boy-*
cotting beneath men,
And love a good run, like

Yours truly,
THE MEATH MEN.

THE Recent Case of *Den-*
man v. Cripps goes to show
that our schools have not
so very much improved
since the days of Dothe-
boys Hall. As to the School
Board, the members of the
Committee, both ladies
and gentlemen, seem to be
slinging mud at one an-
other, and making "another
jolly row down-stairs."
But in the meantime what
is being done for the un-
happy boys and girls?
Where's the Seldom-at-
Home Sec., who sits up
aloft to keep watch for the
life of poor JOE in the In-
dustrial School?

Commissions sore
Long time he bore,
And School Boards was in wain,
Till the Home Sec.
He came direct
To ease him of his pain.

"YOUTH WILL HAVE ITS
FLING."—It is said the
Drury Lane Theatre Com-
mittee are so pleased with
their present Lessee, that
they are about to erect his
Statue in the vestibule.
The legend carved on its pe-
destal will be "*Pro Harris*
et foci" (or *foci*?)

DEATH IN THE BOX!

(A Christmas Game invented by the Railway Companies.)

SCENE—Interior of a Signal-Box at Mixemup Junction. Telegraphic
Apparatus, Electric Bells, Cranks in all directions. Hard-
Worked Signalman and Intelligent Time-Boy on duty.

Signalman (looking at his watch). Now, I do call this luck!
Three whole minutes for a rest before there's another train due!
Quite a little holiday, my lad. Wake me up when it's over.

[Sits down on chair, and immediately falls fast asleep.]
Time-Boy (rather enviously). He's having a fine time of it!
Well, it's Christmas time, and, poor chap, he deserves it! [Finishes
writing in book, and looks at clock.] Three minutes up! Hi, JACK!

—Hullo! Time's up!
Jack (waking). Come, that's something like a rest! Any signals?
Bill. No—not yet. How could you expect one? Why, the 9:30
Passenger isn't more than twenty minutes late!

Jack. To be sure! I believe I am still a-dreaming. [Electric
signal is heard.] Hallo! What was that? It sounded like ten
bells. We ain't got no ten bells on our Code.

Bill (proud of his knowledge). Oh, when I was on the North-East
Loamshire, ten bells used to mean, "Wish you many happy returns
of the day." It was a sort of private signal we used to send to the
Station-Master on his birthday.

Jack (looking out). And here comes the train! [Bothered.] What
shall we do? [Impatiently.] I don't know nothing of ten bells.
[Whistle heard.] There! And now they are a-whistling down the
signal! [Scratching his head.] Hanged if I know whether I ought
to pass her!

[Whistle repeated.]

Bill (coming to his assistance). Who's the cove at the other box?

Jack. I don't know. He belongs to another Company. [Whistle

impatiently repeated.] Well, I can't keep 'em any longer! I hope

it's all right. At any rate, here goes! [Works cranks, and the

Train is heard to steam away into the distance.] But I wish I knew

what they meant by ten bells.

Bill (resuming his writing). Ain't it on our Company's Code?

Jack. Well, BILL, I haven't had time to look regularly into it, but

I've a sort of a notion as how it means, "Pass the train, but mind

your eye." [Signal repeated.] Hang it! There it goes again!

Bill. P'raps it means something different at the other cove's end?

Jack. Just as likely as not. [Whistle heard.] Another train.

[Hopelessly.] Now what's to be done?

Bill. Can't you ask the other cove what he means?

Jack. Who's got time to wait? [Whistle hurriedly repeated.]

Why, you see they are backwards already, and the express will be

due in a jiffey. [Whistle again heard.] There, you see they won't

wait either. Well, here goes—the more the merrier!

[Works cranks, and the second Train steams away.]

Bill (suddenly). I say, Jack, let's have a look at the Code.



A BLANK DAY.

The Keeper (to Brown, who rents the forest). "DOON WI' YE! DOON WI' YE! GET AHINT A STANG!"

Brown (out of temper—he had been "stalking" about all the morning, and missed several times). "YES, IT'S ALL VERY WELL TO SAY 'GET BEHIND A STONE.' BUT SHOW ME ONE!—SHOW ME ONE!!"

Jack. Which Code? There's such a lot of 'em! and what's stuck down in one, is upset in another! Who's to tell which is right? Oh, hang it all! How's a poor chap to know what they all means? Why, they might as well be written in Greek!

Bill. What Company does the cove at the other end belong to?

Jack (out of humour). The North South and East Western!

Bill. Ah, I never was in that Company. But, I say, ain't we got a copy of their Code?

Jack (irritably). I don't know. Perhaps we have, and perhaps we haven't. (Electric signal heard once more.) Well, I'm hanged! There's them blessed ten bells again! What do they want this time?

Bill. Hadn't we better look it out?

Jack. This is a nice time for looking it out, when the train's overdue and wants to be moving! (Whistle impatiently repeated.) There, you see how they are a going on!

Bill (picking up book). Law! Here's the North South and East Western Code, I do believe!

Jack. Well, look out ten bells as fast as you can (More whistling.) There they go again! Blessed if I don't think they will smash all the panes of glass with their row! (Whistling continued.)

Bill. Here we are, (reading from book). "Ten bells, means a voluntary stoppage."

Jack. "Voluntary stoppage." What's that, BILL?

Bill (with uncertainty). Well, can't say I exactly know, JACK. They learned me at the School Board that "voluntary" meant "permissive."

Jack. Oh, did they? But who's to "permit" it? Me, or the chap at the other box? (Whistling excitedly repeated.) And there, you see how impatient they're a getting? What's to be done?

Bill (giving it up). I don't know! It's a pity they don't make these here signals plainer.

Jack. Right you are, BILL, but that ain't our business. (Loud whistling continued.) Well, I can't keep 'em any longer. So here goes—(moves cranks),—and all I can say is, I hope as how we ain't made a hash of the word "permissive!"

[Train steams rapidly off, and the scene is closed in by a fearful "accident," and an inquest!]

CURMUDGEON'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THIS sharp but genial season, whilst a tear of pity flows
On my Paper o'er Appeals for coals and blankets, food and clo'es,
With a swell of hearty sympathy I feel
my chest expand,
And a generous impulse urges me to give
with open hand.



The prompting of benevolence, ah, why
must I resist,
And when I fain my hand would ope, be
forced to close my fist?

Other Appeals, alas, there are, which first
have to be met:

My quarter's rent and my Christmas bills
—as far as I'm in debt.

My fellow-beings' woes I do most feelingly bemoan,
But, ere I can relieve their wants, must needs sate all my own.
And that, they are so numerous, yea, and so expensive too,
Is more, much more, than I am blest with half the means to do.

Oh, that I were a Lord of land, and had my rent all paid,
Plenty to spend, and plenty left to lend another aid;
Or else a Millionaire possessed of wealth exceeding bound,
My money how I'd scatter in munificence all round!

Or had I but a fairy gift of pocket so far full,
Therein I should but need to put my hand as much to pull
Thereout, as ever I required to squander or bestow,
About how gladly doing good should I for pastime go!

That luxury of doing good, oh, why is it so dear?
How little I could buy with some few thousand pounds a year!
In vain I long and languish for that happiness intense,
Which don't I wish I could enjoy regardless of expense!

At Christmas in particular, though gushing with good will,
I own, my contributions to "Appeals" amount to nil;
The hungry and the naked I've a will to clothe and feed,
But the naked and the hungry too must take it for the deed.

TRIO OF PRINCES.

Sung by the Royal Albany-Edinbro'-Christian Combination Minstrels.

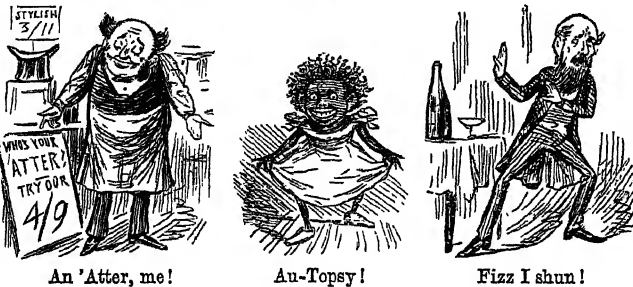
We are Three Musical Boys,
Edinburgh, Christian and Albanee.
Music each one of us enjoys,
We sing, play and lecture in the North Countree.

With a little glee here,
And a little glee there,
Here a glee and there a glee,
And everywhere a glee.

We are—Three Musical Boys,
Who sing, play and lecture in the North Countree.

MEDICAL MEMS.

BY DUMB - CRAMBO JUNIOR.



An 'Atter, me!

Au-Topsy!

Fizz I shun!

CHRISTMAS "MOTTOES."

(By Eminent Hands.)

A CHRISTMAS RESOLVE. BY A. T.

'Tis Christmas—though with wild amaze
I hear the shallow critics say,
My dramas don't precisely pay,
I mean to go on writing plays!

THE MOTTO. BY R. B.

A Motto! Just a catch-word such as lies
Betwixt *Imprimis* and the colophon;
French *mot*, Italian *motto*: for the rest
Latin *mutire*. Body o' me—the Greek
Gives *μῦθος*. So this poem I write and leave
To Jansenists, to lie i' the brains o' men,
I sell you for a *lira*, eightpence just,
Then home to Casa Guidi, by the Church.
And, British Public, ye who like me not,
I think i' faith I've got the best of it!

OUR LADY CHAMPAGNE. BY A. C. S.

A Maiden makes moan, "Oh, my Motto
Lies lost with its love-litten lay:
'Twas something on 'green in a grotto,'
And 'sad seas were sweeter than spray.'"
O theme for the scorn of the soffer,
I hear my own verses again,
And she ogles me well as I offer
My Lady—Champagne!

THE BLOOMING DAMOZEL. BY D. G. R.

The blooming damozel leaned o'er
The station bar at even,
And she was deeper than the depths
Of water at Lochleven:
She kept my change within her purse,
It came to one-and-seven!

THE VOLSUNG TALE. BY W. M.

Oh, fain for the wine was SIGURD, and wild were the songs he sung,
Like the words from the Halls of Music, for glamour was on his
tongue,
And he dropped the Sword of the Branstock, that trembled in his clutch;
And said GUDRUN, "Son of the Volsungs, methinks thou has ta'en
too much."
Then uprose the King of Men-folk, and vowed he had drunk no ale;
And that was the story of SIGURD—lo! that was the Volsung tale!

MODESTY REWARDED.

THOUGH there have been no Cabinet Councils of late, there were, previous to Mr. GLADSTONE'S departure for Hawarden, several interviews between Cabinet Ministers. What these may portend has greatly exercised the daily newspapers, which have had various more or less official-looking paragraphs purporting to explain them. We, who know everything, are able to give the real explanation. They had, in brief, no other object than to arrive at some means of making a suitable acknowledgment of the kind and patronising care manifested by Mr. ARTHUR ARNOLD during the Recess as it was displayed during the Session. One of the last acts of the Member for Salford on the eve of the Prorogation was to give notice that next year he will move a Resolution on the subject of the County Franchise. This being a subject which the Government came in pledged to deal with, Mr. ARNOLD'S interposition was at the moment hotly resented by some Members, who thought they saw in it evidence of a bumptious, meddlesome mind, determined to keep itself before the public, and impervious to ridicule.

Since the prorogation the Hon. Member has conferred a fresh favour on the Government, having printed (at the expense of the Greek Committee) an address in support of their Policy in Greece. It was not previously known that this policy required a special defence; but Mr. ARNOLD has defended it, and something must be done for him. At the meetings of Ministers, various suggestions were offered. One was that he should be made permanent Consul in Patagonia; another that he should be appointed resident Minister of the Gold Coast, a station where, owing to peculiar qualities of the atmosphere, promotion is rapid; whilst a final proposal to despatch him to Burmah, with a peremptory message to the Emperor, met with much favour.

A memorial signed by the Editors of various papers in London and the Provinces was received, setting forth the grievances under which they labour at the hands of Mr. ARNOLD, by reason of his habit of sending reports of his own speeches, and paragraphs puffing the Member for Salford. The petitioners begged that in the choice of residence, attention might be given to the desirability of selecting one where postage was dear, and must be prepaid. The petition was ordered to lie on the table, and further consideration of the matter was adjourned till it could be ascertained what sort of humour the Emperor of BURMAH is in at present.

CHRISTMAS CRACKERS.



WHEN Christmas is come, and the girls
—bless each heart!—
Seem to think it a proper and regular
part

Of the programme, to pull with a shriek
and a start

The Crackers that garnish the dishes;
We know how those things, in our
juvenile time,

Contained a queer sweetmeat, a motto, a
rhyme,

That was not what the critics consider
sublime,

But served to express lovers' wishes.

But now come the new Crackers, lovely to see,
Each one in itself a complete *jeu d'esprit*,
In gold and in silver and fair filagree,

In all sorts of shapes and of sizes;
Some filled up with wonderful musical toys,
Some chaffing the modern æsthetical joys,
Some yielding, to dress up the girls and the boys,
New costumes, as splendid surprises.

And when we remember that these, through the year,
Are made by poor women and girls, it is clear
They should above all other presents be dear,—

TOM SMITH should have thousands of backers;
And good boys and girls, when these playthings allure,
Will know what less fortunate children endure,
And give more than a thought—let us hope—to the poor,
When pulling these capital Crackers!

Self Help, by Smiles.

A NEW line is open for the Ladies' Employment Association, *videlicet* the following in the *Sussex Daily News*:—

A LADY Reads, Writes Letters, or Walks Out with Invalid or Elderly Ladies or Gentlemen; 2s. per hour.—Address, &c.

Two shillings per hour is cab fare by time. The cab or the lady? Which? We are not walkists, and it won't run to two shillings but up to sixpence for a quarter of an hour we're there.



FEMALE EMIGRATION TO CANADA.

Miss Leprancer (reading Lord Lorne's Speech on the subject). "THE FURTHER WEST THE YOUNG WOMAN WENT, THE MORE OFFERS SHE GOT!" OH, MAMMA, LET US GO TO CANADA, AS FAR WEST AS POSSIBLE!"

FIDDLING WHILE ROME IS BURNING.

To the Seldom-at-Home Secretary.

SIR,—The "Catastrophe at Vienna," as it is now familiarly called, is an event of such European importance—so far removed from any suspicion of parochial pettiness—that it will probably excite the attention of the important department over which you have the honour to preside. In the fulness of time an official report will doubtless be made, and the British taxpayer will be the richer by another Blue-Book. There are people, however, in the world, belonging to the class who provide the blood and sinews of Government, who think that we are already choked with Blue-Books, and grossly misgoverned by injurious and conflicting Acts of Parliament.

Without waiting for any report, without waiting for the return of the multitude of talkers to Westminster, who are practically under the thumb of Mr. PARNELL, you have surely heard and read enough to convince you that our present Licensing Chaos is a disgrace to the country, and a greater disgrace to those who profess to govern the country. If we spent our money niggardly, and paid our Ministers and Officials like German Princes or American Presidents, we could hardly expect to be better treated; but one hundred and twenty millions a-year, more or less, ought certainly to provide something better than higgledy-piggledy legislation.

The only official who has shown a desire to do his duty, according to his limited lights, is the LORD CHAMBERLAIN; but who is the LORD CHAMBERLAIN? A Court functionary, irresponsible to Parliament, whose duties and responsibilities are now partially shared by the Associated Bumbles of Spring Gardens, and whose authority hardly extends to one-tenth of the places of amusement opened and crowded every night in London. Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres, under the gift of CHARLES THE SECOND, are beyond his jurisdiction, and four hundred and twenty-five music-halls, concert-halls, and theatres, besides these owe no obedience to his mandates. They are feebly—very feebly—governed by four or five separate authorities—Meddleve Magistrates, Divisional Magistrates, Kent and Surrey Magistrates, the

ST. THOMAS'S DAY IN THE CITY.

MR. PUNCH received last week a formidable-looking document, signed by Field-Marshal PONTIFEX MAXIMUS, requiring him, by virtue of a precept received from the Right Honourable the LORD MAYOR by the Worshipful JAMES FIGGINS, Esq., Alderman, to make his personal appearance on the 21st of December at the Sessions House, Old Bailey, and "Hereof he was not to fail!"

As Mr. Punch's personal appearance is somewhat striking, and not usually seen at such places as the Old Bailey, although his historical association with the Jack Ketch of a former period is well known, he naturally hesitated to obey the somewhat peremptory mandate in question; but not knowing what penal consequences might attend his absence, he went.

One of the important matters in which he took part was the election of no less than six Ward Beadles; and as these expectant BUMBLES were arrayed in the gorgeous robes of their useful and important office, the effect upon his unaccustomed eyes was of course somewhat bewildering.

The Court was densely crowded, and the excitement and uproar something to remember, when twenty respectable, but not strikingly intelligent-looking Gentlemen, were proposed for the Office of Common Councilman, from whom sixteen were to be elected.

The chaff and fun were fast and furious, especially when one rash man ventured to state that one of the new Candidates was not coming to the Election "through a sea of Champagne!" but upon the whole the scene was not particularly interesting, except as a memorial of the bad old times before the Ballot deprived Elections elsewhere of their rough and somewhat brutal character, and Mr. Punch returned to his hospitable dwelling neither a wiser nor, of course, a better man, but wondering how much longer the Corporation Elections would be allowed to continue merely as examples of what to avoid.

"A DEPRESSION IS LIKELY TO BE EXPERIENCED."*

WHY are the meteorological predictions in the daily papers like the Landseer Lions in Trafalgar Square? Because they are four casts.

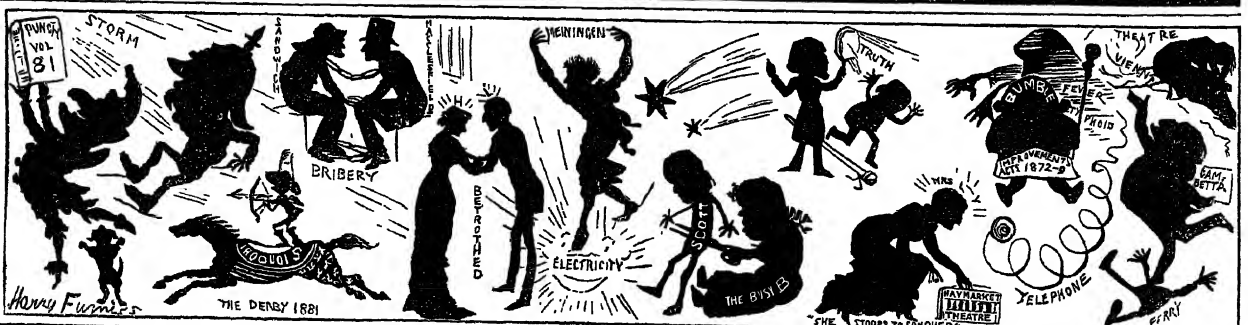
* After reading this Conundrum.

City of London Magistrates, &c.—but no one troubles much whether they have proper entrances, extra exits, oil lamps, firemen, double gas supplies, or no gas at all. And yet in these numerous places of amusement, under many authorities, but no Lord Chamberlain, nearly two hundred and thirty thousand people—including children and idiots—assemble every night to be probably entertained, or probably burnt, or probably smothered. In four hundred of these places the entertainments given are probably illegal, as the stupid and brutal Act of Parliament (25 Geo. II. cap. 36) under which they are licensed either withholds dancing where dancing cannot be avoided, or grants dancing without knowing whether it is licensing floor-dancing or stage-dancing.

Another beautiful piece of pot-house legislation—the "slap-you-and-put-you-to-bed Act"—to quote Plain-English HOLLINGSHEAD—of Lord NEVERDARE—does all it can to make many of these places, and some of the Lord Chamberlain's theatres, as unsafe as possible, by bricking up the best and most obvious extra exits, because they may communicate between a theatre and a tavern! And yet, in the face of this, under an Act of WILLIAM THE FOURTH, there is nothing to prevent a theatre being flooded with gin, while the Water Companies put every difficulty in the way of its being flooded with water. One authority orders doors to "open outwards," while an Act of Parliament orders them to open inwards; and generally the muddle and chaos would disgrace a tenth-rate island governed entirely by red-tape, sealing-wax, and folio-foolscap with a margin.

It remains to be seen, Sir, whether you can spare time from the regulation of the Universe, and bring your acknowledged intellect to bear on what one day will turn out to be a "burning question." Be warned before it is too late. This pestilent jungle of half-blind authority, no authority and divided authority must be cleared at any cost, and it will be better for those to clear it who are paid for the work, than to leave it to an enraged public or the irresponsible Ministers who are now sitting at the Munching House. Do something to show that there is still some vitality left in the creaking bones of the Liberal Party, and that Government is not a lost art in your bewildered country.

PUNCH AND JUNIUS.



SCARY BLAINE.

AIR—"Mary Blaine." (*Elongated Version.*)

'Twas in connection with Peru and Chili
That we met with SCARY BLAINE,
As the propounder of a pen-and-ink policy of exaggerated spread-eagleism as hifalutin as it was awfully silly,

And as vaunting as it was vain.
If anybody (not a Yankee) should take the most unwarrantable liberty of "complicating" the virginal purity of "Peruvian questions" with those adulterate devilries known as "European politics,"

Why, Creation would "bust," said SCARY,
Which plainly proves that the great Clock of Time to the tune of the cap-bells of capering Columbian Chauvinistic folly ticks

In the ears of the ex-secretary.
But fare thee well, oh! SCARY BLAINE!

A sensible public bids you adieu!

Fare thee well, oh! SCARY BLAINE!

We ne'er would meet again.

"ALL that will be henceforth necessary for the manufacture of votes," read Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM'S niece out of the *Morning Post*, "will be either to run up new houses or to utilise old houses for letting in separate tenements to the great 'residuum.'" "Yes, *but*," sagaciously observed her Aunt, who had followed the argument closely, "who is the Great Residuum? For it is clear, my dear, that if *he* resides in the house, there's no one of the lodgers can vote."

Vice Versâ; or, Lines on a Pullman Car.

AIR—"My Johnny was a Shoemaker!"

Oh, riding in a Pullman Car!

To Brighton by the sea

In an hour and a qua-ar-tar!

Is the thing that just suits me.

There's a drawing-room, parlour, smoking-room, and bar

For Mocha and the best Bohea-ea-ea!

Oh, don't I like a Pullman Car!

Lighted by electricitee.



"LOCUM TENENS."

Choleric Old Gent. "CHRISTMAS BOX!! WHY, YOU AREN'T THE REGULAR SWEEPER!"

Arab. "NO, SIR; BUT I MIND THE GENTLEMAN'S BROOM, SIR, WHILE HE'S GONE FOR HIS 'ALF-PINT!" [*Exit Old Gent, storming, with symptoms of Apoplexy!*]

SEASONABLE CONVERSATIONS.

The Public and Confidential.—Not 'a met you before! Well, I thought I knew your face. I suppose it is because you are so like one of the best friends I ever had? Well, as I was saying, my Uncle, who was a curious old gentleman, has just left me twenty thousand pounds, out of which I have to give five thousand to an honest man. Now, I have such confidence in you, although I have never seen you before, that I will place this brass pin and these twenty Hanoverian medals in your hands while I go out of this public-house for a quarter of an hour, and then—

Untradesmanlike.—Of course we should not think of troubling so old and valuable a customer for a minute; but you can understand that we have a great many heavy bills to meet just now; and, really, if your account is not paid by next Monday, we shall be compelled to put the matter into the hands of our legal—

Economical Christmas Carding.—My dear, there is no use waiting for the day itself. Take Time by the forelock, and then, if people neglect you, why it is their fault, and not yours. Now, where did you put the cards we received last Christmas? Those that were not written on will do perfectly well to send out this—

Turkical.—Oh! all you book-makers talk like that; and yet I never knew one of you to have a really bad year. As for the five or six hundred—what, 970 was it? I knew it was a paltry sum I lost at Sandown. That can stand over. I'll see you at Lincoln next March, and then—

Good Resolution Pavement.—Word of honour, dear old chappie. I am going to knock 'em off at the end of the year. Spirits are the very devil; and I should advise you to follow my example. But, of course, till then—. Here, Waiter, bring me another brandy-and-soda; and don't put all the soda in; and will you—

Ditto.—So, Baby, we had better say good-bye. You see, I shall be twenty-one in a fortnight, and it is time for me to settle down. I shall probably marry my cousin. That's the fourth decanter—

Ditto.—I quite agree with you, Doctor, and to tell you the truth,

I am sick of knocking about, and of late hours. Last week I spent nearly every night at home; oh yes, I was at the Gaiety Theatre on Monday and Wednesday, and at the Royal on Tuesday, and on Thursday I was at the Pavilion, and on Friday, oh, I went to the Royal again, but no, I was not at the Pavilion on Saturday. They wouldn't let us in; and I certainly was not at a dance at the Lotos till four on Wednesday, because there was no dance, we were only having a quiet little supper, and whoever says that on Monday and Tuesday I was at the Raleigh till three tells falsehoods, for I was home each morning by a quarter to, and on Thursday, I was at the Lotos again, and so I was on Friday. Well, we were the last there, and I forget where I was much on Saturday. But no man enjoys a quiet evening at home more than I do, and next year—

ETIQUETTE AT EXETER.

"Last evening the Society established at Exeter 'for the promotion of good manners' was inaugurated."—*Globe*, Dec. 20.

WHAT'S up in ancient Exeter, say what's the matter there? Do people drop their sitches, use bad language, rave and swear, That such a strange Society is started in the town, To bring good manners to the front and put bad manners down? Do husbands there fling teacups at their unresisting wives, And make a noise when taking soup, and eat peas with their knives, Go out to evening parties in red shirts and hobnailed boots, And scratch their heads as though they'd pull their hair out by the roots?

They must have had bad habits there that made their neighbours fret; So let us hope they'll now improve, and study etiquette.

HUSH A BOY BABY!—Drat the child! Not sufficient evidence for criminal prosecution of St. Paul's Industrial School-managers. Let Boy-gones be Boy-gones. Make all snug and comfortable. Say no more about it. Merry Christmas. Royal Commission, &c., &c. No more at present from
Yours,
V. HARCOURT.

FROM YOUTH TO AGE.

(A Confidential Correspondence between Eminent Personages.)

"Immortal Age beside immortal Youth,
And all I was in ashes."—TITHONUS.No. X.—From Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P. (1862), to the Right Hon. the
Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenant.

MY DEAR WILLIAM,

I CANNOT think you have had a merry Christmas, and am afraid it will seem mockery to wish you a happy New Year. Nevertheless, I will chance it, and send my best wishes with these few lines. Whatever others



may say or think of you, you cannot doubt the fulness of my appreciation. I may say that in whatever circumstance of life and whithersoever drawn, the heart, untravelling, fondly returns to W. E.

You have had a hard time of it of late, and doubtless wish you had resisted the natural impulse of the moment, and let some-



one else try Ireland. But at the time nothing seemed more natural than that you should undertake the work. It was the most difficult post in the Administration, and had wrecked the reputation of many men, even wiser than JEMMY LOWTHER. You knew something of the difficulties and much of the failures. But these were the very reasons that commended the office to you. You felt, with that modesty that belongs to our Quaker parentage, that if there was any man in the Ministry who could undertake it, it was W. E. FORSTER. The greater other people's failing, the more glorious your triumph. You went at it with a light heart, and a certainty of success. Ireland had proved a thorn in the sides of many Administrations; but why? Because no Statesman of the first rank, no man of great force of character, conspicuous abilities, and wide experience had undertaken the post of Chief Secretary. HICKS-BEACH had trifled with it, JEMMY LOWTHER had joked with it. Now we should see something. Do you remember how your naturally kindly heart was touched by the prospective discomfiture of Mr. BIGGAR? It was all very well for him to crack his low jokes with LOWTHER, and direct the barbed arrows of his wit against the stolidity of HICKS-BEACH. But he would tremble in his boots when you rose from the Treasury Bench to answer an impertinent question. PARNELL would grow pale, HEALY would draw into the background, and Mr. O'DONNELL would laboriously prepare antithetical compliments instead of atrabilious jibes. Somehow or other, all this has not taken place. Your very greatness seemed to draw upon you a more violent shower of contumely. Mr. BIGGAR was never so vituperative, and the worst of it was, the House of Commons, always ready to seize a humorous point, openly laughed as the Member for Cavan lectured you with a grave maliciousness irresistibly reminiscent of our pre-Adamite parents.

All this is depressing for the body, and sore to the soul. But it suggests to me, and I would mention it only in confidential correspondence, the thought whether we are that great and infallible personage we thought ourselves. I sometimes think when dwelling on your career, my dear WILLIAM, that, after all, modesty is the best policy. You somehow succeed in impressing mankind with so full a sense of your appreciation of your own ability that the world, not unnaturally, feels relieved of the pleasing duty of sharing in that frame of mind. There is a wise and old established principle of division of labour, even in so simple a matter as making a joke. One man makes the joke, and another chuckles at the humour. Now, you know, my dear WILLIAM, that you constantly disregard this wholesome principle. You not only chuckle after you have made a joke, but you shake with scarcely silent laughter during the process of incubation. And the worst of it is, that in the multitude of chuckles the humour itself too often escapes the perception of the audience.

This is a small thing in itself, but it is characteristic of a mental habit, which grows upon you with advancing years, and is responsible for your failure as a Statesman. Being a small matter it is therefore easier to be remembered. Next time you are addressing the House, and a humorous thought occurs to you, don't prelude its utterance by chuckling all down the backs of your legs in that aggravating manner. Wait and see what other people think of it, and then perhaps you will find there is nothing to laugh at. This bit of apparently trifling reform, will lead in time to others. You will begin to think less of your own opinion and more of that of

others, and in time may win back a multitude of friends, estranged by an unfortunate manner that covers a clear head and an honest heart. So no more at present from

Yours truly,

W. E. FORSTER.

No. XI.—From Sir Charles Dilke, M.P. (1870), to the Under-Secretary
of State for Foreign Affairs.

DEAR CHARLES,

WELL! how are things working now? Comfortably I hope, and prosperously as they should if there be any logical sequence in events. You are, on occasion, a light-hearted youth; but you don't leave much to chance. If anything happens in a particular way, it may be safely taken for granted that you have made due arrangements beforehand. You are, if you will excuse my saying so, one of the hardest working, and most methodical of men that ever gained a character for occasional brilliancy. Some people wonder why, whenever there is an election in Chelsea, you should come in at the head of the poll. The reason is clear enough to you and me, who know all about your unostentatious labours with the Register, and your intimate acquaintance with the private history and personal predilection of every voter in the borough. You are not above learning, and you never forget. If the *History of Sandford and Merton* is no longer successfully disseminating wholesome lessons, let someone take your life (I don't mean murderously, but with biographical intent) and record for the benefit of the youth of this country its struggles and its triumphs. You are now in the full tide-way of fortune, and will go a long way before you stop. But don't we know, my dear CHARLES, how hard we have worked for this, how we've scorned delights and lived laborious days? Sometimes the House of Commons has been amazed at your perfect mastery of any question on which you have discoursed, whether it were the *minutiae* of iniquity in unreformed boroughs, or the imperial



troubles in South Africa. "Sharp fellow, DILKE," some of them say. "Everything comes quite easy to him: can make a speech right off about anything you like, from Cuneiform inscriptions, to the Metropolitan Meat Market." That is their way of excusing their own incapacity. We know that no success is acquired without



honest toil, and if you have the art to hide the marks of labour so much the higher your credit.

You are not forty yet, dear CHARLES: a glorious age at which to stand so high. It seems but yesterday we were scampering all over the world, looking at Greater Britain with eyes that reflected something of their youth and brightness on the page of our record. A little later we stood up in the House of Commons with only AUBERON HERBERT on our side, and against us five hundred gentlemen in various states of physical excitement. That was the night I moved for inquiry into the Civil List, and CAVENTISH BENTINCK went out behind the Speaker's chair and crowed thrice. A good deal is changed since then. The dear old CAVENTISH has grown a little stouter, a little more rumped as to the shirt-front, and a little more disorganised in the matter of his hair. AUBERON HERBERT, too, has become quite respectable, and writes letters in the *Times* against revolutionary projects. But to none has time brought such marvellous transformation as to you. It is just ten years since I, with the ingenuousness of youth, publicly avowed my preference for a republican over a monarchical form of Government; and to-day you, without sacrificing any of your principles, are a trusted servant of the Crown, with the prizes of higher office ripening and waiting for the proper moment when they shall fall into your mouth. What I take chiefest pleasure in contemplating is the fact that all this has been done openly, and that whilst your personal advancement is one of the marvels of the day, no one envies your prosperity, and all look with kindly interest to the certainty of its further improvement. This is better than stars and garters, or rank and ribbons. What you've gained has been acquired by downright hard work. What you've won you wear modestly. What you shall be, is a possibility limited only by time and the maintenance of health.

Au revoir! as you say in France. How is the garden-wall getting on down Toulon way? Nearly finished it? Any asparagus worth eating at this season? Kind regards to GAMBETTA. You are a shrewd couple. There has been nothing neater in recent diplomacy than your mutual little game about the Commercial Treaty.

Yours always,

C. W. DILKE.

A RUN WITH THE BERKSHIRE.

By Dumb Crambo Junior.



We drew three Coverts.



But drew blank each Time.



We made the acquaintance of a Fox early in the Day.

We started with a Rush,—
(To be continued.)THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON—TO
MR. M. OF DOVER.

"At a meeting of the Dover Young Men's Christian Association on Wednesday, W. R. MOWLL, Esq., presiding, it was proposed to exclude *Punch* from the list of periodicals, but the proposal was rejected by a majority of three."—*Dover Express*.

DID he hear of a party called MOWLL?
The Owl!
Who loves to indulge in a growl,
And scowl!

A Ma-joritee
Voted for Mr. P.,
So at Christmas let MOWLL go and howl,
If MOWLL
Won't sit with old *Punch* cheek by jowl.*

* We'll be "cheek," and he shall be "jowl," as he must be a very jowly party.—Ed.

French Modesty.

THE Legion of Honour is the most widely distributed and popular of all Orders. It has been well called Knighthood for the Masses, for it is computed that about 52,000 people in France possess it, and 4000 strangers, while it has also been presented to successful manufacturers, and hung as it were on a mustard-pot. Now the Government will have to distribute more crosses, and it is touching to read of the modesty of our lively neighbour the Gaul, for only two thousand applications for the Legion of Honour have been received by the authorities this Christmas. It will soon become a distinction in France not to be decorated at all.

MR. IRVING ON HIMSELF.

"Mr. IRVING is above advertising himself."—*Vide Lord Coleridge's Speech in Scott v. Sampson.*

Isn't he? Haven't we seen two or three advertisements *per diem* lately about the re-opening of the Lyceum? And if the following manifesto has not already appeared in a morning paper, that's not his fault:—

"TO THE NATION.—On the return of Mr. IRVING to the Lyceum Theatre, it is felt to be a public duty to briefly chronicle the brilliant and unprecedented result of his triumphal march through the provinces. An illuminated balance-sheet, with gilt edges, will be handed, *free of charge*, to every visitor at the Lyceum Theatre; the no-fee system being, it is hoped, strictly adhered to on the part of the public."

"A leading Belfast newspaper says:—

"Mr. IRVING is the greatest Actor that has ever trod the boards, judged by the standpoint of his profits, by the side of which the most sublime efforts of GARRICK, KEAN, KEMBLE, and RACHEL sink into insignificance. The three kingdoms have vied with each other in noble rivalry to do substantial homage to him who has undoubtedly placed himself at the head of that trade which he is never tired of upholding, and which—if persevering in the course he has recently taken—he will undoubtedly succeed in placing on a level with that of the enterprising Grocer and advertising Tea-dealer."

"To illustrate the lavish nature of Mr. IRVING's genius, we may mention the fact that two special trains are necessary in order to meet the requirements of travel—one train being set apart for the distinguished Tragedian himself, the other conveying the costumes, which are the most expensive that can be procured for the money, the scenery being designed by Royal Academicians at immense outlay, the company engaged to support their chief, the properties, and the Acting-Manager, who may be described as the most courteous on the road."

"Mr. IRVING will shortly return to the scene of his former triumphs—newly decorated and calculated to hold considerably more money. Bearing ever in mind that his motto that "Art is to conceal artfulness," Mr. IRVING hopes, by constant attention to business, to merit that support to which he is undoubtedly entitled. . . . We may add that for the above particulars we are indebted to the courtesy of the great Tragedian's Acting-Manager himself."

"NOTICE.—A special staff has been told off to allot the seats for the opening night. Many thousands must necessarily be disappointed; but Mr. IRVING sincerely hopes that no block will cause any interruption of the coronetted carriage-traffic in the Strand."

"Mr. IRVING will do his very best to provide seats for everybody in the course of time, only they really must wait their turn. The Lyceum has been re-decorated and re-ceipted—no, re-seated,—only Mr. IRVING couldn't resist the allusion."

POLITICS IN THE NURSERY.

Is this advertisement culled from the *Morning Post* a sign of what we may shortly have to expect, if the outcry for women's political freedom continues?—

A LADY by birth and association is most earnestly and highly RECOMMENDED for a superior position as GOVERNESS-COMPANION in the Family of a Nobleman or Gentleman. She is of amiable disposition, deeply cultured mind, refined manners, and strict high principle. She has had great experience, and is very skilful in mental training, and would be a most kind and invaluable friend and guide to motherless or delicate girls. Acquirements: Thorough English, French, German, Italian, Music. Religion, Church of England; political principles, Conservative; referees, families of rank.—Address, &c.

A Lady who is not only a Lady by birth, but also by association, is of course most suitable not for a Governess, but for a Governess-Companion. And when she possesses an amiable disposition, a deeply cultured mind and refined manners, which one would expect somehow in a Lady who is not only a Lady by birth but also by association, we feel sure that this is a paragon who should not be overlooked. Every Governess has the acquirements of thorough English, French, German, Italian and Music, so that we are not surprised to find them in a Governess-Companion. And when we find that the Lady, not only a lady by birth but by association, is imbued with Conservative political principles, we only feel it her due that her referees should be families of rank. We can imagine the scene in the school-room of a Nobleman or Gentleman:—

Lady by B. and A. And who is Mr. GLADSTONE?

Daughter of N. or G. An evil man, who is endeavouring to ruin his country both at home and abroad!

Lady by B. and A. Quite right, my dear. Can you tell me for what Lord SALISBURY is a synonym?

Daughter of N. or G. Truth.

Lady by B. and A. Perfectly correct. Let us now pass to thorough English, French, German, Italian, and Music.

LE COMBLE.

WHEN will the Bernhardt bubble burst? Read the extracts from Mlle. COLOMBIER's book about the Divine SARAH's American tour, given in the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Thursday last. The liberties which this Actress as *Marguerite* in *La Dame aux Camélias* took, at Mobile, with her Author, her Stage Companions, and her Audience, may be set down to the "vagaries of genius," but they look uncommonly like ill-bred impertinence. Such conduct might have been in keeping with the assumed character of such an *Aventurière* as *Marguerite* at Mabile, but scarcely worthy of an *artiste* of Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT's reputation at Mobile.



A DISCUSSION ON WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Algernon (to his Sisters, his Cousins, and his Aunts). "MY DEAR CREATURES, IF YOU WANT EQUALITY AMONG THE SEXES, YOU MUST LEARN TO BE INDEPENDENT OF US, AS WE ARE OF YOU. NOW WE MEN LIVE CHIEFLY TO PLEASE OURSELVES FIRST, AND THEN EACH OTHER; WHEREAS YOU WOMEN LIVE ENTIRELY TO PLEASE US!"

ONE MORE! OR, TIME'S WAXWORKS.

THERE! One more is placed on the shelf,
Ticked off on the roll of Chronology!
Old Year, you should be much ashamed of yourself,
And retire in a blaze of apology!
Each figure we add to the Show
So little for Progress and PAX works,
So trifling the gain as the years wax and wane,
That Old Time must be tired of his Waxworks.

We hailed you with hope and with joy,
(Always *do* each fresh year—whilst a youngling one)
But your life, as we think you'll acknowledge, old boy,
Has been but a bad and a bungling one.
Do not cock your old nose with disdain,
For what *have* you brought us—old man, hark ye!—
Save PARNELL and pain, RANDOM CHURCHILL and rain,
Gales, BRADLAUGH, Obstruction, and Anarchy?

You don't *look* a cheery old dear,
But the sourest of sinister sly foxes;
As they range you up there with the gathering queer
Of Ogres, and Bogies, and Guy Fauxes.
With two or three more of *your* sort,
What a Chamber of Horrors the Show were, Sir!
If you asked us your place in true Progress's race,
One were tempted to answer you, "Nowhere, Sir!"

We're tempted—but let us be fair.
You have brought us some show of felicity,
A Land Bill, abatement of blare and of scare,
Some wisdom, and much electricity.
Your successors at least will have *light*,
(We'll hope it will lead to enlightenment.)
So let us rejoice, Mother SHIPRON's harsh voice
Of fulfilment has failed, though to frighten meant.

Good bye! Will Posterity guess,
What our queer waxwork show *à la Jarley* meant?
Or will Progress and Peace so abundantly bless,
Their people, their homes, and their Parliament.
That when each old year is put by,
He will *pose* like a saint fresh beatified?
Well, if *our* next comer brings luck and a summer,
How greatly we all shall be gratified!

SAWS FOR THE SEASON.

For Everybody. Time and Yule-tide wait for no man.
For Dyspeptics. The proof of the pudding is in the—pill-box.
For Cooks. What's sauce for the goose is—sage and onions.
For Receivers of Christmas Hampers. Never look a Gift-Turkey in the beak.
For Bunglers. A bad carver quarrels with his knife and fork.
For Caterers. There is *raisin* in the boiling of pudding.
For the President. Never leave cold for to-morrow what you can eat hot to-day.
For Mature Maidens. There is many a slip between the mistletoe and the lip.
For Visitors. A "tip" in time saves a lot of bother.
For a Grog-lover. One "swallow" does not make a "rummer."
For a Connoisseur. Good wine needs no beating about the bush.
For Lovers of Wine and Whist. They who stay over the bowl may expect a rubber to follow.
For the Thrifty Card-player. Penny (a corner) wise, pound (out of pocket) foolish.
For Young Hopefuls. No time like the present—for the present.
For Paterfamilias. Bills never come singly.

PARADOXICAL.—The Bond of Amity between Nations would be closer and firmer were it not for the Bond-holder!



TIME'S WAXWORKS.

(1881 JUST ADDED TO THE COLLECTION.)

MR. P. "HA! YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT HIM INTO THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS!"

LAYS OF A LAZY MINSTREL. WITH BIG BABIES ON BOXING-NIGHT.

AIR—"The Clang of the Wooden Shoon."

Oh! the Clown and the Pantaloon;
Oh! the "rally" to merry tune;
Happy jingle of artful rhyme,
Reckless revel of Pantomime!

When the red fire gleams, with a change to blue or green;
And the girls peep out, in the Transformation Scene!

Note the grace of the Columbine,
See the glitter of "spangles" fine;
Oh! the rally to merry tune!
Oh! the Clown and the Pantaloon!

Now they join with a hearty will,
Rough and tumble and "pelt and spill"!
See the neatness of trip and trap,
Oh! how deftly they "take the slap"!

And a glad, glad cry resounds from near and far,
As they all dance round, with shout of "Here we are!"

Oh! the ripple of childish glee!
Oh! such a joy it is good to see!
Heads all nod to the merry tune,
And the Clown and the Pantaloon!

MRS. LANGTRY AS "LADY MACBETH."

(Anticipatory of the notice which would probably appear in a Morning Paper.)

MACBETH is at best but a dreary, tragic play, full of inconsistencies, which only the greatest dramatic genius can gloss over or explain away. *Lady Macbeth* is a woman at once cold, yet burning with an inextinguishable fire, scheming yet noble withal, delicate yet robust, arch yet statuesque, feminine yet unwomanly, fierce yet lamb-like. That all these qualities should be united in one woman appears, at first sight, as paradoxical as this old-fashioned play itself. Yet when Mrs. LANGTRY tripped on to the stage the other afternoon, with a curtsy which cannot be acquired without an intimate knowledge of court etiquette, everyone felt instinctively, that there stood the human embodiment of these opposing elements.

Mrs. LANGTRY did not walk in the conventional manner—she did not even glide—she floated before foot-lights. The one hand holding the letter, the other toying carelessly with the pale blue Indian scarf she wore round her neck, she reminded one forcibly of the Venus of Milo started into life by the spark of genius. The opening words:—

"They met me in the day of success,"

were rendered with a modesty which at once went home to every heart, and the following words directed with a sweet and meaning smile straight at the critical element in the stalls—

"And I have learned by the perfectest report, they have more in them than mortal knowledge,"

—was at once felt to gain an application hitherto unexplained by Shakspearian commentators. By the time these first few words were uttered, Mrs. LANGTRY's success in the character were beyond dispute, and the piece was saved.

As *Miss Hardcastle* she was surprising, as *Lady Macbeth* she was overwhelming.

That brilliant undefinable something which surrounds this lady, and which, for want of a better simile, we may describe as a Dado of Royalty,* accomplished at one stroke what years of patient toil would have failed to produce with others less favoured. Her beautiful form combines the willowy suppleness of a KATE VAUGHAN with the plump pertness of a MARIE WILTON, the fresh innocence of a CONNIE GILCHRIST, with the mature thoughtfulness of a GENEVIÈVE WARD. There was, above all, a Society tone about this *Lady Macbeth* with which the part had never heretofore been invested.

The fair lady's dresses (marvels of the milliner's art) were voted charming. The pale pink satin, trimmed with yellow roses, and décolleté with daring delicacy, sent a thrill of excitement through the audience, and evoked an impromptu sonnet from the trembling lips of Mr. OSCAR WILDE, who fainted with ecstasy, and was carried out by the attendants.

SHAKSPEARE has been applauded by Fashion, and Art is satisfied! Of the remainder of the cast, suffice it to say that the Actors did their best to render the support worthy of the occasion, and that no special apology for their efforts is needed to the fair débutante. Mr. COGHLIN made a gentleman-like *Macbeth*, Mr. VEZIN an intelligent

* We fancy the writer must have meant "halo." But of course the experienced Dramatic Critic on a morning paper, who evidently writes only in the true interests of Art, must know best.—Ed.

Macduff, Mr. IRVING was a respectable *Witch*. Other characters were entrusted to Messrs. TOOLE, BROUGH, FARREN, KENDAL, CLAYTON, Mrs. KENDAL, and Miss ELLEN TERRY; the acting of these Ladies proving an excellent foil to that of the heroine of the day.

We trust, however, that Mrs. LANGTRY will shortly have an opportunity of appearing in a part more worthy of the high social position which she has held by the Divine right of Fashion, and from which she has been pleased to descend to extend a not ungracious hand to Art, Fashion's poor relation and protégée, in whose humble dwelling she will be received with a blush which, it is to be hoped, will not be misconstrued, and which has hitherto baffled photography.

[The London Correspondent of the *Paris Figaro* says:—"Ceux de mes contemporains qui ont vu les débuts de CORA PEARL aux Bouffes, se rendront compte de la valeur de ce que vient de faire Mme. LANGTRY au Haymarket Théâtre. Comme jolie femme, Mme. LANGTRY, qui a été une *professional beauty*, est digne de tous les hommages; mais comme actrice, elle a rudement besoin de travailler." And this is the truth, and nothing but the truth, in a nutshell. But if it be true that this fortunate novice is already engaged by the BANCROFTS, at a salary as handsome as the Lady herself, to appear in a Robertsonian Revival and in Mrs. KENDAL's part in *Diplomacy*, why talk about starting a school for the encouragement of Dramatic Art?—Ed.]

THE SCHOOL OF COOKERY.

Q. If requested to make soup, what is your first action?

A. To order stock at the Butcher's.

Q. Has it ever come within your experience that there was such a sufficiency of stock in your larder, that an additional order to the Butcher was unnecessary?

A. Never.

Q. Has the foregoing hint ever been suggested to you?

A. It has, once.

Q. And the result?

A. I immediately gave warning.

Q. What is the secret of a fried sole?

A. To send it up to table unblackened.

Q. Should, however, the fish be burnt?

A. The burnt portions must be carefully scraped off.

Q. Is there anything else necessary to the successful cooking of this dish?

A. None whatever.

Q. Would you serve any sauce with it?

A. Of course I would. There is only one sauce, melted butter.

Q. What is your idea of a high-class bowl of melted butter?

A. That it should be so thickened that a spoon would stand upright in it.

Q. What is the most economical dish for a large family?

A. Why, a joint, of course. What else would you have?

Q. And for a small family?

A. There is no difference. A joint is a joint all the world over.

Q. Then there is no waste in a joint?

A. Of course there must be a little; but it generally all gets used up somehow or another.

Q. Concerning boiled potatoes, is there—?

A. Oh, bother boiled potatoes! Anybody can boil a potato. Let us get on to made-dishes.

Q. One moment. What is your opinion of the Guild of Cooks?

A. What?—those I read about who wish to teach girls Cookery, and say that Cooks are extravagant and wasteful, and don't know their business? I consider them a set of interfering humbugs. Teach Cookery, indeed! I should like to see anybody try and teach me! Teach— [Exit, breaking crockery.]

TELEPHONIC COMMUNICATIONS.

From the Lord Mayor to W. E. G.

PLEASE give us the sanction of your name for our Property Defence in Ireland Fund. Merry Christmas to you.

From W. E. G. to the Lord Mayor.

MERRY Christmas by all means; but why on earth are you putting your finger in our Irish stew? Mind your own Corporation business, and get up your own Municipal Property Defence Fund.

THE FOOD FOR FREEMEN.—Amongst works recently published there is a little book, the production of a medical lady, entitled *The Perfect Way of Diet: a Treatise advocating a Return to the Natural and Ancient Food of our Race*. To be sure. What can be better than "good old English fare—roast beef and plum-pudding"?

ROCHEFORT is extremely satisfied to find that his curses have come home to ROUSTAN.

POET'S CORNER;

Or, Nonsense Rhymes on well-known Names.

(Classical.)

Says LIDDELL to SCOTT,
"What's the Greek for tin-
pot?"

Says SCOTT unto LIDDELL,
"I give up the riddle."

(Musical.)

Says MAYBRICK to DAVIES,
"You sing like a mavis;"
Says DAVIES to MAYBRICK,
"And you like a gay brick."

(Clubby.)

Says BOODLES to PRATTS,
"All your Members are flats;"
Says PRATTS unto BOODLES,
"You're chokeful of noodles."

(With the Coroners.)

Says CARTER to HULL,
"Examine this skull;"
Says HULL unto CARTER,
"Oh, ain't I a martyr!"

(Theatrical.)

Says TERRY to ROYCE,
"I'm back!—You rejoice?"
Says ROYCE to E. TERRY,
"So pleased!"—polite, very.

"Oh, Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM,"
exclaimed a learned Professor
to whom that excellent lady
had been relating one of her
most extraordinary adventures—
"Oh, Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM,
you must be joking!"
"Indeed I'm not, Professor,"
she returned. "I assure you
I was speaking quite seri-
ously." She liked to talk Latin
to a Professor.

PUNCH'S FANCY PORTRAITS.—No. 64.



DR. CARVER.

EVIDENTLY APPROPRIATE TO THE FESTIVE SEASON.

KELLY.

WE have received a copy of that inestimable work, KELLY'S *Post Office London Directory* for 1882. There is not a line in it that can give offence to the most particular, nor a sentence that can bring a blush to the cheek of the most prudish. The addresses, whether Parliamentary or not, are all admirable reading, short and to the point. Though far from being Republicans, we are heartily glad to live in the time of the Directory,—KELLY'S, of course. Our Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM, thinks that a memorial of the founder of the KELLY family stands in Hyde Park. "Of course," she remarked, "I've always understood that that unclothed person opposite Apsley House was a KELLY'S statue." It would be cruel to undeceive her this Christmas.

Board and Lodging.

(By a Dweller in a Stum.)

SCIENCE and lots of Sanitary
dodging,
Give us the *Board of Health*,
but not the *Lodging*!

In consequence of the recent decision of Judges BAGGALLAY, BRETT, COTTON, and LINDLEY, there may be seen in the Lowther Arcade several specimens of unfurnished houses ready for occupation, where every doll has a vote as the Landlord never resides on the premises.

SEASONABLE ENTERTAINMENTS.

At Drury Lane, Covent Garden, Sadler's Wells, and Surrey, Pantomimes of course. The estimable Managers of the Classic Lyceum and Haymarket Theatres are determined not to be out of it. And here is what the public may expect from them:—

LYCEUM.

HARLEQUIN TWO ROSES;

Or, Some James without a Thorn, and the Good Little Fairy of the Magic Returns.

Columbine (who will not appear in the opening)	Miss E. TERRY.
Pantaloon	Mr. HOWE.
Sprite	Mr. TERRISS.
Our Mr. Jenkins (afterwards Clown)	Mr. D. JAMES.
Digby Grant (afterwards Harlequin)	Mr. HENRY IRVING.

HAYMARKET.

HARLEQUIN PLOT AND PASSION;

Or, The Fairy Beauty and the Bounding Bogie of the Blooming Boudoir.

Pantaloon	Mr. BROOKFIELD.
Marquis de Cevennes (afterwards "the Swell" in the Comic Scenes)	Mr. PINERO.
Fouché (the "Bounding Bogie," afterwards Harlequin)	Mr. S. BANCROFT.
Sprite	Mr. CONWAY.
Maximilien Desmarrets (afterwards Clown)	Mr. A. CECIL.
AND	
Columbine (who will not appear in the opening)	Mrs. LANGTRY.

FOR THE FESTIVE SEASON.—The very book for funny dogs—*Witty Cur's Almanack*.

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

THE United Telephone Company Limited, gave a supper-party on Wednesday last at the Bristol Hotel, for the purpose of listening to the *Mascotte* through the Telephone. The experiment was successful. The Grand Hotel, Trafalgar Square, is to be fitted up with a Telephonic Apparatus, and connected with the principal theatres. "An Audience Chamber" will be set apart for this special purpose, where visitors will ask for two-shillingsworth of *Aladdin*, three-shillingsworth of *The Colonel*, a shillingsworth of *Patience*, and sixpenn'orth of Hengler's Circus when Mr. Merriman is in the Ring, or whatever may suit the time, pocket, and taste of each. Those who are nervous about fires in theatres, will in time be able to have the Telephone turned on to their own houses, and enjoy "Half-hours with the best Actors," without stirring from their arm-chairs. Bravo Telephone! Hear! Hear!

A Seasonable Menu.

(After Horace's "Persicos Odi.")

I HATE, Boy, the Christmas splendour,
No cod and no oysters bring here;
No record of search shalt thou render,
Where plumpest the quail doth appear.

I specially beg no addition,
Be made to this turkey of mine;
For turkey becomes our position,
And on it, egad, we can dine.

MEM. FOR YOUTH ABOUT TO VISIT PARIS.—*Les absinthes ont toujours tort*—whether taken at five o'clock in the afternoon, or at any other hour of the day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—In no case can Contributions be returned unless accompanied by a Stamped and Directed Envelope. Copies should be kept.



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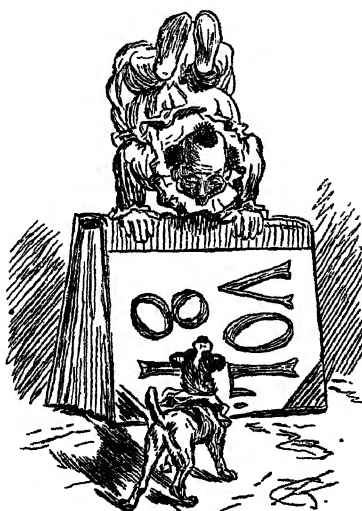
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